EX LIBRIS.
REV. WM. P. F. DOOLEY
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/publications-catholic-truth-society_1899_2

Publications

of the

Catholic Truth Society.

VOL. II.

ALMA COLLEGE
208
LIBRARY
C287
Alma California

LONDON:
CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,
69 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.;
245 BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.; 22 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1899.

31962

CONTENTS.

The Blessed Sacrament the Centre of Immutable Truth. By Cardinal Manning.

The Church of Old England. By the Rev. J. D. Breen, O.S.B.

The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. II.

The Catholic's Library of Poems. No. II.

A Voice from the Dead. By the Count de Montalembert.

St. Bede, Monk and Mass-Priest. By the late Bishop of Hexham.

Queen Mary. By G. Ambrose Lee.

Don Bosco. By Mrs. Raymond Barker.

"Church Defence." Second Series.

The Blessed Sacrament the Centre of Immutable Truth.

BY CARDINAL MANNING.

"The Word was made Flesh, and dwelt among us."

CORPUS CHRISTI is a second feast of the Nativity: a Christmas festival in the summer-tide, when the snows are gone and flowers cover the earth.

And whence comes all this joy but from the divine fact which St. John declares, "The Word was made Flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory?" Morning by morning, in the Holy Mass, the Church recites this great charter of its incorporation and of its existence. Morning by morning it bears witness to the divine, permanent, and immutable presence of Jesus in the glory of grace and truth. The Blessed Sacrament is the Incarnation perpetually present, manifested to faith, and I may say to sense, and applied to us by the same Divine Power by which it was accomplished.

The Word—that is, the eternal Wisdom or Intelligence of the Father, co-equal, co-eternal, consubstantial, personal, the only-begotten Son, God of God, Light of Light, true God of true God in all the fulness of the Divine perfections—was made Flesh; assumed, that is, our manhood with body and soul into the unity of His Divine Person, and the flesh and manhood became the flesh and manhood of God, the root and productive principle of the new creation of God. From the natural Body of Jesus springs forth the Eucharistical or Sacramental Body, by which we are renewed in soul and body; and next, the mystical Body or the Church, in

which the Head is united by a vital and substantial union with His members, that is, the one holy and only Church of Jesus Christ—the tabernacle in which He dwells, according to the word of the Evangelist. He made His tabernacle both in our humanity and in the midst of us; and in this visible tabernacle, ever expanding in all the world, perpetual throughout all ages, He dwells under the canopy of the heavenly court, manifesting His glory in the Seven Sacraments of His grace, and in the infallible doctrines of the Faith.

Jesus is therefore the Divine Teacher, always present, sustaining and declaring the whole revelation of Faith. The presence of the Incarnate Word in the Blessed Sacrament is the basis and the centre of an order of divine facts and operations in the world. They spring from it, rest upon it, and are united to it, so that where the Blessed Sacrament is, they are—where it is not, they cannot be. For example, in the natural order, the creation is the basis, and its perpetuity is the centre, so to speak, of the whole order of natural facts and operations springing from the omnipotence of God, whereby this world was created and is always preserved. These facts and operations rest upon creation as their basis, spring from it, and observe its laws. Men believe in them because they are sensible and palpable. They believe them to be permanent and immutable. They believe in the laws, powers, operations, activities of nature—in the succession of day and night, of seasons, tides, and growths; but they are so immersed in sense that they cannot realize, and will not believe, that there is a higher order of divine facts and of supernatural operations, more permanent, more immutable, more unerring, of which Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is the creative and sustaining centre.

The Blessed Sacrament, then, is Jesus personally present in the midst of us, seen by faith, received in substance, known by consciousness, and adored in His glory.

1. And, first, it is Jesus present, both God and Man, in all the fulness of His Incarnate Person. As God, He was always present in the world. "All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that

was made."* "By Him all things consist,"† that is, hold together, cohere in the permanence of their existence. From the beginning of the creation the Word pervaded all things by His essence, presence, and power. He was, therefore, personally present, but not as the Incarnate Word is present now. His presence in the Blessed Sacrament is the fruit of His Incarnation, and His Incarnation is a presence distinct in kind from His presence before "the Word was made Flesh, and dwelt among us."‡ It is the perpetuity of the same presence as that with which His disciples were familiar in the three years when he conversed with them, and in the forty days after He rose from the dead.

When He said, "I will not leave you orphans, I will come to you," they understood Him to promise that He, the very same Who spoke with them, would return to them. And on the night of the first day of the week, after He arose from the dead, He came, when the doors were shut, suspending the laws of nature, and stood in the midst, and said unto them, "See My hands and My feet, that it is I Myself, for a spirit hath not flesh and bone as you see Me to have."§ It is I, the very same Whom you have known, the same Lord and Master with Whom you have eaten, and drunk, and conversed, Whose words you have heard, Whose miracles you have witnessed; Whom you have seen to multiply the bread in the wilderness, and to walk upon the water; on Whose bosom John lay at supper, and Whom you have loved as your brother, kinsman, and friend. It is I, Who am come to you again in all My personal identity, and in all the tenderness of My divine and human sympathy. It was in this sense the disciples understood His Words, when before His Ascension He said, "Behold I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world."‖ They understood Him to promise to them a true and personal presence, which should restore all they had before possessed of nearness to them both

* St. John i. 3. † Coloss. i. 17.
‡ St. John i. 14. § St. Luke xxiv. 39.
‖ St. Matt. xxviii. 20.

as God and Man. Therefore it is that He said, "It is expedient for you that I go;" for the coming of the Paraclete has brought with it the universal presence of Jesus, not in one place alone, but in all the Church, and not transiently and for a moment, but abiding unto the end of the world. It is this which has formed the centre of the visible Church on earth: Jesus manifested, I may say, in the Blessed Sacrament; Jesus dwelling in the Tabernacle over Whose Divine Presence the visible Church rises in its majesty and beauty throughout the world, as an earthly sanctuary of God among men, the shrine and ciborium of the Incarnate Word. In all the world the same Sacramental Presence is the centre of the same ritual of divine worship. Before it, day and night, hangs the light, in witness of its perpetuity. Before Him all who pass bow down; about His Presence stand seven orders of ministers, to serve in degrees of approach to His Person. The presence of Jesus offering Himself for us is the Holy Mass. The Holy Mass is the worship of the Universal Church. All springs from it, or relates to it—the centre and the source of all. Such is His Personal Presence.

2. I have said He is seen by faith. St. John says: "That which was from the beginning, which we have seen with our eyes."* They saw Jesus—we see Him not: but in what did they see more than we? They saw Jesus, and Jesus is God. They saw, therefore, God manifest in the stature and configuration of our manhood. They saw the manhood, but the Godhead they could not see. They saw His divine works; they saw His glory—the glory of His Transfiguration, of His Resurrection, of His Ascension. But the glory of the Only-Begotten of the Father is the essential glory of the Eternal Son: His co-equality, His infinite perfections—of love, of wisdom, of goodness, and of power; but these glories no eye of flesh and blood could see. What they saw we see, with one distinction. We see His presence, and the glory of His grace and truth; we see His works of supernatural power, and the perpetual operations of His love. Nay, I may go further. There are three

* 1 St. John i. 1.

faculties of sight—sense, reason, and faith; each has its sphere. Sense, unless misdirected, is infallible in its reports. Reason elevates and corrects sense, and has a nobler sphere and range of its own, a higher realm and a wider jurisdiction. But faith is above both, elevates both, corrects both, and is supreme and infallible in a sphere which is divine and eternal. The Jews who saw Jesus by sense, knew that He was Man, and believed Him to be "the carpenter, whose mother and sisters we know."* They wondered at His words, saying, "Whence hath this man letters, having never learned?"† Sense carried them no further. Nicodemus, by reason, knew Him to be "a teacher sent from God, for no man could do the miracles" He did, "except God were with Him."‡ This was a dictate of reason, and an interpretation of facts subject to sense, by which they were elevated to a higher truth. Peter knew Him to be not only Man and a Teacher sent from God, but to the dictates of sense and reason he added the illumination of faith, which elevated both. When Jesus asked him, "Whom say ye that I, the Son of Man, am?" Peter answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Jesus answered, "Flesh and blood" (that is, the knowledge which comes by sense and reason) "hath not revealed this unto thee, but My Father Who is in heaven."§ The illumination of faith has elevated thee to this knowledge.

In like manner we know the presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Sense reports to us that what we see has the aspect of bread; reason tells us that everything has its proper substance. But the sense cannot penetrate beyond the aspect. It has no cognizance of what lies beneath or beyond. Reason alone can pass the boundaries of sense. Such is the dictate and report of sense and of reason upon the unconsecrated host. But the same reason illuminated by faith knows the Incarnate Word, and His revelation, and His promises of presence and of power. It knows that Jesus has ordained the perpetuity of His own Priesthood, and of His own divine action whereby the bread and wine pass

* St. Mark vi. 3. † St. John vii. 15. ‡ St. John iii. 2.
§ St. Matt. xvi. 17.

by elevation from the order of nature, in which sense and reason dwell and reign, to the order of divine power, which is above nature, wherein faith alone is supreme. It is a dictate of the reason illuminated by faith to believe that what the sense still sees under the same aspect is, after the words of Jesus have been spoken, no longer what they seem, but what they are divinely declared to be. Reason elevated and corrected by faith, knows them to be Jesus personally present in all the fulness of His Godhead and His manhood, under a veil, or aspect, which is visible to the sense, as the vesture He wore. But this was not Himself, and yet it was the pledge of His presence, and the channel of virtue which went out of Him to heal all who touched so much as the hem of His garment. It is true, indeed, that we do not see the visible form of Jesus, His sacred countenance, His divine beauty, the glory of His manhood. *In cruce latebat sola Deitas, at hic latet simul et humanitas.* While He was upon earth His Godhead lay hid, but His manhood was visible: here both lie hid, and only His vesture is revealed. When our sense and reason tell us the Blessed Sacrament is visible, then the same reason by the light of faith tells us Jesus is present, and we behold His glory, as the Only-Begotten of the Father, the Fountain of all grace, the perpetual and Divine Teacher of infallible Truth.

3. But Jesus not only manifests Himself to our faith. He also gives Himself to us as our food. And we receive Him by His substance.

There are two intellectual worlds, always in presence of each other, and always in conflict: two schools of thought, two teachers contending and irreconcilable, two tendencies, and two pathways, which diverge from one another, and lead directly to or from the Truth as it is in Jesus. These two worlds or schools I may call the World of Substances and the World of Shadows. The Revelation of God teaches us that His omnipotence has called into existence two creations, the old and the new, and that He is always in contact, so to speak, with the works which His omnipotence has made. From this contact arise five divine facts: the

Creation, the Incarnation, the Holy Eucharist, the Mystical Body, the Resurrection of the Flesh. These are all of them works and actions of the Divine Omnipotence. The first four are permanent and present to us. They are as truths in a series related to each other. The last four are connected by a special relation. The last three proceed from the second, and are its product and its fruit. Now, the Blessed Sacrament unites them together, presupposes or prepares for them. It is the presence and application of the Incarnation: and the pledge of the Resurrection of the body. The Blessed Sacrament is therefore the clasp upon this chain of divine truths and the mystical Body of the Church is the circle which encompasses and perpetuates them in the world. The Creation of a substantial nature in the beginning, the Incarnation by the union of two substances in one person, the substantial presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, the participation of His substance by His members in the mystical Body, and the substantial Resurrection of our bodies from the grave —all these are truths of the same order, resting upon the revelation of God, and taught by the Master of the school of Spirit and of truth, of reality and of substance, that is by Jesus, the Eternal Truth, and by the Holy Ghost, Who dwells in His Church, and teaches through it by His divine and infallible voice. Such, then, is the one school, or the Holy Catholic Church.

The other school has always existed by its side, sometimes has sprung up within it, but has been always cast out. In the beginning, the Docetæ denied the substantial reality of the manhood of Jesus, and taught that it was a phantasm, an apparition, a heavenly vision, not flesh and blood taken of His immaculate Mother. In the so-called Reformation of the Church, there were those who denied the substantial presence of Jesus in the Holy Eucharist, and taught that it is not a reality, but a memorial, a sign or a figure. Having denied the Sacramental Body of Jesus, it was but consequent that they should deny also His mystical Body, that they should deny the visible perpetuity and visible unity of His Church, and teach that it is a body spiritual, in-

visible, impalpable, withdrawn from sense, hovering in a world unseen. It is no wonder that of their posterity should have arisen those who deny the Incarnation by denying the Godhead of Jesus. What are these but the Docetæ of these latter days, as the Docetæ were the Sacramentarians of the first century?

In their train has come a more consequent and hardy unbelief. And men now deny the first truth and the last in the series—the Resurrection as impossible, the Creation as incredible, finally the existence of God as undemonstrable. And so men are led away into bondage, into the world of shadows, of unreality, of unbelief. This school reigns more or less over all who are out of the unity of the Church, because, losing the unerring guidance of the Divine Teacher, they have none but human guides to lead them, and human criticism upon Revelation as their basis and rule of faith.

When, then, the Son of God in prophecy said, "A Body thou hast fitted" or prepared "for Me,"* He spoke of His natural Body, of the substance of our humanity. When in the guest-chamber "He took bread and blessed it, and said, This is My Body," He spoke likewise of the same natural and substantial Body which He took of His immaculate Mother. He did not say, "This is the shadow of My Body," and if not, it is the substance. He did not say, "This is the figure of My Body," though even so He would have declared it to be the substance, as when the Holy Ghost declared the Son to be "the Figure of the substance"† of the Father. For in the world of divine realities all things are true, not illusory—real, not phantastic.

So, again, when He said, "He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood dwelleth in Me and I in him:" I, that is, as you have known Me, though in a manner you know not as yet. "My Flesh is meat indeed and My Blood is drink indeed." But it is neither indeed, unless it be both indeed, in substance and reality. Again, "As the living Father hath sent Me and I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me, even he shall live

* Heb. x. 5. † Heb. i. 3.

by Me."* That is, as I, the Eternal Son, as God live by consubstantial unity with the Godhead of the Father, so he that eateth Me shall live by consubstantial union with My Humanity.† To deny the first part of these words is Arianism; to deny the last is to mutilate the sense and the sequence of the Divine reasoning. The life of God is the substance of God, the life of man is in the substance of man. To explain it in any other way is to deny its reality and truth. By the substance of Jesus communicated to us we become "of His flesh and of His bones," ‡ and have thereby in us the pledge of a resurrection in the substance of the body to eternal life. These truths, as I have said, are in series—they hang upon the same thread of the divine veracity: the substantial presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, the substantial regeneration of soul and body by the union of the members with their Head, the substantial resurrection of the flesh. Break this line anywhere, and all these truths, sooner or later, disappear into the world of shadows and unrealities, of words and figures, which, driven beyond the frontiers of the Church of God, hovers around the suburbs, but can never enter within its unity or endure its light.

4. But the presence which is seen by faith is known by a supernatural consciousness, which includes all the powers of the soul. We are conscious of truths which we cannot demonstrate, which are before all reasoning, from which all reasoning springs, and to which all reasoning in the end bears witness. We are conscious of our own existence and of the existence of God; I do not mean originally, but after these truths are known to us, by whatsoever means they are known. We are conscious of those truths which are the most intuitive or most immediately known, and this consciousness signifies a higher, deeper, and surer kind of knowledge. When I say, then, that we know the presence of Jesus by a consciousness, I mean that, in addition to all the knowledge that sense, and reason, and faith bestow upon us, we have also a knowledge which springs from hope and from love, from communion with Him and

* St. John vi. 56—85.

† St. Hilary, lib. viii. *De Trinitate.* ‡ Ephes. v. 30.

experience of His grace and power. It is against this that the masters of false philosophy set themselves with much derision, and yet it is self-evidently true. We may be conscious of what we know: we may know what we cannot comprehend. Comprehension is not the condition of knowledge. To comprehend anything, I must be able to circumscribe it in a definition, and to fix its boundaries in my thoughts. But the highest truths refuse this treatment, and pass beyond the horizon of a finite intelligence. And yet they are not only true, but are the most necessary truths, of which not only there can be no doubt, but are themselves the first principles and necessary conditions of a whole order of truths. They are transcendent because they pass beyond the comprehension of our finite intelligence; but they are transcendent because they are divine, and because divine are true. For instance, who can comprehend eternity, immensity, infinity, self-existence? and yet God is all these, and the knowledge of God is the foundation of a whole world of subordinate truths, both in nature and in grace. These truths pass beyond our horizon as the path of the planets, or the vaster and incalculable sweep of a comet; yet we know these, and apprehend, and contemplate them with the fixed certainty of the highest knowledge. But we may apprehend what we cannot comprehend, as in eternity we shall see God as He is, but not wholly, for the Beatific Vision is finite, but the Object and Source of bliss is infinite.

So may it be said of the presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. The Council of Trent, with the wonderful and unerring precision with which the Church deals with philosophy when it is in contact with the dogmas of faith, declares "that our Saviour sits always at the right hand of the Father in Heaven, according to the natural manner of existence, but that He is in many places sacramentally present with us by His substance, by that mode of existence which, although it can scarcely be expressed in words, nevertheless, by the intellect illuminated by faith, may be apprehended as possible with God." *

* Concil. Trid. Sess. xii. c. 1.

And what is this but what we read in the Gospel, when Jesus walked, in another form, with Cleophas and his fellow to Emmaus? They at first knew Him not, and yet their hearts burned within them. Thy knew Him afterwards, and were conscious of His Presence. And so when the disciples sat around Him in the morning light, by the Sea of Tiberias, He conversed with them, and distributed to them the broiled fish and the bread which He had miraculously prepared. They knew Him. John had known Him from the first, and Peter had cast himself into the sea to go to Him. Nevertheless, their sense was dazed, and their reason was overcome by the nearness to God. "And no man durst ask Him, Who art Thou?"—why should they?—"knowing that it was the Lord." A consciousness, above all sense and reasoning, filled them with a certainty too great for words, surpassing even the bounds of intelligence; and yet infallible, and all-sufficing.

5. And lastly, Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is adored in the glory of the Only-Begotten of the Father; God of God, Light of Light, true God of the true God, "The Word made Flesh dwells among us, and we behold His glory," and, beholding, we adore Him in the glory of His Kingdom. This is the test by which faith is discerned from unbelief. We worship Him here as the disciples worshipped Him upon the mountain in Galilee. But the teachers and the disciples of the world of shadows deny that any adoration is intended or to be given to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Either they believe that He is present, or that He is not; if he be, He is to be worshipped—if He be not, then where is their faith? But error convicts itself, when it would convict us. It says Catholics worship the Host, but the Host is bread; therefore Catholics worship bread, which is idolatry. But this proves that they who would convict us are convicted themselves of not believing either in the presence of Jesus, or in His Word. They who believe in the presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, must adore Him in it; they who do not adore Him in it, cannot believe that He is there. The Catholic Church, which by Divine faith knows and teaches the mystery of His presence,

adores Him there in all the world. It has adored Him from the beginning, it adores Him now, it will adore Him till He comes again, and sacraments shall pass away into vision. In this adoration is contained the whole power of grace and truth, whereby we are sanctified, for Jesus on the altar is the centre of all the sacraments and supernatural graces which flow from Him throughout the Church: and the worship we offer to Him is the divine worship of God, in prayer, and praise, and thanksgiving, and oblation of ourselves in body, soul, and spirit, as to our Creator and Redeemer, our Teacher and Master, our Brother, Kinsman, and Friend. This worship admits us to a singular intimacy. We speak with him as a friend to a friend, face to face, opening our hearts to His Sacred Heart, and conversing with God as with One Who knows all we are by personal experience and human sympathy, and is infinitely pitiful and divinely tender in His love.

All other sacraments are transient, and pass with the action by which they are effected; but the Sacrament of the Altar is permanent, and sets before us the Incarnate Word as the object of prolonged contemplation. St. Paul says that "God, Who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, has shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."* These words have a special fulfilment in the Holy Sacrament. "We behold His glory," both as God and Man—His sanctity, justice, love, pity, and long-suffering, as God; His humility, generosity, patience, compassion, as Man. He is the pattern of all perfection set before us, that by contemplation we may learn what the letter of no law can teach us—the perfections of the Sacred Heart; that from it we may draw our motives as well as our measures of love to God and man; and that by contemplating it we may be conformed to it, and by gazing on it we may grow into the same likeness. "For we, beholding this glory of the Lord with open face, are changed into the same image from glory to glory as by the Spirit of the Lord."† This has assimilated to itself the members of His mystical

* 2 Cor. iv. 6. † 2 Cor. iii. 18.

Body, and made them like Himself. The life of Jesus is impressed upon His servants. His saints reflect Him, each one in his way and measure, and their conformity arises from a double power of assimilation, from contemplation and communion :—contemplation, by which He illuminates and informs His servant with His own mind and example : communion, by which He dwells in them, pervades them with His substance, changes them into the likeness of His Sacred Heart and of His deified human will, accomplishing within them that which by faith they contemplate in Himself. All this is contained in the adoration which is offered to Jesus, ever present in the fulness of His Divine Personality, the King, the Lawgiver, the Teacher of His Church. In ten thousand sanctuaries Jesus offers Himself day by day to His Eternal Father, and His disciples adore Him with a service which rests not, day or night, with a living consciousness of the divine power and glory of His presence.

Such, then, is the centre of the supernatural order of grace and truth—the Church on earth. It is also the fountain of all its jurisdiction and all its divine action upon mankind. It may be therefore truly said that where Jesus is present in the Blessed Sacrament, there is present all that God has ordained for the salvation of man. The Blessed Sacrament, then, binds together the whole order of divine facts by which we are redeemed. The Incarnation of the Eternal Son, His exaltation to be the Head of His Church, the constitution and organization of His mystical Body, the coming and inhabitation of the Holy Ghost united by an indissoluble and eternal union to that Body, the institution of the Seven Sacraments—all these are works of omnipotence, and, as I have said, divine facts permanent in the world, and imperishable because sustained by the same power from which they flow. They constitute an order, because they are related to each other, some proceeding from others, the lower depending on the higher in the disposition of God's wisdom and power. Being an order, they constitute a perfect whole, an unity in itself. They are sustained by resting upon their centre, the presence of

the Incarnate Word, and they are incorporated and enshrined in the Church, which is one visible, undivided and universal, the Tabernacle of God among men.

Wheresoever, then, this divine order is, there is the whole dispensation of grace through Jesus Christ, with all His sacraments, jurisdiction, and authority.

There is also His whole and perfect revelation, "the truth as it is in Jesus," without addition, diminution, or change of a jot, or of a tittle. For what is truth, or the dogma of faith, but the outline, or delineation of these divine facts, first each one severally, next all collectively, in the order and unity by which God has combined them together? What are the doctrines of faith but the delineation of the presence of Jesus, and all that flows from it, first on the intelligence of the whole mystical Body with the pencil of light by which the Holy Ghost traced the mysteries of the Kingdom of God upon the minds of the Apostles? The divine facts are the substance, doctrine is but the reflection, or the conformity of the human reason to the Divine by the intervention of these facts of almighty power. It is not the reason which creates dogma, any more than the eye which creates the image upon the surface of the water. It is the creation of God which reflects itself upon both the water and the eye. We see what God has created, and by a power which God alone can bestow. So with the dogma of faith. What is the doctrine of the presence of Jesus in the Holy Eucharist, of the mystical Body, of the Church reigning in Heaven, or purifying beyond the grave, or suffering upon earth, and consequently of the Communion of Saints, their intercession and invocation, of the Seven Sacraments, including the jurisdiction over souls, the power of absolution, and the like—what are all these but the outlines and reflections of an order of divine facts, springing from the Incarnation, permanent and imperishable, in which are verified the words of the Evangelist, "We behold His glory, the glory of the Only-Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth?"*

This it is which accounts for the immutability of the dogma of faith in the midst of an intellectual world of

* St. John i. 14.

flux and change, where nothing holds its own for half a generation, or half the lifetime of a man.

Take for example the changeless identity of the faith which St. Augustine, St. Paulinus, and St. Wilfrid preached in England: the supremacy of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, the Seven Sacraments, the Sacrifice of the Altar, the communion and intercession of the Saints, the expiation of Purgatory, the honour due to the Mother of God. St. Bede, in the century after, recites all these as the faith of the Anglo-Saxon people. Pass over nine hundred years; these same doctrines lived on in the hearts and mouths of the Catholics of England—for them they contended and were martyred. Pass over three hundred years again: they are the doctrines which the successors of St. Augustine, St. Paulinus, and St. Wilfrid preach at this day to the remnant of their children. Whence comes this marvellous and supernatural immutability of dogma? From the perpetual and supernatural immutability of the order of Divine facts which these doctrines only delineate and express. The shadow cannot vary when the substance which shapes it is changeless, and the light which casts it never wavers. The Divine facts are immutable, and their outline is cast upon the intelligence of the Church by "the Father of lights, in Whom is no variableness nor shadow of vicissitude."*

Even in the great Greek schism, which has rent itself from obedience to the Vicar of Christ, and after its schism laboured to justify it by errors which border upon heresy, even there all the conditions of truth and grace remain. In a moment, as once already in the Council of Florence, if it would but renounce its national pride, its schism, and the contentious, if not heretical errors it has elaborated it might be restored as a whole to Catholic unity. It has valid Orders, and the presence of Jesus, and the whole order of divine facts and truths, less only by its schisms and its errors. But it is recoverable, and one day may rise again as from the dead. Not so those bodies which have lost the perpetual presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and have mutilated the order of divine facts and the organization of the mystical Body:

* St. James i. 17.

for them corporate reunion is impossible. They are in dissolution and must be recreated by the same divine power. Their members may be saved one by one, as men picked off from a raft, or from a reef, but the ship is gone. Its whole structure is dissolved. There remains no body or frame to be recovered from the wreck.

For where the Blessed Sacrament is not, all dies. As when the sun departs all things sicken and decay, and when life is gone the body returns to its dust; so with any province or member of the Church. There was a time when the truth and grace which went out from Canterbury and York spread throughout the whole of England, and bound it together in a perfect unity of faith and communion, of Christian intelligence and Christian charity. There was but one jurisdiction reigning over all the people of England, guiding them by a divine voice of changeless faith, and sanctifying them by the Seven Sacraments of grace. But then the grand old churches were the majestic tabernacles of the Word made Flesh. Jesus dwelt there in the Divine Mystery of the Holy Eucharist. His presence radiated on every side, quickening, sustaining, upholding the perpetual unity of His mystical body. Then came a change, slight indeed, to sense, but, in the sight of God, fraught with inexhaustible consequences of supernatural loss. Does any one know the name of the man who removed the Blessed Sacrament from the cathedral of Canterbury, or from York Minster? Is it written in history? or is it blotted out from the knowledge of men, and known only to God and His holy angels? Who did it, and when it was done, I cannot say. Was it in the morning, or in the evening? Can we hope that some holy priest, in sorrow, yielding to the violence of the storm then falling upon the Church out of love to his Divine Master, removed His Eucharistical Presence to save it from profanation; or was it some sacrilegious hand that dragged Him from His throne, as of old He was dragged from Gethsemane to Calvary? We cannot know. It was a terrible deed; and that name, if it be recorded, has a terrible brand upon it. But a change which held both on earth and in heaven had been accomplished. Canterbury and York went on the

day after as the day before. But the Light of Life had gone out of them. Men were busy as not knowing or not believing what was done, and what would follow from the deed. There was no Holy Sacrifice offered morning by morning. The Scriptures were read there, but there was no Divine Teacher to interpret them. The *Magnificat* was chanted still, but it rolled along the empty roofs, for Jesus was no longer on the altar. So it is to this day. There is no light, no tabernacle, no altar, nor can be till Jesus shall return thither. They stand like the open sepulchre, and we may believe that angels are there, ever saying, "He is not here. Come and see the place where the Lord was laid."*

But this is not all. The change, so imperceptible to sense, in the supernatural order is potent and irresistible. The centre of the order of grace had been taken away, and the whole had lost its unity and its coherence. Separation from the visible Body of Christ is separation from the presence and assistance of the Holy Ghost Who inhabits it. There is no influx of His divine and infallible light into the intelligence of a body which breaks from the unity of the Church. There is no divine voice speaking through it as His organ of immutable truth. Straightway all began to dissolve and go to pieces. The sinews relaxed and lost their tenacity, the joints and bands of what had been the mystical Body parted asunder. For three hundred years it has been returning into its dust. In the day when the Blessed Sacrament was carried out of the churches of England, the whole population was contained within the unity of the one Body. Now hardly one-half remains to the Church which taught the fatal lesson of separation. From generation to generation, by a succession of crumbling secessions, divisions, and subdivisions, the flock it could not retain when the Blessed Sacrament is no longer upon the altar, has wandered from it and dispersed.

And what has happened visibly in its external divisions of communion, has wrought invisibly in the internal aberrations of its doctrines: the order of divine facts

* St. Matt. xxviii. 6.

being broken through, and the substance shattered, the shadow betrayed its ruin. What reflection does the Anglican Church leave upon the intelligence of the people? If dogma be the intellectual conception of divine realities, what dogma is to be found where the divine realities of the Sacramental Body and mystical Body of Jesus, His Presence, His Sacrifice, His Seven Sacraments, His infallible and perpetual Voice, are denied?

But into this I will not enter. I have no will, on such a subject as this, to speak controversially. One word is all I will say. The Reformers of the Church of England took for the basis of their religion, not the perpetual and infallible teaching of the Spirit of Jesus in His Church, but the Bible. A written Book was erected in the place of the Living Teacher, so as to exclude His supreme living voice. Anglican Christianity was to be based upon the Bible. But it is precisely this basis that Anglicans have been ruining under their own feet—so sure is it the Incarnate Word in the Tabernacle and the Written Word in the Scriptures cannot be put asunder. They come and they go together.

Let it be, then, our chief work to propagate the knowledge and love of the Blessed Sacrament, not only for the sanctification of the faithful, but for the conversion of those who have been robbed of the presence of Jesus. The people, that is the poor, of England, were innocent of the great offence. They did not remove Jesus from the altar. They were disinherited of their true birthright in His presence. They did not pull down His throne. They rose in arms, and especially in Northern and Western England, for the faith of the Blessed Sacrament.* I believe there is no surer instrument of their return to the unity of grace and truth than the manifestation of the love of Jesus in the Holy Eucharist. It is a way of controversy altogether

* In the Pilgrimage of Grace, the people from the borders of Scotland to the Humber bound themselves by oath to maintain their religion. Their standards were Christ Crucified and the Chalice with the Host (Lingard's *History of England*, vol. vi. pp. 254, 255).

uncontroversial. It has no sharp accents, or contentious tones, or wrangling arguments. It bears witness by its own light, and preaches by its divine silence.

Moreover it is a witness for truth which contains all truth. It preaches the Incarnation, the unity, perpetuity, imperishableness, and divine immutability of the Church and of the Faith; communion with Jesus, communion with the living and the dead, with the whole Church on earth, with the saints in Heaven.

And besides this, it draws with its own sweetness, and holds by its own attraction. It convinces the intellect by its own light, and persuades the will by its own power of love; thereby winning the soul in all its faculties, the whole man to the obedience of faith. He who believes in the presence of Jesus in the Tabernacle cannot long doubt that His mystical Body is one, visible, indivisible, and infallible; that its voice is the voice of Jesus, divine and changeless in every age; and believing this, he cannot linger long upon the threshold of the only Church of God among men. Thus the unity of the true Fold and of the Truth as it is in Jesus, would spread once more in England evenly and irresistibly as a circle on the waters.

But if we would make other men to know and love Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, we must first be disciples of the Blessed Sacrament ourselves. We must know and love Jesus, then, with an especial fidelity. Make it the support of our supernatural life in Sacramental Communion as often as we may: in spiritual communion as often as we can—in daily visits to the presence of Jesus, kneeling in prayer, or sitting in silence at His feet, as often and as long as the works and hindrances of life will permit. Such was the source of the power and sanctity of St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi. When she was a child, before she was admitted to Holy Communion, she used to follow her mother to the steps of the altar, and creep close to her side as she received the Bread of Life, because, as she said, she was thereby nearer to the Presence of Jesus. And through her life of supernatural sanctity in the cloister, she used to venerate her sisters as they return-

ed from Communion, calling them the living Tabernacles of Jesus. This habit of faith would make us to be disciples of the Blessed Sacrament, and would make it to be the support of our life. And then our relation to Him would be the measure and the motive of our actions. We should begin every day with Him, in the morning, and go out from His presence to our daily work; and in the evening return to His side again before we lie down to rest. And so His words would be fulfilled in us, "A little time and ye shall not see Me; and again a little time and ye shall see Me, because I go to the Father."* He is gone to the Father, and yet He is here, and we see Him and behold His glory; but in a little while we shall see Him as He is. Here He is veiled, but the veil grows finer year by year; a sense of nearness, a consciousness of relation to Him, grows so lively and so sensible, that it turns all the balance of the heart away from the world and from self to Him, our only Lord, "Whom not having seen you love, in Whom also now, though you see Him not, you believe, and believing shall rejoice with joy unspeakable,"† waiting for the time when the veil shall melt away and you shall see Him face to face.

* St. John xvi. 16. † 1 St. Peter i. 8.

The Church of Old England:

BY THE
REV. J. D. BREEN, O.S.B.

[The sources of information used in this little work have been as a rule Anglican, such as (1) the *Zurich Letters*, (2) Brewer's *Letters* and *Papers*, (3) Pococks's *Records of the Reformation*, (4) Green's *History of the English People*—the latest addition of importance to the literature of English History. The latter have been referred to as Brewer, Pocock, and Green, for the sake of brevity. The exigences of space will account for the abruptness and condensation of style.]

CATHOLICS, as a body, have not joined in the recent cry for the destruction of the Established Church, although with it, as an institution, they have no sympathy. But if they have been silent on the question of Disestablishment, they have not been able to hold their peace when some Anglican champions have come forward with the statement that they are the rightful heirs of the Church of St. Augustine, St. Thomas and St. Anselm: of the Church of Fisher and of More. A more barefaced historical fraud could hardly be attempted, and it is not easy to see how it is likely to benefit the cause in whose interest it is put forth; for, like all other frauds, it is safe, sooner or later, to be found out, and the natural result will inevitably follow, that they who find they have been taken in, will come to look upon the ministry

of those who have attempted to pass off this fraud upon them as no better than their history—a delusion and a sham.

The possession of a man's property does not constitute the possessor a member of that man's family. The question of the former ownership of the old churches and endowments rests on exactly the same footing as the question of the old estates which were confiscated during the time of the penal laws. The old Catholic families still hold the title deeds. It is all very well for the present holders to say that they have possession, and will keep it, having a legal title created by so many years' prescription; but if they were to rest their claim on the ground that they were the original owners, they would only expose themselves to ridicule. And so with the churches and endowments. The charters of their foundations still exist; they may be seen in great numbers in Dugdale's *Monasticon* and elsewhere, proving beyond question that these things were given by what are now called professed Roman Catholics to the Church of which they were members. The Anglican Establishment has here not an inch of ground on which to stand, and nothing but the infatuation which goes before ruin ought to be able to induce its defenders to take up a position which cannot stand for a moment when brought face to face with the records of genuine history. Better no title at all than a bad one, as such a title is evidence against, instead of in favour of, the possessor. The purpose of this lecture is to expose this delusion. For the sake of clearness, the subject will be divided into—

(1) The British Period;

(2) The Anglo-Saxon Period;

(3) The Norman Period;

(4) The Tudor Period, and the so-called Reformation Period.

I.—The British Period.

The religious history of the country does not begin till the middle of the second century. Before that time we have plenty of tradition, but very little that is trustworthy in the way of history. Gildas, the British historian, says that Christianity began to make its appearance before the year A D 61, *i.e.*, before the time of Boadicea, but does not say how. Ten years after the death of Christ, the Romans came over for the first time to make a permanent settlement, under the Emperor Claudius. After some years of hard fighting they got possession of the country, and made the British leader Caractacus prisoner. He was sent to Rome in company with others, and amongst them was a lady, said to be his daughter, who was forced to take the name of Claudia, out of respect to the Emperor. This lady married a Roman senator named Pudens, who either was already or soon after became a Christian, together with his wife. That they were intimate with St. Paul is clear from his Second Epistle to Timothy (iv. 21), where he mentions them as sending their greeting. Tradition has it that at their house Caractacus met with Christian teachers, possibly with the Apostles Peter and Paul themselves, that he became a Christian himself, and was instrumental in having missioners sent to preach to his former subjects. It is even said that he returned himself, when liberated on parole, to preach as an humble missioner to the country he had once ruled as a king. The fact that Christianity began to appear about the year A.D. 61 gives some colour to this conjecture. There can be no doubt that amongst the Roman officers, magistrates and soldiers there were many Christians. The faith had by this time made great way in Rome, as is clear from St. Paul, when he writes to the Romans (i. 8), "Your faith is spoken of throughout the whole world."

Another interesting tradition says that Joseph of Arimathea came to this country and settled at Glastonbury. Attached to the ruin of the Abbey is the chapel

of St. Joseph, where he is said to lie buried: and for centuries was shown what was called the Glastonbury thorn, which was said to be nothing but the staff of St. Joseph which he stuck into the ground, and which blossomed in the middle of winter, like another Aaron's rod, in proof of the Divine complacency. Certain it is that, explain it as we may, this thorn used to be in blossom soon after Christmas, as those who had cuttings can testify. This again is possible. We know that Lazarus, Martha and Mary settled at Marseilles, in France, and St. Joseph may have found his way into this country, but there is no history to prove it. It is also suggested that St. Paul, and even St. Peter, may have visited Britain, but the evidence adduced would prove just as easily that they visited the Sandwich Islands. An appeal to Pope Clement, about A.D. 100, to settle some questions of ritual, is also spoken of. Gildas says, however, that the faith made but little progress among the natives till the persecution of Diocletian, A.D. 303.

The first trustworthy fact concerning the conversion of Britain is given by Ven. Bede, when he says: "In the year 156 from our Lord's Incarnation . . . Eleutherius, a holy man, being vested with the pontificate of the Roman Church, Lucius, King of Britain, sent him a letter, praying to be made a Christian *by an act of his authority* —the object of which pious entreaty he shortly afterwards obtained—and the Britons having received the faith kept it whole and undefiled and in peace and quiet till the time of Diocletian, the Emperor."* Can any reason be suggested why Lucius applied to Rome for guidance, instead of to the flourishing Church of Gaul, except that he preferred to go to the acknowledged headquarters of Christianity? In compliance with this

* *Eccl. Hist.* l. i. c. 4. This is also the account which the British Church gives of its foundation in the *Book of Llandaff*, p. 310 and pp. 65 and 66, ed. 1840. It is true that the Book of Llandaff dates only from the twelfth century. It is, however, composed of much earlier documents and is at least a witness to the old Welsh tradition, that the first duty of a Welsh Bishop was loyalty to the Apostolic See.

request, SS. Fugatius and Damianus were sent to Britain by the Pope, and, seeing that they were Papal emissaries, there can be little doubt as to the particular phase of religion they introduced. It was the faith of the Roman Church, including the doctrine of the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome, by Divine right, over the whole Church.

As a proof of this we have the fact that British Bishops sat as colleagues of bishops from all parts of Christendom, in full communion with the Holy See in the Councils of Arles A.D. 314, of Sardica A.D. 347, and of Rimini A.D. 359, where the Pope was represented by his legates. The proceedings of these Councils will be noticed later on. The account given by Gildas of the faith of the British Church also witnesses to the same fact. Bishops, he says, sat in the seat of Peter the Apostle (Sedem Petri Apostoli) (p. 72),—who was the *first* of the Apostles (p. 111), and the key bearer of the kingdom of heaven (Clavicularius cœlorum regni) (p. 82)—to them as his successors (ibid) was given the power of binding and loosing (p. 41). It was their duty to offer *Sacrifice* (Sacrificantis) (p. 72),—with hands extended over the sacrifice—manus sacrosanctis Christi sacrificiis extensuri (p. 76). The usual day of British ordinations was the feast of St. Peter's Chair and this fact explains the language of Gildas. St. David was made "head Bishop in Rome" (Cotton. MSS., British Museum, Titus. D. xxii). And both his Synods of Brevi and the Wood of Victory held A.D. 569, says Ricemarsh, received "Roman authority" (Rees. Cambro—British Sts. p. 139).

A bold attempt has been made by certain Anglicans* to make out that the account of this Roman Mission as given by Bede is wholly fictitious, on the ground that the story rests *solely* upon the later form of the *Catalogus Pontificum Romanorum*, written A.D. 530, which inserts it, though it is not found in the earlier Catalogue: and that hence the legend *would seem* to have originated in Rome in the fifth or sixth century and to have been by Bede introduced into England in the eighth century.

* See Haddan and Stubbs' *Councils*, &c., pp. 24, 25.

All this is of course mere conjecture. The answer is obvious, viz., that there is no evidence to show that the existence of this later Catalogue was known to Bede or any one else in England; that about this time Britain began to be spoken of as having received the Christian faith; and that if there was any connection between the later *Catalogus* and Bede's narrative, it is far more likely that the former was altered to embody the local tradition than that the local tradition originated in a stray sentence in a Roman document. The Anglican Collier, notices that from the days of Bede there has been an unvarying tradition that such was the chief origin of Christianity in Britain; and Mr. Rees in his Essay on the *Welsh Saints*, points out that in the See of Llandaff, churches are found dedicated to Lleirwg, Ddyfan, Ffagan, and Medway, *i.e.*, to Lucius and the early Roman missionaries. Moreover, the British observance of Easter points in the same direction. "Up to the Council of Nice the practice of the British harmonized with that of the entire Western Church, *i.e.*, with the Roman (*Counc. of Arles*, A.D. 314). The most ancient Roman table for Easter (in Bucherius *Comment. in Victor. Can. Pasch.* 252 sq.) tallies precisely with the British Easter (Van der Hagen *Observv. in Prosper. Chron.* 336-354. De Rossi *Incriptt. Christian.* Proleg. lxxxvi)."* In A.D. 453 the Britons had already changed their Easter to be in agreement with Leo, *Pope of Rome*, as we learn from the Cambrian Annals. "Even so late as A.D. 455,"—say Haddan and Stubbs, "they followed the directions of Pope Leo the Great—A.D. 453, ix annus Pascha commutatur super diem Dominicum cum papa Leone Episcopo Romæ (*Ann. Camb. ap. M. H. B.* 830), in a case wherein Rome and Alexandria temporarily differed (See *Op. Leon. M.* 1, 1055, ed. FF. Ballerini, and Walter, *Das alte Wales* p. 225, Bonn, 1859)"† This proves clearly that, before the arrival of St. Augustine,

* See Haddan and Stubbs, *Councils*, &c., p. 152.

† Haddan and Stubbs, *Councils*, &c., p. 152, Note.

the British Church was in communion with the Pope, and obeyed his authority.

In the first Council of Arles, the residence of the Pope's Legate in Gaul (314), the British Church was represented by three of the leading Bishops, viz., the Bishops of York, London and Caerleon. The Pope's legates were also present. The acts of the Council were forwarded to Rome for approval, together with a most respectful letter, addressed to "the most beloved Pope Sylvester." It said "Bound together in our common bond of *love* and *oneness* of our Mother the Catholic Church . . . . we salute the most glorious Pope, with the *reverence due* to thee."* It goes on: Had his Holiness been able to assist in person, "a severer sentence would have been pronounced on them (the schismatics), and the Synod would have rejoiced with greater joy," but "you could not leave those places (Rome) where daily the *Apostles hold session* and their blood bears witness to the glory of God"† It adds that as Pope Sylvester held or controlled the *mightier Sees* (*majores diœceses*), "by him, by all means through him" the acts should be communicated to "all." Their first enactment was one Easter "on one day *all over the world*," and they ask the Pope to send round the "customary letters"‡ (iuxta *consuetudinem litteras* ad *omnes* tu dirigas) to *all*. This proves that a Papal Encyclical was even then notorious. The "mightier Sees" (*majores diœceses*) which the Pope is said to have control over were the three great centres, the Patriarchates of Rome, Alexandria and Antioch, as Thomassinus informs us "there shine forth . . . the three mightier Sees (*majores tres diœceses*) Rome, Alexandria and Antioch."§ The term 'diocese' was not then used in its modern sense. Gildas and Bede always speak of a Bishop's 'parish' never 'diocese.' It was then used in its sense of the civil Roman law, meaning a district or centre of government. It is this that gives this letter such significance. The Pope is asked to

* Hardouin I. p. 262. † *Ibid.* ‡ *Ibid.* p. 263.

§ *Vetus and Nov. Eccles. dicipl.* I. 1. 1. c. III. see 12.

communicate the decrees of the Council to "all" because he had authority over the mightier Sees or dioceses which embraced the whole Catholic Church. The eighteenth name affixed to this letter is that of the British Bishop, Adelpheus of Caerleon, and the nineteenth is believed to be that of the Bishop of York.

In the Council of Sardica (343), the Bishops signed an address to Pope Julius, saying: "It will seem to be best and most proper, if the bishops from each particular province make reverence to *their head*, that is, to the seat of Peter the Apostle."* When the Pelagian heresy broke out we read that in 429 "Pope Celestine sent Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, instead of himself in order that after defeating the heretics, he might restore the Britons to the Catholic faith."†

Both Bede and Prosper tell us that the same Pope sent Palladius to convert the Scots about the same time, and the latter records the facts as follows: "Pope Celestine . . . having ordained a Bishop for the Scots (Palladius), while he endeavoured to preserve that part of the island which was Roman, in the Catholic faith (*i.e.*, through Germanus) he also made that part, which was barbarian, Christian."‡ The sources of information are scanty as regards what is now called England, because, as Gildas tells us, the documents were mostly burnt or lost during the confusion of the Saxon invasion.

In the lives of SS. Dubricius and Teilo (the first two Bishops of Llandaff), we read that the privileges granted them were sanctioned by Apostolical authority: *e.g.*, in the Book of Llandaff, p. 356, it is said: "This is the law and privilege of the Church of Teilo, of Llandaff, which these kings and princes of Wales granted to the Church of Teilo, and all its bishops after him for ever, *and was confirmed by the Popes of Rome.*" Also p. 373, "*And as the Church of Rome has dignity above all the churches of the Catholic faith*, so the Church of Llandaff,

* Labbe, ii. 690.

† Prosper, *Chron. Int.*, year 429.

‡ Prosper, *contra Collat.* in fine, apud Alford, 429.

exceeds all the churches of Southern Britain in dignity, and in privilege, and in excellence." The third Bishop of Llandaff went to Rome to confer with the Supreme Pontiff.

We read of St. Cadoc of Llancarvan that seven times in his life he went on pilgrimage to Rome for the welfare of the souls of his parents and companions.

The XXVth article of the Dimetian Code of British Laws runs this: "Whosoever shall commit treason against his lord or waylay is to forfeit his patrimony, and if caught is liable to be hanged . . . if he repair to the Court of Rome, and return with a letter in his possession showing that he is absolved by the Pope, he is to have his patrimony."

The Venedotian Code contains this form of warning to be used by the judge between litigants: "The protection of God prevent thee, and the protection of the Pope of Rome and the protection of thy lord: do not take a false oath."* Again in the same code it is stated: "And after they had constituted the laws as they considered fitting, Howel the Good, and the Bishop of Menevia, the Bishop of Asaph and the Bishop of Bangor together with others, making thirteen in number, of teachers and of other wise men of the laity went to Rome to obtain the authority of the Pope of Rome for the laws of Howel, and there were read the laws of Howel in the presence of the Pope of Rome, and the Pope was satisfied with them and gave them his authority; and Howel with his companions returned home. And from that time till the present day, the laws of Howel the Good are in force."† These extracts clearly prove that, even if the relations between the Britons and Rome were for a time strained on account of their treatment of St. Augustine, the old relations of filial obedience and loyalty were resumed in course of time.

There are extant no less than six Bulls‡ of Pope

* Haddan and Stubbs. *Councils*, &c., see p. 279.

† *Ibid.*, p. 219.

‡ A document so called because sealed with the Pope's Bulla, or seal.

Calixtus II. and fourteen of Pope Honorius II. arranging the affairs of the diocese of Llandaff. Urban, Bishop of Llandaff, in his letter says: "The Church of Llandaff ever since the days of Eleutherius, Pope of the See of Rome, and since the coming of St. Augustine, has always been truly Catholic."* The old British kings and princes, whenever they made a grant of land to the Church used this formula: "I grant to Almighty God, to St. Peter, to Holy Dubricius . . . acres of land that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass may be offered up for my soul and the souls of my wife, children, and forefathers." The gift being made, after Almighty God, to Peter, in the person of his successor, clearly as Lord of the Universal Church, and to Dubricius, in the person of his successor, as head of the local church. It is true that some British ecclesiastics refused to accept Augustine's authority, but that fact must not go for more than it is worth. When we consider the feeling aroused by such a trumpery cause as an election, we can easily understand the fierce aversion with which the Britons must have regarded their Saxon conquerors, and the national feeling and wounded pride with which they turned in distrust from a Saxon archbishop, quite apart from any religious consideration. Both Gildas and Bede tell us that since their severance from western civilization, consequent upon the withdrawal of the Romans, the Britons were fast falling back into barbarism. In fact, it was only because Augustine did not rise to salute them that the Britons, out of superstitious reverence for the advice of an old soothsayer, acted as they did. Religious principle had no influence upon their conduct. The question of the Pope's authority was not raised on either side.

The current account of St. Augustine's second conference with the Britons at Aust-Clive, A.D. 602 or 603,

* The remark made before may here be repeated. It is true these documents belong to the 12th century, still they witness to a tradition which had come down to them from earlier times, and that witness is the only evidence of early times, one way or the other that we have.

has all the appearance of being spurious. The notorious Abbot Dinooth, who is put forward as the British champion, died, according to the *Annales Cambriæ*, our best authority for the dates of Welsh history, A.D. 595, and is described by the same authority not as a cleric but as a *prince*, "Dunaut rex moritur" are its words. How came he to be alive as Abbot, seven years after his demise? The seven bishops have also about them the mist of a myth. Dr. Bright gives up all attempt to identify them. As far as we know there were not at the time seven fixed bishoprics in Wales, and the Annales Cambriæ give no entry of the death of any of them which it is not easy to explain, unless they were, as many suppose, mere *chorepiscopi*. The Book of Llandaff describes the nation at the time as "consisting of few persons" and the Church "as having been *dispersed* for a long time" owing to the ravages of the Saxon invasion and the "Yellow Pestilence." Moreover, Haddan and Stubbs print the defiant speech of Dinooth, as a specimen of mediæval forgery.* It is also noticeable how cautious Ven. Bede is in giving his account of the conference, to give it only as so much rumour. His words are "as they give out" *(vulgo libent)*, "it is narrated" *(narratur)* (Councils i. p. 149) "*it is said*" *(fertur)* "it is commonly said" *(vulgo fertur)* "there are some who say" *(sunt qui dicunt)* † &c. From this it is clear that the writer is unwilling to pledge himself for the truth of what he states, but gives the story only as a popular legend. This is all the more remarkable as in his account of the first conference, he uses no such guarded expressions, but gives the account as historical. It looks as if the present current account of the conference was

* We know nothing of the line taken by the British party. It is quite possible they defended themselves on the ground that their Church was a Papal foundation, and its local customs were authorized "by the authority of the holy Pope Eleutherius, *their first founder*, as also by the practices of their holy fathers, the friends of God and followers of the Apostles." (Gotcelinus in *Hist. Major*, c. xxxii., also *Archæologia Cambrensis*, vol. ii. p. 308, art. "Inscription at Llanvair Waterdine.")

† Eccles. Hist. bk. ii. ch. ii.

drawn up in after years by some one deeply influenced by hatred of the Saxon "robbers" and all their friends. And as Dinooth was a national hero, he is put forward as the leader of the Britons, the writer being in blissful ignorance of dates, and of the fact that his champion was not a cleric at all. The well-known saints, SS. Dubricius, Teilo, and Oudaceus of Llandaff, are historic characters. They were living at the time, and were the ruling prelates of the local church. There is every reason to believe they were in full communion with the Holy See, and they had sent to Rome the decrees of the Synod of Brevi for approval a short time previously, and, if we may believe the Book of Llandaff, had been confirmed in their Sees by *Apostolic authority*. In the Bulls of Pope Callistus II. and Pope Honorius II. they are styled "*holy confessors*," which makes it clear that they were not regarded by the Holy See as being in schism. There is no record of St. Augustine having interviewed them; if he had done so, some notice of the fact is sure to have come down to us. Had he gone into Wales as papal legate, to open negotiations with the British Church, his first duty would have been to address himself to the local authorities.

It would have been against all ecclesiastical law for St. Augustine to have opened negotiations with those subject to the jurisdiction of these distinguished British Bishops, and to have ignored them. He was bound by the law of the Church to recognize and respect their authority, even as papal legate. And the fact that he does not seem to have had any dealings with the fully recognized ruling bishops of the district, where the conference was held, makes it more than probable that St. Augustine did not go into Welsh territory to open negotiations with the British Church, but to interview the monks of Bangor Iscoed. What he wanted was missioners, linguists and catechists to help him in his task of evangelizing the Saxons, and it was at least highly desirable that there should be no diversity of practice between him and them. This would explain their abbot acting as their spokesman. He had no

right to take it upon himself to represent the British Church. The prophecy that "they should suffer the vengeance of death" was addressed to the *monks*, and was fulfilled by the massacre. Besides it is not at all clear that they were called upon to have him for their Archbishop, or that any such claim was made. They had their own bishops who had a right to their obedience. St. Augustine had been consecrated Archbishop of the English, but not of the British. The province of Canterbury was not constituted till twenty years later, and Wales was not included in its jurisdiction till years afterwards. One thing at all events is clear, the refusal of the monks to listen to the proposals of St. Augustine was purely on *personal* grounds; they were not at issue on any question of *doctrine*. But this was not tantamount to an act of schism from the Holy See. The history of the Church is not without instances of similar refusals. The Portuguese clergy for instance at Calcutta refused on personal grounds to receive the bishop, Dr. St. Leger, sent to them by Gregory XVI., and no matter how wrongly they may have acted, there was no question of denying the supremacy of the Pope.

If we follow the Britons across the channel, we find that they are to this day the most fervent of the Roman Catholic population of France. Count Montalembert has said: "The man has yet to be born who has heard a Breton preach in the Breton tongue any other than the Catholic faith." Besides, no people could be more utterly alienated from Anglicanism than the Welsh always have been; a fact inexplicable if the Anglican Establishment is the representative of the old British Church. It was because, on the one hand that, owing to the severity of the penal law, it was impossible to supply them with priests, and on the other that, owing to their hostility to Anglicanism, they were left without religious teachers, that the Welsh people fell into Dissent—an easy conquest to Nonconformity. Even now certain religious customs may be noticed amongst them which are simply the remains of their old Catholic faith. About the year A.D. 400, the Romans withdrew from

Britain, and the Britons were forced to call in the aid of the Saxons to help them against the incursions of the Northern tribes. Then was enacted over again the fable of the man and the horse. The horse once asked the man to help him against the lion, and soon found that he had got a master instead of an ally. So with the Saxons, they soon turned on the Britons and drove them clean out of the country into Wales and Brittany in France. Gildas says this was a Divine visitation upon the Britons in punishment for their crimes, laying it as a special charge against the British clergy that they seldom said Mass.

II.—Anglo-Saxon Period.

Ven: Bede says of the Britons: "To other acts of unspeakable wickedness they added this, that they would never commit the word of faith by preaching to the race of Saxons or Angles that dwelt with them in Britain."* How then do these same Saxons come to represent the ancient British Church any more than they represent the ancient British race? The story of the conversion of the Angles is well known. Gregory, afterwards Pope, was once passing the market-place in Rome, and seeing some slaves of great beauty exposed for sale asked who they were. He was told they were Angles. "Not Angles, but Angels," he answered. When Pope, he sent the monk Augustine with forty companions to instruct the people that had aroused his interest. They landed in Kent, where Ethelbert was king. His wife, Bertha, a French princess, was a Christian, and she attended Mass in the little church of St. Martin at Canterbury. They soon converted the King, who gave them his palace to live in, with a sufficient endowment for their support. There can be no doubt that the faith they preached to the Anglo-Saxons was the faith of the Roman Church. Augustine was consecrated Archbishop by the Pope's Legate in Gaul,

* Lib. i. c. 22.

by the Pope's express order; and from that time forth not only no Archbishop but no Bishop ever ruled any English diocese without formally recognizing the Pope as supreme head of the Church. The Archbishop as a matter of course was required by the law and practice of the Saxon Church to have received the Pallium, the emblem of his jurisdiction, and the sign of union with the Roman See directly from the Pope before he could exercise archiepiscopal jurisdiction. The form used in the consecration of Saxon Bishops was that of the Gregorian Sacramentary with its interrogatories,* including a profession of obedience to the Holy See. The Council of Chelsea, A.D. 787, had enjoined obedience "to the decrees of the Roman Pontiffs." † Here are some specimens of the forms used. The Bishop of Rochester in his "profession of obedience" says to Archbishop Ethelheard, "I promise to live up to the *venerable decrees* of the Pontiffs of the Apostolic See." The Bishop of Leicester says to Archbishop Wulfred, "I promise to observe at all times the revered decrees of the Pontiffs." The Bishop of Lindsey says to Archbishop Ceolnoth "Willingly do I subscribe the sacred canons and the definitions of the earlier and modern Pontiffs." ‡

This fact alone is sufficient to dispose of the allegation that England was in ecclesiastical matters independent of the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome. The whole ecclesiastical organization of the country was the work of the various Popes. "Gregory the Great divided the Anglo-Saxon territory into two provinces; Vitalian placed all the Anglo-Saxon Churches under the jurisdiction of Theodore; Agatho limited the number of bishops to one metropolitan and eleven suffragans; Leo I. established a second metropolitan at York; Adrian a third, at Lichfield; and Leo III. revoked the grant to Lichfield, and confirmed to the Church of Canterbury

* Lingard, Hist. of Anglo-Saxon Church II. Appendix p. 22, note 4.

† Haddan and Stubbs, III. p. 450.

‡ *Ibid.*, pp. 578, 614, 623.

that precedence of rank and authority which it has since possessed down to the present day."*

The Roman missioners were helped by certain Celtic monks, such as Aidan, of Irish origin, who had inherited the system St. Patrick had brought over from Rome, and who, although they differed on the question of Easter and other points of discipline, on this point of the Pope's supremacy were as Roman as the Romans themselves. "As you are children of Christ, so be ye children of Rome," was one of the sayings of St. Patrick.† In A.D. 664, when both parties met at Whibty to arrange their differences on matters of discipline, King Oswi said to them, "Do you all acknowledge—of both parties—that our Lord said this particularly to Peter: *Thou art Peter*, &c.,‡ and that the Lord gave him the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven?" They replied, "We acknowledge it." Then he said, "I declare that I will not oppose this keeper of the gate of Heaven, and that I will obey his orders to the utmost of my power, lest he shut that gate against me."§ In A.D. 747 a Council was called at

* Lingard, *Anglo-Saxon Church*, vol. I. p. 118.

† Vide *Book of Armagh*, fol. 9. This doctrine is taken from that portion of the ancient manuscript which was copied from the book written by St. Patrick's own hand. *Hucusque volumen quod Patricius manu conscripsit sua* are the words with which it concludes; p. 21. See O'Curry's Lectures, p. 372 and Petrie, Essay on Tara p. 81.

‡ St. Matt. xvi. 18.

§ "Now the fact is, that these prelates of supposed 'British origin' (Aidan, Diuma, and his successors) were bishops of Irish origin and 'their religious system' was not of 'native growth,' but the same which St. Patrick had taken with him to Ireland from Rome; that the only national Church of which Diuma and his successors were members was the Church of Ireland, and that *not a single county* from 'London to Edinburgh can point to the British Church as its nursing-mother in the faith of Christ,' because the British Church of that age on the western coast refused, through national animosity, to communicate the doctrines of the Gospel to the Saxons, and continued as late as a century after the arrival of Aidan to look upon the Saxon Christians, even on those who had been converted by the Scottish missionaries, as no better

Cloveshoe, in consequence of an order from Pope Zachary, to consider the remedy for certain abuses that were becoming prevalent. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the chief bishops of south and middle England were present. Two letters received from "the Apostolic Lord the Pontiff, held in reverence by the whole world, the Pope Zachary, were, as he by his *Apostolic authority had commanded*, first read openly in Latin, and then in an English translation. In these he admonished the Anglo-Saxon inhabitants of this island of Britain, expostulated with them and conjured them; and then threatened to cut off from the Communion of the Church all who should despise his warnings and obstinately persist in their wickedness;"* and they decreed that "The holy feasts of our Lord's dispensation in the flesh, in all things duly pertaining to them, *i.e.*, in the office of Baptism, in the *celebration of Masses*, in the manner of the chant, should be celebrated according to the copy which we have in writing from *the Roman Church*." †

If we would seek for a true idea of Anglo-Saxon religious practice, we cannot do better than take a typical Anglo-Saxon Bishop such as Wulstan of Worcester. If you visit the crypt of Worcester Cathedral, you will see there the remains of the Cathedral which he built. At an early age he joined the monastery of Benedictine monks that served the Cathedral. As a rule, our Cathedrals were served by these monks; they were an institution which Augustine had introduced from Rome, and which only those who professed the faith of the Roman Church could be members of. He rose in time to be prior, *i.e.*, the head of the community and of the Cathedral. Two Roman Cardinals came to Worcester Monastery to spend the Lent, and were so edified by

than pagans, and treated them an all occasions as aliens from Christianity" (Lingard, *Anglo-Saxon Church*, vol. i. p. 43; Note on Mr. Soames' *Hist. of Anglo-Saxon Church*. Lingard also gives the account of the conference at Whitby).

* Wilkins, *Con.* 94; Spelman, *Con.* 248.

† Hefele, *Con.* iii. p. 562.

his conduct that they recommended him to King Edward for Bishop, and he was appointed. We are told by his chronicler, William of Malmesbury, that he was always visiting his diocese. "He travelled about on horseback with his retinue of clerks and monks. As they rode along. he repeated the Psalter, the Litanies, and *the Office for the Dead.*" The people "*confessed their sins to him,* for men would open their hearts to him who would do so to no one else"—and "he never sent them away without *saying Mass* and preaching."*

If we turn to the theological schools we find the same tale repeated even to weariness. Bede, who is styled by Neander emphatically the teacher of the English, lays down: "Blessed Peter in a special manner received the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the headship of judiciary power, that all believers throughout the world might understand that all those who in any way separate themselves from the *unity of his faith and communion,* can neither be absolved from the bonds of their sins, nor enter the gate of the Heavenly Kingdom."† Again, Alcuin, the great light of the School of York, says, "That he may not be found to be a schismatic or *non-Catholic,* let him follow the most trustworthy authority of the Roman Church, that the members be not separated from their head; that the bearer of the keys of the Heavenly Kingdom may not reject them as having deviated from his doctrine."‡ The *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* also mentions the payment of Peter's pence for the support of the Pope as early as the ninth century, and payment was enjoined by the statute law of the Anglo-Saxon kings. One devotional practice of these times was pilgrimages to Rome. For instance, Ina, King of Wessex, amongst others, resigned his crown and became a monk at Rome; and if a visit be paid to Wells Cathedral the iron vessel may be seen in which his heart was sent back to rest in his native land. The conditions

* *Lives of English Saints.* St. Wulstan, p. 15.

† Homily on SS. Peter and Paul's day.

‡ Ep. 75.

upon which endowments were given to the Church also bear the same witness. "The ealdorman Osulf 'for the redemption and health of his own soul, and of his wife Beornthrythe,' gives certain lands to the Church of Liming in Kent, under the express condition that 'every twelve months afterwards the day of their departure out of this life should be kept with fasting and prayer to God, in psalmody and the *celebration of Masses*.' Some doubt arising with respect to the exact meaning of this condition, the Archbishop, to set the question at rest, pronounced the following decree: 'Wherefore I order that the godly deeds following be performed for their souls at the tide of their anniversary; that every Mass-priest celebrate two Masses for the soul of Osulf, and two for Beornthrythe's soul; that every deacon read two Passions (the narratives of our Lord's sufferings in the Gospels) for his soul, and two for hers; and each of God's servants (the inferior members of the brotherhood) two fifties (fifty psalms) for his soul, two for hers; that as you in this world are blessed with worldly goods through them, so they may be blessed with godly goods through you.' It should, however, be observed, that such devotions were not confined to the anniversaries of the dead. In many, perhaps in all, these religious establishments, the whole community on certain days, walked at the conclusion of the Matin service, in procession to the cemetery, and there chanted the dirge over the graves of their deceased brethren and benefactors."* Here then is ample evidence that the Anglo-Saxon Church believed in the Mass,† confession, monastic vows, prayers for the dead, and the divinely instituted supremacy of the Pope; a state of things that amounts to "rank Popery" and is wholly at variance with a

* Lingard, *Anglo-Saxon Church*, vol. ii. p. 70. In the Preface to Dugdale's *Monasticon* (p. 9) it is stated that within two hundred years thirty Anglo-Saxon kings and queens resigned their crowns and became monks and nuns.

† See *The Faith of the Ancient English Church concerning the Holy Eucharist*. By the Very Rev. Provost Northcote. Catholic Truth Society. Price *1d.*

theory that they belonged to a Church whose test of orthodoxy is the Thirty-nine Articles which reject the supremacy of the Pope, accept the supremacy of the crown, and condemn the Mass, the great object of Anglo-Saxon reverence and devotion, as 'a blasphemous fable and dangerous deceit.'

III.—Norman Period.

As the Briton had to give way to the Anglo-Saxon, so had the latter to give way to the Norman. No change was made in religion, with the exception that William the Conqueror claimed a much larger right to interfere in Church matters than did the Anglo-Saxon Kings, and he thus sowed the seeds of long and bitter strife between the Church and the Crown. All the old bishops were got rid of for one reason or another, except Wulstan. When called upon to resign his crozier, he went to the tomb of Edward the Confessor, and drove it into the stone covering the body, saying: "Take this, my master, and deliver it to whom thou wilt." As no one could move it, Wulstan was told to try, and the crozier yielded to his hand, and came forth as if it had been planted in soft clay. No one after that dared question his right to his see. Lanfranc was brought from Normandy, to be Primate and Papal Legate. In a letter to Pope Gregory, he says: "To Gregory, the *reverend Supreme Pastor of the Holy Universal Church*, the sinner and unworthy Bishop Lanfranc, service and *due subjection.*"

Under Rufus, the conflict between the Church, struggling for liberty, and the royal tyranny waxed fierce. Anselm was Archbishop, the greatest philosopher and theologian of the age. When, in 1094, he asked for leave to go to Rome in person to receive the pallium, the insignia of an Archbishop, according to custom: and when William Rufus refused him, Anselm thus spoke to the assembled Bishops: "Know all of you that in the things that are God's, I will render obedience to the Vicar of

Blessed Peter; and in what rightly appertains to the dignity of my earthly lord, I will, according to my ability, give counsel and help." Finally the Pope's Legate brought the pallium, but would not give it through the King's hands. Again, in 1097, the Saint asked leave to visit Rome, that he might appeal to the Pope against acts of oppression committed by the King. When leave was refused him, St. Anselm thus addressed the King in the midst of his Court: "You wish me to swear never, on any account, to appeal in England to Blessed Peter or his Vicar: this, I say, ought not to be the command of you who are a Christian; for to swear this is to abjure Blessed Peter. *He who abjures Blessed Peter undoubtedly abjures Christ, Who made him Prince over His Church.*"*

Henry II. took up the quarrel with the Church, bequeathed him by his ancestors. He nominated as Archbishop Thomas à Becket, his trusted and chosen companion, hoping that he would still serve him as he had always done. Thomas, however, was a thorough Englishman; he was true to the back-bone to the cause he espoused, and he frankly told Henry, "You will soon hate me as much as you love me now, for you assume an authority in the affairs of the Church to which I will never assent." The King, wishing to convert his will into law, drew up a number of provisions, putting almost the whole jurisdiction of the Church into his own hands, called the Constitutions of Clarendon. These, worn out by importunity, Thomas signed, but on second thoughts, he withdrew his signature, and appealed to the Pope. Henry, one day, asked petulantly if, of all the knaves that ate his bread, there was none that would rid him of that troublesome priest. Four knights at once started, and bursting into Canterbury Cathedral, one exclaimed: "Where is the traitor, Thomas à Becket?" The Primate answered: "Here am I, no traitor, but a priest of God," and coming out of the chancel, planted himself against a pillar, and faced his foes. They soon despatched him with their swords; one of them scattered his brains on the pavement, and said: "Let us be off; this traitor will

* *Eadmer: Hist. Nov.*

never rise again." The murder of the Archbishop sent a thrill of horror through Christendom. Henry swore that his minions had mistaken his meaning, and acted without his consent, and thus saved himself from excommunication. The death of à Becket was also the death of the Constitutions of Clarendon; Henry's claim to interfere in Church matters was heard of no more.

"Foul as it is, Hell itself is defiled by the fouler presence of John." Such was the popular saying about this brutal King. John wanted his friend Grey (Bishop of Norwich) elected Primate, although another by name Reginald had been elected. Both claimants appealed to the Pope, Innocent III. He set them both aside and appointed Stephen Langton, a Roman Cardinal. John resisted, and the Pope published an interdict and deposed John. The latter had no friends; he had alienated the goodwill of his subjects, whose honour and lives were not safe in his hands for a moment. Finding every man's hand was against him, he was obliged at last to submit, though with an ill grace, like most bullies when they are beaten, and he surrendered his crown and kingdom into the hands of the Pope's Legate, and received them back as the Pope's vassal.

Cardinal Langton was resolved, however, finally to wrest from the king and put upon a legal basis, once for all, the civil and religious liberties of Englishmen. Under his guidance the barons met John at Runnymede, a meadow beside the Thames, near Windsor, and called upon him to sign the Magna Charta. John raved and swore, threw himself upon the ground, bit at pieces of straw and stick, and said, "Why do they not ask for my kingdom?" But it was of no use. John had to sign the great Charta of English liberties, one provision of which was that the Church of England was to be in future free from interference on the part of the Crown,* a provision that was intended to make any thing in the shape of a royal supremacy an impossibility in the future.

We come next to the time of Edward III., and the

* See *The Church of England shall be Free.* Catholic Truth Society, price ½d.

famous Statute of Provisors. Englishmen, and especially churchmen, had what may fairly be called a legitimate grievance to complain of, viz., the number of foreigners appointed to positions in the English Church. The government of the Catholic Church is a matter that is as extensive as the government of the British Empire, and every portion must bear its fair share of the expense. A conflict of opinion between the local and the central authorities is a thing to be looked for in every system where there is a central as well as a local authority, with local interests and local prejudices to consider.

An Act of Parliament was passed, called the Act of Provisors, to stop the nomination of foreigners to English benefices. The right of the Pope finally to appoint one of the nominees was never questioned, but his right to nominate in the first instance a foreigner was challenged. "But the failure of the effort showed the amazing power which Rome had acquired from the unquestioning submission of so many ages. The Pope waived, indeed, his right to appoint foreigners; but by a compromise, . . . archbishoprics, bishoprics, and abbacies, and the wealthier livings still continued to receive Papal nominees."* The spirit of this proceeding was far different from what some would have us suppose. It was not one of defiance, but merely of respectful protest, as is clear from the King's letter. Complaining of some Papal appointments, Edward III. wrote to Pope Clement IV., addressing him as "Our Most Holy Father in Christ, and Lord, the Pope, by *Divine Providence, Chief Bishop of the Holy Roman and Catholic Church,* with all imaginable respect and greeting." In the letter he begs His Holiness to consider that he is St. Peter's successor, and that it is his duty to feed, not to shear, the flock, and also writes thus: "We likewise desire your Holiness to recollect how *obedient our royal family, the clergy and laity of our kingdom, have hitherto been to your See;* for which behaviour we may reasonably expect a return of paternal affection." Afterwards Archbishops Islip, Langham, Whittlesey, and

* *History of the English People.* Green, p. 229.

Sudbury were none the less successively nominated and appointed by the Pope's authority. The last was appointed in 1375 by Gregory XI., the nominee of the monks having been rejected.

Edward's reign saw the rise of the movement of Wiclif, which gave the first serious shake to the faith of the Church of old England. Wiclif was a disappointed man of "unconquerable pride," and he sought an outlet for his wounded feelings in the usual resort of discontented minds, agitation. He began to broach theories of communism in religious as well as civil matters, and probably did not foresee, when he began, where he was likely to end. But even this movement served only to bring out once more a declaration of the faith of the Church of Old England. "In the year A.D. 1411, there were condemned at London by thirteen Bishops and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and by thirty doctors in theology, forty-five articles of Wiclif, of which the forty-first was as follows: 'It is not of necessity to salvation (to hold) that the Roman Church is supreme among the Churches.'"* Even Wiclif himself is a witness to the same fact, for when summoned to Rome to answer for his conduct, he replied, "I am always glad to explain my faith to any one, and above all to the Bishop of Rome; for I take it for granted that, if it be orthodox, he will confirm it, if it be erroneous he will correct it. I assume, too, that, *as Chief Vicar of Christ upon earth*, the Bishop of Rome is of all mortal men most bound to the law of Christ's Gospel," &c. †

Time will not allow us to go into the question of the teaching of the great English theologians, such as Pullen, John of Salisbury, Ælred of Rievaulx, Grosseteste of Lincoln, Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus, John Bacon, Richard Ralph, Holkot, Thomas Waldensis, who taught at Oxford and elsewhere, and had in their hands the intellectual training of the English Clergy. One example must suffice. Thomas Waldensis, who died A.D. 1430,

* Lewis' *Life of Dr. Fisher*, vol. ii. p. 386.

† Green, p. 237.

in his work against Wiclif, lays down and proves the following propositions: (ch. 29), "That the whole Church flows by succession after Christ from Peter, as member from member according to the Apostle;" (ch. 32), "That the Roman See holds the primacy over all Churches;" (ch. 33), "That the pre-eminence of the Papal power is founded on the law of Christ, and is not derived from the power of Cæsar;" (ch. 35), "That every Roman Bishop or Pope rightly entering in, succeeds with Peter to power and pre-eminence over the Church;" (ch. 45), "That the obedience of the world is due individually and collectively to the Roman Pontiff, periods of sedition notwithstanding;" (ch. 47), "That the Pope has from of old a power not to be questioned, to determine the truths of faith and to put down and blot out all heretical falsities;" (ch. 48), "On the prerogatives of the perpetual immunity and freedom of the Roman Church from all contagion of heresy;" in other words "on the prerogative of Papal infallibility." Such was the teaching in the theological schools at Oxford, at a time when we are told that the Church of England was not Roman Catholic.

Next, how about endowments given to the Church during this period? Were they given on the same condition of Masses for the dead as in previous periods?

The following extract from the *Life of William Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester*, by Richard Chandler, D.D., *chapter 10, section 3*, stating the conditions of endowment of Magdalen College, Oxford, will best answer that question: "The president, fellows and scholars, were required to say daily at getting up and going to bed, certain prayers in honour of the Trinity; and while Waynflete was living, *Rege quæsumus, Domine, famulum tuum Gulielmum pontificem fundatorem nostrum*; and after his decease an additional prayer for him. Each of them was to repeat daily, at the hour he chose, a psalm and prayers for the souls of King Henry III., Edward III., Henry VI., Edward IV., Lord Crumwell, Sir John Fastolf, for the souls of Richard and Margery, his parents, that of the founder, and those of the other

benefactors to his College, and of all the faithful defunct; mentioning the names of his father and mother, and also his own after his decease, with the prayer as above. Each of them was to hear Mass once a day; and then or at some other hour, to say, kneeling, fifty times, *Ave Maria*, and after every tenth a *Pater noster* (*i.e.*, the Rosary). Vespers were to be sung in the chapel every evening; and solemn processions to be made about the cloister, or boundary of the College after the use of Sarum, with Masses daily after Matins, except on Easter Day. In the morning Mass, which was to be said at the Arundel altar in the nave of the chapel, the priest was to pray especially for Lord Arundel and Lord Maltravers, while either was living, and for their souls when dead. In the second Mass he was to pray for the Lords Reede and Scures, and other benefactors, the founder when living, Lord Lovell and his consort, for the Universal Church, for peace, for the soul of the father and of the mother of Waynflete, of Lord Crumwell, and for the Bishop of Winchester. The third Mass, which he permits to be celebrated in the collateral oratory, near the high altar, was to be *De Requie*, for the souls of good memory; to wit, for Henry III., Edward III., Henry VI., Edward IV., the founder when dead, his parents, Lord Crumwell, Sir John Fastolf and other benefactors to himself and to his college. A Solemn Mass *de S. Trinitate* was to be celebrated before Easter, and certain prayers used in the chapel, to be followed by a scrutiny in the hall. Two scholars, or fellows, were to recommend to God in their Masses, the good estate of Lady Joan Burrough while living, and the souls of William Port and N. Burrough, knight; seven of the demys, the seniors in age, were to pray especially for the souls of Sir John Fastolf, and of his consort, of his friends and benefactors in the psalm *De profundis*, which they were bound to say daily, and in their other prayers; and each of them was to receive from the College a penny a week for his battles. One was to say aloud in the chapel daily after High Mass: *Anima fundatoris nostri Gulielmi, et*

*animæ omnium fidelium defunctorum, per misericordiam Dei in pace requiescant,** which formulary was likewise to be repeated in the hall after dinner and supper."

IV.—Tudor or Reformation Period.

I.—Henry VIII.

Henry VIII. had many of the good qualities of our English Kings, but he had all their bad ones many times multiplied. He had lived for some eighteen years in apparent harmony with his wife Catharine, in spite of his habitual infidelities, when in an evil hour for the poor Queen, there appeared at Court a young woman named Anne Boleyn. She was thought to have compromised herself more than once, and had been sent for a time to France to a friend of her father to be out of the way. She soon saw that Henry was tired of his wife and was fascinated by her. Having once caught sight of a prize worth having, she was artful enough to play her game with a view to secure it. She knew how the King had served her sister Mary, and would listen to nothing but marriage. A very serious difficulty stood in the way. Henry's lawful wife was living. To get over that, he pretended to have a scruple about the validity of his marriage because the Queen had been his brother's wife. That was true. She and his brother had been married when minors, but had never lived together as man and wife, and a dispensation had been obtained from the Pope to remove any technical impediment created thereby. The dishonesty of Henry's scruple is clear from the fact that when the Pope offered to have the validity of his marriage with Catharine looked into, and if anything was found amiss to set it right, the King would not hear of such a thing.

The King, having resolved upon getting a decree of nullity, commissioned Wolsey to summon the Pope to

* May the soul of our founder, William, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

delegate to him the whole Papal authority, so that he might dispense even with the *divine* law. This was refused. Another request was forwarded that Henry might be allowed to have two wives at the same time, and the offspring of the second to be legitimate. This request was too barefaced to present to any Christian Bishop, and was abandoned, but a dispensation was obtained for Henry to marry any one in the second degree of relationship and first of affinity, no matter how contracted, supposing his first marriage proved invalid. Finally a commission was appointed to try the case in England, but as the Queen refused to plead and appealed to Rome, the case had to go back to the Roman courts. It soon, however, became clear to Henry that his marriage would not be declared invalid on any terms. Some of his advisers, then, pointed to Germany. There Luther had rejected the Pope's authority and was making havoc of Christian morality both by precept and example. He was proclaiming those principles found in his *Table-Talk* and treatises on *Marriage*, which enabled him to allow the Landgrave of Hesse to have two wives for the honour and glory of God and the good of his own soul. Let the King do likewise, let him proclaim himself head of the Church, and then he might have as many wives as he liked. This thought pleased Henry, and he proceeded to act upon it.

His first step was to declare that the whole nation had incurred the penalties of *Præmunire* because they had submitted to the authority of Wolsey as Papal Legate, he himself having been the first to do so. The absurdity of the position was met by a general pardon of all except the clergy. They offered to purchase forgiveness by the present of a million* of money, but Henry insisted that a clause should be inserted in the preamble of the petition that he was the "Protector and only supreme Head of the Church and Clergy of England." None of the Bishops save Fisher, of Rochester, the most saintly and most learned of them all, seemed to have divined the King's purpose. He endeavoured with all his might

* £100,000, equal to a million of money at the present value.

to get them to reject this proposal but with only partial success.*

The Bishops, in consequence of his opposition, would yield to Henry's demand only *in so far as the law of Christ allowed it.* They were cowed by the King's firmness, and with this proviso agreed to grant the King his request. It may reasonably be supposed that they believed this to be a mere threat held out to the Pope, and that this title would imply nothing more than the title of "Defender of the Faith." They were soon, however, undeceived. "It was the first step in a policy by which the Church was to be prostrated at the foot of the Throne. Convocation was forced to recognize the necessity of the royal permission and assent to the validity of its proceedings and decisions. A new Act turned the Bishops into mere nominees of the King. Their election by the Chapters of their cathedral churches had long been but formal, and their appointment had, since the time of the Edwards, been practically made by the Papacy on the nomination of the Crown. The privilege of free election was now with bitter irony left to the Chapters, but they were compelled to receive the candidate chosen by the King on pain of *præmunire.* This strange expedient has lasted till the present time." † At the time of this *concession* by Convocation there can be no doubt that no rejection of the Pope's Supremacy was proposed or contemplated. Henry was still hoping to obtain a divorce by invoking the Papal Supremacy, and to have questioned its very existence would have been suicidal and evidently not the policy to be pursued just then. This is so clearly the case that even writers who assert the antiquity of the royal supremacy are obliged to admit it. Dr. Hook, *e.g.*, says: "The royal supremacy was not at the time of the Convocation regarded as inconsistent with the legitimate claims of the papacy."‡ Froude also remarks: "It is not very easy to see what Henry proposed to himself by requiring this designation at so early a stage in the movement. The

* See *B. John Fisher, by the Rev. W. H. Cologan;* Catholic Truth Society, price 1d.

† Green.

‡ *Archbp. of Cant.* vol. vi. 424.

breach with the Pope was still distant, and he was prepared to make many sacrifices before he would even seriously comtemplate a step he so little desired. It is certain only that this title was not intended to imply what it implied when, *four years later, it was conferred by Act of Parliament,* and when eventually England was severed by it from the Roman communion."*

It was not Convocation then, but the Parliament four years later, that conferred this title upon the King in the anti-papal sense. The next step was to obtain an Act of Parliament recognizing the King as Head of the Church. This was easily done. The first-fruits were voted him to support his new position, and the Bishops were called upon to surrender their Bulls of appointment which they had received from Rome. Henry claimed now nothing less than the full power of the Papacy. "When the Supremacy was transferred to King Henry, of blessed memory, and all things which by canon law belonged to the Roman Pontiff as Head of the Church were made over to him, he then became both King and Pope."† Fortunately for Henry, Canterbury became vacant in the nick of time, and thus he was able to secure the appointment of his tool, Cranmer. The latter's proctor took the usual oath of allegiance to the Pope, and obtained his Bulls of Consecration. Cranmer himself took the oaths, and having first protested privately that he did not mean to keep them, proceeded solemnly and publicly to perjure himself. There was, however, a clause in his Bull of consecration stating that if he did not take the usual oaths prescribed, he was suspended by that fact from his office, so that his initial act of duplicity had the effect of rendering his episcopal career void of all authority from the beginning. Henry had already privately married Anne Boleyn without having obtained any decree of nullity. Cranmer, however, at once proceeded to declare that Henry's marriage with Catharine was null, without even hearing her.

Henry's next step was to break up the religious cor-

* *History*, 1. 4.

† *Zurich Letters*. No. 58, Withers to Bullingham.

porations called monasteries. They were staunchly Roman Catholic, and were sure to be the centres of opposition to his proceedings. Besides, they had large possessions, which he stood much in need of. He issued a commission of inquiry into their condition, but the report being too favourable, it was suppressed. A copy, however, has recently been found among the State Papers. Another commission was appointed, consisting of Legh and Leyton, who sent in a report called the Black Book, just the thing to suit the King's purpose. "The character of the visitors, the sweeping nature of their report, and the long dispute which followed on its reception, leaves little doubt that the charges were grossly exaggerated."* Gasquet gives good reasons for thinking this Black Book was a mere invention of Henry VIII., and that it is more than doubtful if it had any existence outside his own imagination.† The Commons resisted for the first time. They knew how unpopular such a measure was sure to be. The monastery was the centre of nearly every good work in the neighbourhood. There was provided food for the hungry, shelter for the homeless, help for the sick, and instruction for the ignorant. To save the larger ones, however, it was agreed to sacrifice the lesser ones to the King's greed.

It must not be supposed that the people submitted tamely to all this. A very serious rebellion, called the Pilgrimage of Grace, threatened to overturn the Government. The King had to negotiate, and promised to reverse his whole policy. Scarcely had the people dispersed, when gibbets were erected in all directions, and the country was deluged in blood.

Although Henry had gone so far, he had no idea of allowing the Protestantism of Luther to get a footing in his kingdom. When young he had published a book against Luther, *On the Seven Sacraments*, which was supervised by Bishop Fisher, and which gained for Henry from the Pope the title of Defender of the Faith.

* Green, p. 333.

† Henry VIII. and the Suppression of the Monasteries, 1. p. 303. The reader is referred to this work for further information as the best authority on the subject.

In it he had said: "Whereas Luther doth so impudently affirm that the Pope hath his primacy by no right, neither human or divine, but by force and tyranny, I do wonder how the mad fellow could hope to find his readers so simple or so blockish as to believe that the Bishop of Rome, a priest unarmed, alone, without temporal force or right, either divine or human, as he supposes, should be able to get authority over so many bishops, his equals, throughout so many and different nations, so far off from him, and so little fearing his temporal power, or that so many would be so prodigal of their own liberty as to subject themselves to a foreign priest in spiritual matters, as now they have done for so many ages, or to give him such authority over themselves, if he had no right at all thereunto."* Luther had poured out upon Henry in reply every opprobrious epithet he could lay his tongue to. He had called him a "crowned ass, a liar, a varlet, an idiot, a snivelling sophist, a swine of the Thomist herd. Courage, you swine, burn me if you dare. . . . Thou art a blasphemer, not a King, thou hast a royal jawbone, nothing more. Henry, thou art an ass," and much more to the same effect. No Lutheran was safe after this in England. To crush any tendency to Lutheranism, Henry passed the Statute of the Six Articles of Religion, laying down as the faith of the English Church—1. Transubstantiation. 2. Communion in one kind. 3. Celibacy of the Clergy. 4. Monastic vows. 5. The Sacrifice of the Mass. 6. Auricular Confession. This sent a flutter through the ranks of those who, like Cranmer, had begun to follow Luther's example, seeing that the penalty of contumacy was death. Cranmer had imported a German lady to live with him in his palace at Lambeth. As he was not and could not be married to her by any law of Church or State, the morality of this proceeding needs no comment. She had now to be smuggled back to Germany, else Cranmer's life would have been in danger.

At last Henry died, having had six wives, whom he had got rid of as he pleased, through the time-serving

* *Assert. Sept. Sac.*

of Cranmer, leaving behind him a legacy of civil and religious troubles that finally terminated in civil war. When his body was being carried from London to Windsor, Harpsfield tells us it rested the first night at the monastery of Syon, which the King had suppressed. The coffin burst, and a dog was seen to lick up the liquid that flowed therefrom. Some time before, a certain Friar Peto had stood before the King, like another Elias, and threatened him with the fate of Achab for his wickedness, and when the above event happened, we are told that the people remembered the words of Friar Peto.*

II.—Elizabeth.

The English people, after two changes under Henry and Edward, having returned to the faith of their forefathers and communion with the Roman Church under Mary, were by this time heartily sick of having their religion meddled with. The clergy especially set their faces sternly against any fresh change. Of Elizabeth it is truly said: "No woman ever lived who was so totally destitute of the sentiment of religion."† Her personal leaning was towards the old faith, but, with her, policy came before all things. Being illegitimate, according to the ordinary law of succession, Mary Queen of Scots was the rightful heir to the Crown, and to her the Catholic party, *i.e.*, three-fourths of the people, were inclined to turn. The Queen's policy then evidently was to look for support to the opposite party. They were few, it was true, but they were crafty and strong, and besides, had the resources of the country in their hands. A people are very helpless as against such men. We know that one sheep-dog can drive a whole flock of sheep. Having chosen her course, she set to work to follow it in quite a business-like fashion. A *new* rule of faith under the name of the Thirty-nine Articles, a *new* liturgy under the name of the book of Common Prayer, were made compulsory by law, the liturgy of the old Church of England, called the Mass, being

* Harpsfield, bk. II. p. 142. † Green, p. 369.

forbidden under pain of fine and imprisonment. A *new* rite for consecrating bishops and ministers, devised by Cranmer according to his Calvinistic notions, was adopted, which had to be altered in 1662, because it was so objected to by so many on the ground of its insufficiency to make a bishop.* The supremacy over the Church was again transferred from the Pope to the Crown by a Parliament packed for the purpose, the Act passing the Lords by a majority of three only, in spite of bribes and threats, *all the Bishops voting against it.* The Parliament, however, is not the Church. On January 24, A.D. 1559, the clergy in Convocation drew up an act of faith as a preliminary protest, in which they declare the belief of the Church of England (1) in the Real Presence of Christ's Body and Blood in the Eucharist; (2) Transubstantiation; (3) the Sacrifice of the Mass; (4) the divinely-appointed supremacy of Peter and his successors over the Church; (5) that the authority to deal with matters of faith and discipline belonged to the pastors of the Church and not to laymen.† On the 22nd of March Archbishop Heath, in the name of the whole episcopacy, and almost in the words of Fisher spoke strongly against the Act of Supremacy. As all the bishops except Kitchen, of Llandaff, refused to take the oath of supremacy, they were summoned before the Council, imprisoned and deposed by the civil power, together with the heads of the clergy. "The whole number of the clergy deprived at this time, stands thus: fourteen

* Burnet states positively that this was the reason why the change was made. "They agreed in a form of ordaining Deacons, Priests and Bishops which is the same we yet use, except in some few words that have been added since in the ordination of a Priest or Bishop. *For there was then no express mention made in the words of ordaining them, that it was for one or the other office.* In both it was said, Receive thou the Holy Ghost in the name of the Father, etc., ... *But that having been much made use of to prove both functions the same,* it was of late years altered as it is now."(1) If there was nothing in this objection, why it may be asked did Anglican Church alter her ritual to meet it?

† Strype's *Annals*, p. 56.

(1) P. ii. b. i. p. 144. Ed. 1683.

bishops already mentioned; three bishops-elect, one abbot, four priors and one abbess; twelve deans, fourteen archdeacons, sixty canons or prebendaries, one hundred priests well preferred; fifteen heads of colleges in Oxford and Cambridge, to which may be added about twenty doctors in different faculties." *

The inference of some Anglican writers, based on the statement of Camden and Burnet, that with the exception of about 200 deprived in the visitation of 1559, the whole body of the clergy—9400 in number—conformed, is absurd. In this visitation only 806 could be prevailed upon to take the oath. Besides, the married clergy expelled in Mary's time were restored, and the present incumbents expelled. Burnet † gives their number as 3,000. Moreover the parishes, owing to death and desertion of the incumbents, were vacant wholesale. "It appears from an account sent in to the Privy Council by Parkhurst, Bishop of Norwich, 1562, that in his diocese more than a *third* of the benefices were vacant. Annals (Strype) 1. 323. But in Ely out of 152 cures only 52 were served in 1560." ‡

With the deposition and imprisonment of the old English hierarchy, the Church of Old England may be said to have come to an end. The Queen found it easier to pull down than to build up. How was a new Primate to be consecrated for the vacant see of Canterbury? According to the law of the land, an Archbishop and two Bishops, or failing that, four Bishops, were required to make the consecration legal. Now we have a memorandum in the handwriting of Cecil, the Queen's Minister, saying, There is no Archbishop and no four Bishops; therefore, what is to be done? According to the law of the Church, at least three certainly consecrated Bishops were required and for a *lawful* appointment three English Bishops acting with the consent and on behalf of the whole bench. "The

* Collier, *Eccl. Hist.* vol. vi. p. 242. Yet speakers on Church Defence tell us all these measures were the Church's *own act!*

† Vol. iii. 226. See Hallam *Constit. Hist. Eng.* vol. i. p. 104.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 183. *Note* (1.)

Bishop shall be appointed by all (the Bishops) of the province; if that is not possible on account of pressing necessity, &c., &c., *three* at least shall meet and proceed to the imposition of hands *with the permission of the rest in writing.*"* And Martène lays down: "A Bishop is ordained not by one, but by all the Bishops of the province. It is acknowledged that this rule is laid down upon account of heresies, *lest the tyrannical authority of a single ordaining Bishop should attempt something against the faith of the Church.*"† As not *one single member* of the bench of old English Bishops could be induced to hand on the succession to the Queen's new Primate, Parker, she was forced to fall back upon her supremacy.

There were in the country at the time a certain number of broken-down ecclesiastics. To four of these, named Barlow, Scory, Coverdale, and Hodgkyns,‡ Elizabeth issued a writ for the consecration of the new Primate. Now, not one of these men was in possession of any English see, and they all four had incurred excommunication by the law of the old English Church, for immorality or heresy. Besides, Barlow, the officiating consecrator, was but a Bishop-elect,§ Scory and Coverdale likewise had never been consecrated by the rite of the old English Church, but only by Cranmer's Calvinistic rite, which later on even Anglicans discarded.

Hodgkyns was a real Bishop, but was only present as an assistant. The fact, then, that there were not three real Bishops to consecrate, and that Cranmer's Calvinistic rite, which even Anglicans have since rejected as insufficient, and not the rite of the old English Church was used, has ever since laid the new Parkerite succession open to the reproach from all Christian bodies who have retained the Apostolic succession, *e.g.*, the Greeks and Russians as well as Catholics, of being

* First Council of Nice. Can. 4.

† *Eccl. Rit.* ii. c. 1. art. 10 and 16.

‡ Members of religious orders who attempt to marry incur excommunication by the 16th Canon of the General Council of Chalcedon. These four men were members of religious orders.

§ See "Was Barlow a Bishop?" By the late Serjeant Bellasis. Catholic Truth Society. Price 1d.

priests and bishops only in name. Dr. Stapleton, a contemporary writer, thus states the case: "Now the pretended Bishops of Protestantism—whereas the whole number of our learned and revered pastors for confession of the truth were displaced of their rooms, none being left in the realm having authority to consecrate Bishops or make priests, that being the office of only Bishops—by what authority do they govern Christ's flock? Who laid hands upon them? . . . Whither went they to be consecrated, into France, Spain, or Germany, seeing that at home there was *no number of those that might and would serve their turn?* . . . I say therefore by the verdict of Holy Scripture and practice of the Primitive Church, these men are no Bishops. I speak nothing of the laws of the realm; it hath been of late sufficiently proved they are no Bishops if they be tried thereby. But let them be tried by Scripture. . . . Your pretended Bishops have no such ordination as the ancient Bishops had, no such laying on of hands of other Bishops, no authority to make true priests or ministers, and therefore neither are ye true ministers, neither are they any Bishops at all," * Stapleton here refers to the case of Horne, whose position as Bishop, even before the law, was challenged by Bonner, the Catholic Bishop of London, when it was clearly proved that the position of the new prelacy was wholly illegal, and an Act had to be passed to legalize their position and give them a legal title to the churches and endowments. It decreed "that all acts and things heretofore had, made, or done by any person or persons in or about any *consecration*, confirmation, or investing of any person or persons elected to the office or dignity of any Archbishop or Bishop within this realm, or within any other the Queen's Majesty's dominions or countries by virtue of the Queen's Majesty's letter patent or commission since the beginning of her Majesty's reign, be and shall be by the *authority* of this present Parliament declared, judged and deemed at and from every of the several times of the doing thereof, good and perfect to all respects and

* *Fortress of the Faith*, p. 36.

purposes; any matter or thing that can or may be objected to the contrary thereof in any wise notwithstanding."*

As the position of the new Prelates thus rested upon the authority of the English Parliament and not upon the authority of the English Church, they were commonly called "Parliamentary" Bishops. They owed to this Act the only right they could have to their position, even before the law. Barlow, however, and his companions, like the veriest Gallios, cared for none of these things. Their position, as formulated by Barlow, was this: "If the King's grace, being Supreme Head of the Church of England did choose, denominate, and elect any layman, being learned, to be a Bishop, that he so chosen without mention made of *any orders*, should be as good a Bishop as he is or the best in England."† The Queen's writ they had; that was all they cared for. Parker having thus both illegally and sacrilegiously got hold of the Primacy, proceeded at once to fill the old English sees with dissenting ministers of the various Protestant sects of Calvin, Zwingle, and Luther, sects that had as little in common with the old Church of England as the Salvationists have with the present Establishment. Of course no true Churchman would have dared to have anything to do with such an outrage upon the rights and liberties of the English Church as to thrust into any English bishopric, especially during the lifetime of the rightful Bishop, one who was not even a member of the Church of England. These new ministers had been baptized and brought up as members of the Church of England, and had publicly and formally left her to become members of the newly-started Protestant sects of Calvin, Luther and Zwingle;‡ for once a man

* 8 Eliz. c. 1. 1565.

† Strype's *Memoir*, vol. i. p. 184.

‡ The Rev. N. Pocock, one of our first Anglican authorities on the history of this period, writes to the *Guardian* (July 10, 1878): "I have read and considered during the last twenty years most of the printed and many of the MS. sources of information on the subject, and I am quite sure no other view than that Edward's Reformation was conducted on Zwinglian principles can be maintained in the face of historical facts."

publicly joins an heretical sect he must be considered to have left the Catholic Church. In Mary's reign, when some of these men returned to the Church, they had first to be absolved from their heresy, before they were allowed to exercise their ministry. How could they now be considered members of the old Church which they had formally abandoned? To realize the situation, we have to suppose that the whole of the Bishops of the present Established Church have been deposed for refusing to take some absurd oath, *e.g.* that the Queen was immortal and infallible; and that their places had been filled with Swedenborgians and Salvationists; that the Thirty-nine Articles have been abolished and a medley of Swedenborgianism and Salvationism substituted as a test of orthodoxy: that the Church service has been forbidden and the Salvation service enforced in its stead; who could then say without a great paradox that the new religion and the new Church was *identical* with the old? For if you take from a religious body (1) its rule of faith, (2) its liturgy, (3) its ministry, what is left? Nothing but a memory and a name. Some Anglicans object to the word Protestant as applied to them, because it is not found in their formularies; but the question is not one of names, but of things. The question is whether a religion which was Protestant in its rule of faith, liturgy, and ministry, did not supplant the faith of the old Church of England, which was Catholic in its rule of faith, liturgy, and ministry.

The whole Catholic rule of faith was belief in the final and infallible authority of a teaching Church. Now the new Anglican Articles denied this, and asserted instead the divine right of private judgment—but this is Protestantism pure and simple. The old Catholic liturgy rested upon the efficacy of the Sacrifice of the Mass for the living and the dead. The Articles declared "The sacrifices of Masses, in which it was commonly said that the priest did offer Christ for the quick, and the dead to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits"—and substituted a bare commemorative rite called "The administration of the Lord's Supper" in its place, and this is again

Protestantism pure and simple. Again, the old English Bishops, who professed to be Catholics, had to make way for men who repudiated even the name of Bishop and called themselves Protestant "superintendents."*

Besides, the English sovereign, as holding the supremacy over the Church, has to swear at his coronation to maintain the Protestant reformed religion as established by law. Seeing that the Protestant reformed religion came into existence only in the sixteenth century, how is it possible to say that it was ever heard of, much less established by law, before that period?

Nothing can bring home to us how utterly alien all these changes were to the feelings of the English people than the characters of the tools that had to be made use of to bring them about. The bishops of the "new learning" were men in whose honesty and virtue, as a rule, the public had no confidence. Many of them had shown themselves to be men of "both gospels," and who regarded the whole reform movement as a "mere political job."† They were men who had lost their positions in the Catholic Church on moral grounds, while the private lives of some of them were a scandal even to right-minded Protestants. Of Poynet, Dean Hook writes: "He was an immoral and low man who was at last so lost to all sense of shame that he lived in open adultery with a butcher's wife; and was compelled legally to separate by the ecclesiastical courts and pay an annuity to her husband."‡ But this blot on his name, was not thought sufficiently serious to disqualify him from continuing to

* "The bishops had exercised so much dominion and vigour, and had been such Papalins, that the very name of bishop grew odious amongst the people, and the word 'superintendent' began to be affected and came in room, and the rather perhaps being a word used in the Protestant churches in Germany." (Strype. Memorials ii. ii. 141.)

"What do you call Scory?" was asked Elizabeth Young in her examination by Dr. Martin in 1558. "Our superintendent," she answers. (Foxe, Acts and Mon. viii. p. 540.)

† Macaulay. *Essays, Critical and Historical*, p. 58, ed. 1886.

‡ *Archbishops of Canterbury*, Cranmer, vol. ii. ch. iii. p. 244, New series.

hold the see of Winchester. Of Scory, Fuller* also says, that he was about to be prosecuted by the legal authorities for his crimes but bought himself off by a payment of money.

The lesser clergy were no better than the Bishops. So unpopular was the new ministry, that men of learning and respectability could not be induced to enter it. Consequently tradesmen, mechanics, any one in fine who could be induced to accept a living, had to be accepted and was ordained to read the service to the people. The Protestant historian Heylin says, "The new clergy was made up of cobblers, weavers, tinkers, tanners, card-makers, fiddlers, tailors, bagpipers," &c. So novel was the idea of a parson's wife, and so offensive to the public conscience, that no one, with any reputation to lose, would accept a position that was considered at least doubtful, and would give no legal title to the name of wife. These illiterates then were forced to mate with whom they could get. The class of persons that thus found their way into the parsonages as parsons' wives was such as soon to make short work of what little respect was left the new ministers by their violence and greed. To put a stop to this scandal, the Queen, as head of the Church, had to order, "Because there hath grown offence and some slander to the Church by lack of discreet and sober behaviour in many ministers of the Church, both in choosing of their wives and indiscreet living with them. . . . No manner of priest or deacon shall hereafter take to his wife any manner of woman, without the advice and allowance first had upon good examination by the Bishop of the same diocese and two justices of the peace of the same shire."† "It would pity a man at heart," says Archdeacon Harpsfield, "to hear of the naughty and dissolute life that these yokel priests led with others also besides their pretended wives, wherein the women were nothing behind for their parts, to hear of the strifes, contentions and debates that were among them. Among others there was one in Kent, which fell to beat

* *Church History*, v. p. 94.

† *Queen Elizabeth's Injunctions*, Wilkins, iv. 185, &c.

her yokemate with a wash-beetle or battledore, upon whom he complained grievously to the judge at the 'sizes and the more to aggerate his injury showed them openly the said battledore. Many like stories and frays were daily heard of at that time, and many of these women would say to the said priests when reproved of them for their vicious living, 'Why, knave, thinkest thou that if I had been an honest woman I would ever have married with thee?'"* Such a clergy were not likely to make many converts. The people had to be driven into their churches by the minions of the law as the sheep are driven by the sheep-dog into the sheep-pen. They went to escape the legal penalties of not going, but not to pray. They avenged themselves by turning the new services into ridicule. "The majority of the parish priests were still Catholic in heart: in the North indeed they made little disguise of their reactionary tendencies. Already, on the other hand, the Protestant minority among the clergy were disgusting the people by their violence and greed. . . . The marriages of the clergy were a perpetual scandal. . . . The new services became scenes of utter disorder, . . . while the old altars were broken down, and the communion-table was often a bare board upon trestles. The people naturally enough were found to be 'utterly devoid of religion,' and came to church as to a 'May game.'"† The Queen lost no opportunity of showing her contempt for her new clergy; she was evidently tired of her bargain. "Proud Prelate," she wrote to one, "you know what you were before I made you what you are! If you do not immediately comply with my request, by God, I will unfrock you." She never would call Parker's helpmate his wife: and he, her own Primate, writes: "I was in horror to hear such words come from her mild nature and Christianly-learned conscience, as she spoke concerning God's holy ordinance and institution of matrimony. . . . Insomuch that the Queen's Highness expressed to me a repentance that we were thus *appointed in office, wishing it were*

* *Treatise of Marriage*, bk. iii. p. 100. † Green, 370.

otherwise. . . . Horse-keepers' wives, porters', poulterers' and butchers' wives may have their cradles going; and honest learned men expulsed with open note."* The Queen's view no doubt was that horsekeepers, &c., &c., were no example for her clergy; besides, they were living in honourable wedlock, which her clergy were not.

The fierce scorn and indignation with which the Bishops of the Church of England regarded these men may be gathered from an incident at the trial of Ridley at Oxford, for destroying the altars in the old churches. Ridley said: "As for the taking down of the altars, it was done upon just consideration, for that they seem to come too nigh the Jewish usage." The Bishop of Lincoln said: "A goodly receiving, I promise you, to set an oyster table instead of an altar."†

The old parish priests were, as a body, true to their bishops. No more than one in twelve really conformed. The ecclesiastical visitation appointed in May, 1559, to administer the Oath of Supremacy proved such a dead failure that it had to be recalled in December, as it could only prevail upon 806 of the clergy to take the oath; this may be seen from the list of names preserved amongst the State Papers in the State Paper Office.‡ Many were given two years' grace to make up their minds, and it was not till the more severe statute of 1562 that any kind of conformity was generally enforced, when many resigned and went abroad. When the law was enforced, Cox writes to Peter Martyr: "The Popish priests among us are daily relinquishing their ministry, lest, as they say, they should be compelled to give their sanction to *heresies*."§ For the most part the Government was powerless to act against them. It was not in a position to supply ministers of the new religion for some ten thousand parishes all in a moment, and to close all the churches was more than it dared do.

* Strype's *Parker*, vol iii. p. 49.

† Foxe, vol. ii. p. 536.

‡ *Life of Edmund Campion*; a Biography: by R. Simpson.

§ *Zurich Letters*, xvi.

Before proceeding against the old incumbents it was necessary to have ministers ready to take their places, and this was a work of time. In fact, so scanty was the supply, that the vacancies caused by death could not be filled up. Quite a third of the parishes were at one time vacant. Meanwhile the old parish priests were in great measure, masters of the situation. Jewel writes to Peter Martyr:* "Now that religion is everywhere *changed*, the Mass priests absent themselves from public worship, as if it were the greatest *impiety* to have anything in common with the people of God. But the fury of these wretches is so great that nothing can exceed it. They are altogether full of hopes and anticipations . . . that these things cannot last long." And again: "If *inveterate obstinacy* was found anywhere it was altogether among the priests." At York out of ninety summoned, only twenty-one took the oath, † outbreaks in various parts taught the Government the wisdom of caution and the danger of violent persecution. State Papers, such as letters from puritan clergy, reports from Cecil's agents, &c., represent the old clergy as "stubborn" and "subtle," that severity is of "no avail," and that the people receive them with honour. Their omission to take the oath of supremacy was connived at. In the hope that another ruler might arise to undo the work of Elizabeth, they bent to the storm so far as to use the Mattins and Evensong of the Common Prayer Book in the Church, and this perhaps with the idea that it was lawful for them. For one thing, they were assured by the Queen's agents that the Pope had offered to sanction the new services; and this assertion was largely believed and acted upon, till it was authoritatively contradicted, when Catholics refused to have anything more to do with them. Upon this Hallam remarks: "There is nothing in this statement of fact to countenance the very unfair misrepresentation lately given as if the Roman Catholics generally had acquiesced in the Anglican worship, believing it to be substantially the

* *Zurich Letters*, xix.

† Vide *Edmund Campion*; a Biography: by R. Simpson.

same as our own. They frequented our churches because *the law compelled them by penalties so to do*, not out of a notion that very little change had been made by the Reformation."*

The Communion Service was a more serious matter, but the use of this was easily evaded, and when used it was only to turn it into a "Christmas game."† The old ministry was allowed quietly to die out, and give place thus to the new. "The new parsons were for the most part not merely Protestants in belief and teaching, but *ultra-Protestants*,"‡ a fact to be recommended to the notice of those who would have us believe they were Catholics in any sense of the word.

The English people never willingly abandoned the Catholic faith: they were robbed of it by violence and fraud. Their lawful Bishops were gagged and imprisoned; their clergy done violence to and they themselves driven into outward conformity with a faith they detested in their hearts and which was forced upon them by fines, imprisonment, and even death, under a code of penal laws such as has seldom disgraced any statute-book. Some two hundred priests were executed, while a larger number perished in the filthy and fever-stricken prisons into which they were plunged on purpose to cause their death. About twelve hundred had at various times escaped to Ireland, and were now hunted like wolves and shot like carrion crows, till the few survivors from bullet, steel, nakedness, and hunger died in the most inaccesible places, where they were beyond the reach of their persecutors.§ Such were some of the arguments by which the new Protestant reformed religion silenced opposition. Still, after forty years of these penal measures and political manœuvring, the Queen's own historians admit that more than two-thirds of the people had not even outwardly conformed.

We have seen, then, two parties in the country con-

* *Const. Hist.* p. 121. Note. † Green, p. 398. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 398.

§ A distinction was made between the beneficed and non-beneficed clergy. The latter were shown no mercy. See *Chronological Notes*, Weldon, p. xxi., note §.

tending for the upperhand—one calling itself Catholic, the other Protestant—each cutting the other's throat by turn, on the ground of heresy and blasphemy in matters of religion—one calling the service of the other a "May game" and a "Christmas game," and the communion-table an "oyster-table;" the other calling the Mass a "blasphemous fable and dangerous deceit." Now, it is not asked which of these parties was right, but simply how in the name of common sense is it possible to maintain that both these parties professed the same religion and represented the same Church? For this is what we are asked to believe, when we are told that the religion of Parker and Ridley was *identical* with the religion of Fisher and of More. When the question of the old churches and endowments comes to be settled, if Anglicans intend to claim them, their facts must be of cast-iron. They have one such fact in the prescription created by three hundred years' possession. That is solid ground from which to defend their position, and if they are wise they will take their stand upon it, but if they attempt to bolster up their position with such a wind-bag as the identity of the present Church Establishment with the Church of Lanfranc, Anslem, à Becket, Langton, and other Archbishops of Canterbury up to 1559, all of whom were appointed by the Pope and received the pallium, often in person, from his hand, many of whom were Papal Legates, and some of whom were even Roman Cardinals, they sign their own death-warrant.

The following is an extract from the episcopal oath that was required to be taken by each of them as well as by every Bishop of the Church of old England both by the civil and canon law before his consecration: "I (N), elect of (N), from this hour will be in future faithful and obedient to Blessed Peter and the Holy Apostolic Roman Church, and our Lord (N) Pope, and his successors lawfully succeeding. . . . I will be their helper to retain and defend the Roman Papacy and regal rights of Blessed Peter against all men. I will treat with honour in coming and going the Legate of the Apostolic See. . . . I will take care to preserve, defend,

increase, and promote, the rights, honours, privileges, and authority of the Roman Church, our lord the Pope, and his aforesaid successors, and . . . I will observe to the utmost of my power the Apostolic mandates and make them be observed by others. I will visit, in person or by my proctor, unless dispensed by Apostolic leave, once a year or every two years if beyond the Alps, the threshold of the Apostles, if the Roman Curia is there. I will not sell, &c., my mensal possessions without consulting the Roman Pontiff. So help me God and these holy Gospels of God."* If the Church of Old England, which exacted this oath from all her Bishops, was not Roman Catholic, what was she? Until the present race of Anglicans are prepared to subscribe this oath, the less they say about their identity with those Bishops who did so as a matter of course, the better.

It is related in the life of St. Stanislaus that when his right to some Church land was questioned, he was able, by the power of God, to produce the dead donor to give testimony. So with us. Open the tombs of the old English Bishops, and you will find them clad in their Mass vestments—in life their joy and their crown. These will tell you if the dead professed a religion which declared their Mass to be a "blasphemous fable and dangerous deceit."† Open the charters of foundations,

* See Rymer, xiii. 256; also Godwin, Wilkins, Spelman, &c.

† The quibble which tries to distinguish between the terms "sacrifice of the Mass" and "Sacrifices of Masses" on the ground that the Anglican article is directed against some mediæval *abuse*, and not against the use of the Mass in any sense whatever, has no foundation in history. The term "sacrifices of Masses" was in common use then as now. It occurs in the decree of Union signed at Florence A.D. 1438 both by Eastern and Western bishops, which says, speaking of those who depart this life in venial sin, "that their souls are cleansed after death by purgatorial pains, and in order that they may be relieved of these pains, the suffrages of the faithful living profit them. namely, 'the *sacrifices of Masses*,' prayers, alms and other works of piety, etc."

The reform party were not ignorant of this decree, and if we compare with it the Anglican article which says, "Hence the sacrifices of Masses, in which it is commonly said that the priest offers Christ for the remission of pain and guilt for the living and

and you will find land given to St. Peter, in the person of his successor, as Head of the Church, on condition of Masses being said for their souls. Even the very stones in the walls of our churches cry out. See, as you enter one, the place for holy water; the place where the altar-stone marked with its five crosses, according to the use of the Roman Church, has been torn down and put to some common use; see the place for the wine and water for Mass, and for holy oils for Extreme Unction; see the niches empty of their statues! All these, like so many open mouths, call out to the passer-by that the mother that brought them into life has departed, and that they have fallen into the hands of a step-mother, who has used them after a step-motherly fashion.

These few words will not have been written in vain if they help to explode this awkward attempt at a stupid historical fraud, of which none can be more heartily ashamed than some of the older and wiser members of the Anglican Church.

the dead is a blasphemous fable and dangerous deceit," there can be no doubt it was drawn up to deny explicitly the faith defined at Florence both by East and West, and to assert instead the Lutheran teaching of Augsburg, from which are borrowed not only doctrines but even the very words (1) of the Anglican articles. The true meaning of this article, as a rejection of the ancient faith of the English Church, is made clear from the words of the *Homily concerning the Sacrament:* "Take heed lest if the memory it be made a *sacrifice*. . . . Thou needest no other man's help, no other sacrifice, no *sacrificing priest, no Mass*," etc. This fact is further made clear by the "Declaration of certain principles of religion," required by all the Anglican bishops from all their clergy "for the unity of doctrine to be taught and holden." This declaration had to be read by every minister when inducted "for the instruction of the people," and then twice a year at Christmas, and Michaelmas. The ninth article says "that the doctrine, which maintaineth the Mass to be a *propitiary sacrifice* for the quick and the dead, and a mean to deliver souls out of Purgatory is neither agreeable to its ordinance or grounded upon doctrine Apostolic; but contrarywise most ungodly, and most injurious to the precious redemption of our Saviour Christ, and his only sufficient sacrifice offered once for ever upon the altar of the cross." (2) Moreover to offer Mass according to the faith and practice of the old English Church was made a crime punishable with death.

Short's *Hist. of Eng.* ch. I. x. appendix c. See 482.
Burnet's *Reformation*, vol. iv. p. 309.

THE LAST OF THE GLADIATORS.

By the Rev. W. H. Anderdon, S.J.

In a solitary cell, somewhere in the East, lived a recluse named Telemachus, occupied day and night with the work of his salvation. He had a great zeal also for the salvation of others, or he would have been a saint in no possible sense of the term. "No one," it has been truly said, "goes alone, either into Heaven or Hell." In this way, man was not created to be alone. If he is solitary, as Telemachus was, in the outward surroundings of his life, let him take care that this comes by some clear indication of God's most holy will; and let him beware lest solitude shut up his heart from others, concentrate his thoughts and interests merely upon himself, make him cease to yearn and pray for his neighbour's best good—his eternal welfare. The great moral philosopher of the Greek world lays it down that he who is solitary, by his own free choice, is either more or less than man. He cannot remain self-poised, as the iron coffin of Mahomet was said to be in the cave of Mecca, equidistant from the strong magnet of the roof and the equally strong one of the pavement. He must rise to more intimate union with God, and thus acquire great intercessory power for others; or he must sink into an absorbed selfishness, and so lose the power of praying well for himself or others.

The mind of St. Telemachus often turned to Rome—then in some ways, and in some ways only, become Christian Rome. The Eternal City set the fashion to the world; and whatever remains of pagan corruption still found a place there were sure to be reproduced in the provinces of the Empire. People are always glad to find some countenance in high places for their sins, or faults

or follies. An evil king produces an evil court, and an ever-extending atmosphere of harm. And so the mistress of the world, who had been the corrupter of nations in her pagan times, still remained a great power for evil, if in any way her new Christianity were found wavering, inconsistent, insecurely grounded. Among other deeply-rooted corruptions, and foremost, perhaps, of all, the shows and bloodshed of the gladiators still went on in the amphitheatres of Christian Rome.

It was this horrible sanguinary remnant of paganism, in the very heart of Christian Rome, that engaged the shuddering thoughts, and animated the prayers, of St. Telemachus in his far Eastern cell. Special vocations have ever been sent from Heaven to this or that individual among God's servants, to do His work in a given direction. Such vocations have been life-long, or for a time. With Telemachus, the vocation he felt ever growing within him, to put down the Roman Games, was life-long when it once began; for it was to end only with his life—nay, to end it. Put down the Games? Why, according to all human reckoning, you might as well expect some shy, retiring student to close his book, and undertake a voyage into Spain to put down the bull fights! And so the student might, more than probably, if he had single-hearted devotion enough to carry his life in his hand, like St. Telemachus.

This burning fire, "shut up in his bones," at length became a motive power, and drove him westward. We cannot tell the length of his journey to the great Mother City, nor the exact course of it; how much by land, how much by sea; what time it occupied; what hardships and peril he endured. Rome—Rome! He scarcely breathed freely till he caught sight of the distant Capitol. Then he knew—for he could scarce have been ignorant of what his mission included—knew that his long travel and his life were to end together. It was during the winter, for his martyrdom took place with the New Year's day; and we may be sure he did not allow the opportunity of the first gladiators' show to elapse without achieving the purpose that brought him.

When Telemachus made his way in, a scene such as Rome alone could furnish burst on his view. Not in Verona, not in Pola not in Arles, not in any other

amphitheatre of the Roman world, could be found an assemblage at once so numerous and so splendid. We, who wander among the ruined arches of the Coliseum, find a difficulty in picturing to the imagination what it was in the days of its splendour. Nothing met the eye that was not gorgeous and gay, artistic, costly, and luxurious. The cushioned marble, indeed, is at the moment hidden by the splendid array of those who occupy the seats, according to their rank. The stately Senate is there, and the company of Roman knights; matrons in rich attire; all that Rome holds of honoured in society, eminent in literature and art, valorous in war.

One space there is—not empty, indeed, for you could not anywhere drop a pin—but filled by others. It is that portion of the magnificent oval sweep once allotted to the vestals. There they had sat, in their spotless white robes, complacent or excited spectators of the bloodshed; delighted, as ladies in Toledo and Madrid delight to-day when one animal gores another, but reserving a very special delight for the moment when two brawny swordsmen, equally matched, had for some time inflicted and sustained ghastly gashes, and when one at last was down. "*Habet!*" "He's got it!" the recognised approval of a palpable hit, then gave place to the still more exciting moment of verdict on the fallen man. Shall he live, or shall he die? The victor bestrides him as he bleeds apace, and lifts his own heavy casque, that he may see the spectators leaning from their seats above. He marks whether their thumbs indicate that they are merciful, or whether the "many-headed monster" is ordering the death-stroke to be given. Has the vanquished slave contented the majesty of the people? Has he done well enough for the *lanista*, or tutor of the fatal sword-play, to come in with his attendants, and bear him off—roughly, belike—for a chance of healing from his wounds? Or has he faltered, and shown a symptom of the white feather? Has he blundered—the barbarian!—and missed a good stroke? Then down go the thumbs, by scores of thousands; vestals' thumbs included. Down also comes the heavy, two-edged blade, and another soul has flitted into eternity.

Time passes; and the vestals are gone. But their place is filled by Christian senators, Christian knights,

and, possibly, by Christian matrons. The death-sentence of former times may also have passed away; it could scarcely have been that the games still licensed a cold-blooded murder after victory. Nevertheless, like Mercutio's wound, which remained a grave reality and needed no exaggeration—the deathly gashes, the hellish passions, the murder shared by countless approving spectators—these are enough, and these remain.

It reminds us of the chronicles of some among the kings of Juda, who were unable to extirpate evils that had taken hold of the nation during previous reigns. "The heart of Asa was perfect all his days," but the high places were left in Israel. Josaphat "walked in the way of his father Asa, and departed not from doing the things that were pleasing before the Lord; but yet he took not away the high places, and the people had not yet turned their heart to the Lord the God of their fathers."

All this looks as if it would last for ever. It has survived the fall of paganism; it is deeply rooted in the popular passions. What shall bring it to an end? A poor, unarmed man, or armed only with faith, sublime determination, readiness to offer himself an holocaust. An old man, probably; aged, certainly, by austerities, if not by years. He bides his time, on one of the topmost benches, among that expectant throng. Do not look for him among the lower and favoured seats, which afford the best, because the nearest, view of blood. He is not beside senators, knights, or stately dames. Seek him away up there, where the poor are grumbling because, perched so far off, they cannot hope to observe with distinctness the working features and writhing limbs of men in their death-agony. He sits there in his rough garb of an Oriental recluse. After one horrified gaze, around and below, he learns from his neighbour that the silver trumpets of the Prætorian guard will ring out the signal for the gates to be unbarred, on to the arena. Then the first pair of gladiators will advance from opposite sides. That is enough for Telemachus. Not one drop of their blood, he has determined, shall stain the fine, white carefully-sifted sand of that open space. He closes his eyes, and occupies himself with prayer. It is his last, so we must allow him a moment or two.

Curious looks are bent upon him, and whispered comments go round, according to the dispositions of the observers. "A monk come to see the games!" "A queer sort of monk, eh?" For people in proportion as they are set on their own indulgence, are merely critical of others coming to share it; and many a man whose life is by no means that of the Church's calendar, becomes, for the nonce, a very Cato on what he considers an incongruous diversion in the man next door.

But hush! There goes the *fanfare* of the trumpets! and all the flutter and the small-talk subside at once into a breathing silence. The ladies' tinkling ornaments are still; no face among the hundred thousand but is turned to one or other of these fatal barriers.

They open heavily. By the one, steps into the arena the crested warrior with his ponderous armour; yet its weight does not render his firm step less certain or ready. He is a model of an athlete, that tawny-bearded Dacian, from beyond the Danube; his very first appearance elicits a murmur of applause, especially from those who have betted heavily on him. Others, meanwhile, laud their favourite in his opponent, a lithe and wiry form from Numidia; bronzed with

> The shadowed livery of the burnished sun,
> To which he is a kinsman, and near bred;

as, shaking his net loose, brandishing with dexterous skill the cruel, gleaming trident, he advances with light yet wary step, as though treading the measure of some courtly minuet, towards the centre of the arena.

Telemachus sprang up in a moment. Now, he thought, was his time.

"Sit down, barbarian!" sternly whispered his neighbour.

"Disturb the games, thou ruffian?" growled the man on his other side.

"Pitch him over!" began to be the general sentiment.

But it was not their rebuke that made the hermit resume his seat. He had been ready to rush down and spring into the arena. Another glance showed him that some preliminaries were still to be observed.

The two victims of savage, half-converted Rome advanced till they stood within six or seven paces of

each other. Then, at a signal from the *lanista*, they faced round towards the Imperial "tribune" or stage-box (if so it may be translated), furnished with soft, luxurious cushions, on which the head of the state might recline at ease, and see the slaughtering go on below.

It was vacant. No Emperor had graced the games since the Cross had been planted on the domes and porticoes of the Eternal City. Even during the brief revival of Paganism under Julian, the spirit of Christianity was sufficiently felt to keep the scandals of the ampitheatre uncrowned by the presence of the Cæsar.

Nevertheless, the ancient custom prevailed: and even as, on board ship, the sailor touches his hat as he passes the quarter-deck where the captain *might* be standing, so in the arena, the two on whom our eyes are fixed raise their weapons towards the empty marble of that gemmed and inlaid couch, and exclaim with loud, unfaltering voice:

"Hail, Cæsar, Emperor! They who are going to die, salute thee!"

Then, amid the breathless attention, they face each other, take each other's measure; each endeavouring to read in the eyes of his opponent what first movement he designs. A few snowflakes flutter down from the pure sky, and rest on their shoulders, unheeded.

The heavy-armed now bends forward, covering himself up to the eyes with his shield. His muscular right arm is drawn slowly back, each sinew taut, as the fingers grip the massive sword.

But the watchful Numidian is prepared. He can spring aside, like the panther of his native jungle. A moment would fling the net over his adversary; the trident is brandished hither and thither. His backers are confident, and so is he.

A rush, a bound! Not *in* the arena, but down *into* it. A spare form hurls itself from the topmost benches, descends in rapid flight the sixty or eighty steps from tier to tier, vaults from the high barrier into the open sanded space, darts between the gladiators, spreads out an emaciated arm towards each, and stands there, voiceless, panting.

"In the Name of the Crucified, stay!" This he would have exclaimed; but the exertion has been too much for

his frame, worn out by fast and vigil; it has deprived him of the power of speech.

No need of words. His silent act has answered the purpose of his long travel—saved many lives, won for himself the martyr's crown.

After the first astonishment, one howl of rage rises from the crowded benches. It is the roar of a human volcano, and startles the vultures that are wheeling over the neighbouring plain. The vast amphitheatre holds a savage, maddened, revengeful mob.

"Down with him! down with him!" It is not thumbs that are now inverted, as a sentence of death; this time the people become both judges and executioners. Every missile that comes to hand—fragments of marble, wherever a bench or a step can be loosened, torn up; daggers madly hurled into the arena; spectators leaping down, at the risk of their necks; first a score or two, then hundreds at once; a wild surging sea of human forms, pouring itself like a cataract over the barrier, from every part of the vast oval. Senators, knights, artisans, the dregs and scum, crushing and being crushed, trampling and trampled, they converge with mad hate and vengeful disappointment, upon the prostrate and now lifeless Telemachus. They spurn him, they tread on him, buffet him, haul him this way and that; and in less time than the words take to read, they have torn him limb from limb.

But he has accomplished his mission. While among the angels he sings his first antiphon: "Worthy is the Lamb Who was slain!" the news has reached Honorius in his palace; and the Emperor, determined to seize the occasion, at once forbids these sanguinary spectacles for the future. From that day, no gladiator shed his blood in the chief amphitheatre of the Roman Empire.

JIM DALY'S REPENTANCE.

By Katharine Tynan.

When the story was told to me, I thought it infinitely sad and pathetic. I wish I could tell it as I heard it, but having scant skill as a narrator, I fear I cannot. I can only set down the facts as they happened, and in my halting words they will read, I fear, but badly and barely; and if in the reading will be found no trace at all of the tears which awoke in me for this little human tragedy, I am sorry, more sorry than I can say, for my want of skill. Indeed, I would need to write of it with a pen steeped in tears. It is a story of a hard and futile repentance,—futile, in that amends could never be made to those who had been sinned against; but surely, surely not futile, inasmuch as no hour of human pain is ever wasted that is laid before Our Lord, but rather is gathered by Him in His pitiful Hands, to be given back one day as a harvest of joy.

"Whisht, achora, whisht! sure I know you never meant to hurt me or the child." The woman childishly young and slight, who spoke, was half sitting, half lying in a low rush-bottomed chair, in the poor kitchen of a small Irish farmhouse. Her small pretty face was marked with premature lines of pain and care, and now it was paler than usual, for across eyebrow and cheek extended a livid dark bruise, as if from a blow of a heavy fist, and over the pathetic drooping mouth there was a cruel jagged cut, this evidently caused by a fall against something with a sharp projecting point. By her side, in a wattled cradle, lay a puny small baby, about a year old, with its small blue fingers, claw-like in their leanness, clutched closely, and with such a gray shade

over its pinched features that one might have thought it dying. The young husband and father was cast down in an attitude bespeaking utter abasement at his wife's knees, and his face was hidden in her lap; but over the nut-brown hair her thin hands went softly, with caressing tender strokings, and as the great heart-breaking sobs burst from him, the tears rolled one after another down her wan little face, while her low soft voice went on tenderly, "Whisht, alanna machree, whist! sure it's breakin' my heart ye are! Sure how can I bear at all at all to listen to ye sobbin' like that?"

All the weary months of unkindness and neglect were forgotten; and she only remembered that her Jim was in sore trouble—Jim Daly that courted her, her husband and her baby's father; not Jim Daly the good fellow at the public house, always ready to take a treat or stand one, always the first in every scheme of conviviality, drowning heart and mind and conscience in cheap and bad whisky; while at home, on the little hillside farm, crops were rotting, haggard lying empty, land untilled, and poverty and hunger threatening the little home, and day after day the meek uncomplaining young wife was growing thinner and paler, and the lines deepening in her face where no lines should be. Three years had gone by since their wedding-day that seemed but the gate of a happy future for those two young things who loved each other truly, and almost since that wedding-day Jim Daly has been going steadily downhill. Not that he was vicious at all; he was only young and gay and good natured, and so sought after for those things, and he had a fine baritone voice that could roll out "Colleen dhas cruitheen na mo" with power and tenderness: and when the rare spirits who held their merry-makings in the Widow Doolan's public-house nightly would come seeking to draw him thither with many flattering words, he was not strong enough to resist the temptation; and the young wife—they were the merest boy and girl—was too gentle in her clinging love to stay him. So things had gone steadily from bad to worse, and instead of only the nights, much of the days as well were spent in the gin-shop, and at last the time came when people began to shake their heads over bonny Jim Daly as a confirmed drunkard, and the

handsome boyish face was getting a sodden look, and the once frank clear eyes refused to look at one either frankly or clearly, but shuffled from under a friend's gaze uneasily and painfully.

Last night, however, the climax had come when, reeling home, after midnight, the tender little wife with her baby on her breast had opened the door for him, and had stood in the doorway with some word of pain on her lips; and he, feeling his progress barred, but with no sense of what stood there, had struck out fiercely with his great fist, and stricken wife and child to the ground. And Winnie's mouth had come with cruel force against a projecting corner of the dresser, and this hand had marked darkly her soft face, and she and the little son were both bruised and injured by the fall.

We have seen how bitter poor Jim's repentance was when he came to himself out of his drunken sleep, and in presence of it his wife, woman-like, forgot everything but that he needed her utmost love and tenderness. But if she was forbearing to him out of her great love, his little brown old mother, who had been sent for hastily to her farm two miles away, spared not at all to give him what she called the rough side of her tongue; and when the doctor came from his home across the blue mountains, and shook his head ominously over the baby, and, dressing Winnie's wan face, said that the blow on the forehead by just missing the temple had escaped being a death-blow, the old woman's horror and indignation against her son were great. But the doctor had gone now, with a kindly word of cheer at parting to the poor sinner, and with an expressed hope of pulling the baby through by careful attention and nursing. These it was sure to have, for Jim Daly's mother was the best nurse in all fair Tipperary, and despite the very rough side to her tongue on occasion, the gentlest and most kind-hearted.

These two were alone now, and the room was quite silent except from the man's occasional great sobs, and the low sweet comforting voice of the woman.

Presently the door opened again, this time to admit a priest, a hale ruddy-faced man of fifty or so, spurred and gaitered as if for riding, who, coming to them quickly, with a keen look of concern and pain in his clear eyes,

and drawing a chair closer laid one large hand on Jim's bent head, while the other went out warmly to take Winnie's little cold fingers. "My poor, poor children!" he said, and under that true loving pity Winnie's tears began to flow anew. He was sorely troubled for these; he had baptized them, had admitted both to the Sacraments, had joined their hands in marriage, and he had tried vainly to stop this poor boy's easy descent to evil; and now it had ended so. In the new silence he was praying rapidly and softly, asking his Lord to make this a means of bringing back the strayed lamb to His fold. Then he spoke again:

"Look up, Jim, my child; you needn't tell me anything about it, I know all. Look up, and tell me you are going to begin a new life; that you are going with me now to the altar of God, to kneel there and ask His forgiveness, and to promise Him that you will never again touch the poison that has so nearly made you the murderer of your wife and child. It is His great mercy that both are spared to you to-day, and the doctor tells me that he hopes to bring the baby through safely, so you must cheer up. And it will be a new life, will it not, my poor boy, from this day, with God's good help?"

And so Jim lifted his head, and said brokenly:

"God bless you, Father, for the kindly word. Yis, I'm comin' back to my duty with His help, and I thank Him this day, and His blessed Mother, and blessed St. Patrick, that they held my hand. O sure, Father, to think of me layin' a hand on my purty colleen that I love better nor my life, and the little weany child that laughed up in my face with his two blue eyes, and crowed for me to lift him out of the cradle! But, with the help of God, I'm goin' to make up to them for it wan day. But Father, I won't stay here where my family was always respectable and held up their heads, to have it thrown into my face every day that I had nigh murdered my wife and child. Sure I could never rise under such a shame as that. Give me your blessin', Father, for me and Winnie has settled it; I'm goin' to Australia to begin a new life, and the mother's snug, and 'll keep Winnie and the child till I send for them, or make money enough to come for them."

The priest looked at him gravely, and pondered a few minutes before his reply.

"Well, I don't know but you're right. God enlighten you to do what is for the best! It will be a complete breaking of the old evil ties and fascinations, at all events, and, as you say, the mother 'll be glad to have Winnie and her grandson."

And a week later, wife and child being on the high road to convalescence, Jim Daly sailed for Australia.

This was in February: and outside the little golden-thatched farmhouse the birds were calling to one another, wildly, clearly, making believe, the little mad mummers—because spring was riotous in their blood—that each was not quite visible to the other under his canopy of interlaced boughs, bare against the sky, but that rather it was June, and the close leafy bowers let through only a little blue sky, and a breath of happy wind and a blent radiance of gold and green, and that so they must perforce signal to each other their whereabouts. Some in the thatch were nest-building, but those little merry drones were swaying to and fro on the bare boughs, delirious with the new delight that had come to them, for Spring was here, and there was a subtle fragrance of her breath on the air; and all over the land, for the sound of her feet passing, there was a strange stirring of unborn things somewhere out of sight, and where she had trodden were springing suddenly rings and clusters of faint snowdrops, and tender flame-coloured crocus, and double garden primroses, and the clear red-brown velvet of the wall-flowers, lovely against the dark leaves.

February again—but now far away from the mountain-side. In the city, where no sweet premonition of Spring comes with those first days of her reign, and in the slums that crouch miserably about the stately Cathedral of St. Patrick, huddling squalidly around its feet, while the lovely tower of it soars far away into the blue heart of the sky. It is a blue sky—as blue as it can be over any spreading range of solemn hills, for poor Dublin has few tall factory chimneys to defile it with smoke—and there are little feathery wisps of white clouds on the blue, that lie quite calm and motionless, despite the fact that a bright west wind is flying.

It is so warm that the window of one room in one of the most squalid tenement houses of the Coombe is a little open, and the wind steals in softly, and sways to and fro the clean white curtains; for this room is poor, but not squalid and grimed as the others are. The two small beds are covered with spotlessly white quilts, and the wooden dresser behind the door is spotless, with its few household utensils shining in the leaping firelight; and opposite the window is a small altar, carefully and neatly tended, whereon are two pretty statuettes of the Sacred Heart and Our Blessed Lady, and at the foot of these, no gaudy artificial flowers, but a snowdrop or two and a yellow crocus, laid lovingly in a wineglass of water.

It is all very clean and pure, but, alas! it is a very sad room now, despite all that, because—O surely the very saddest thing in all the sad world!—a little child is dying there in its mother's arms. And the mother is poor little Winnie Daly, far from kindly Tipperary and the good priest, and the pleasant neighbours who would have been neighbourly to her; and here in the cruel city she is watching her one little son die. He is lying on his small bed, with his eyes closed—a little pretty fair boy of seven—his breath coming very faintly, and the golden curls, dank with the death-dew, pushed restlessly off his forehead, and the two gentle little hands crossed meekly on each other on his breast. His mother, her face almost as deathly in its pallor and emaciation as his, is kneeling by the bed, her yellow hair wandering over the pillow, her head bent low beside his, and her eyes drinking thirstily every change that passed over the small face, where the gray shadows were growing grayer. They have lain so for a long time, with no movement disturbing the solemn silence, except once when her hand goes out tenderly to gather into it the little cold damp one.

But she was not alone in her agony. Two Sisters of Mercy, in their black serge robes, are kneeling each side of the bed, and their sad clear eyes are very tender and watchful; they will be ready with help the moment it is needed, but now the great beads of the brown rosary at each one's girdle are dropping noiselessly through the white fingers, and their lips are moving in prayer. One is strangely beautiful with a stately

imperial beauty, but it is etherealized, spiritualized to an unearthly degree, and the flowing serge robes throw out that noble face into fairer relief than could any empress's purple and gold brocade. Both women are wonderfully sweet-faced: these nuns are always so pitying and tender, because their daily and hourly contact with human pain and sin and misery must keep, I think, the warm human sympathies in them alive and throbbing always. Now there is a faint movement over the child's face and limbs, and the tall beautiful nun rises quickly, because, well skilled in death-bed lore, she sees that the end cannot be far off. His eyes open slowly, and wander a little at first; then they come back to rest on his mother's face, and raising one small hand with difficulty he touches her thin cheek caressingly, and then his hand falls again, and he says weakly, "Mammy, lift me up."

"Yes, my lamb," poor Winnie answers brokenly, gathering him up in her arms and laying the little golden head on her breast. He closes his eyes again for a minute, then reopens them, and his gaze wanders around the room as if seeking something, and one of the nuns, understanding, goes gently and brings the few spring flowers to the bedside; this morning tender Sister Columba had carried them to him, knowing what a wonder and happiness flowers always are to the little crippled child,—for Jim's little lad was crippled from that fall in his babyhood. He lies contentedly a moment, and then says weakly, the words dropping with painful pauses between each:

"Mammy, will there—be green fields in Heaven—an' primroses—an' will I be able—to run then? I couldn't go to Crumlin last summer—with the boys—'kase I was lame—but they got primroses—an' gev me some."

And it is the nun who answers, for the mother's agonized white lips only stir dumbly: "Yes, Jimmy, darling little child, there will be green fields in Heaven, and primroses, and you will run and sing; and our dear Lord will be there and His Blessed Mother, and He will smile to see you playing about His Feet."

Then she lifts the great crucifix of her rosary, and lays it for a moment against the wan baby lips that smile gently at her; and the white eyelids fall over the pansy eyes, and gradually the soft sleep passes imperceptibly

and painlessly into death. And the nun takes him out of his mother's arms, and lays him down softly on the pillows and smooths the little fair limbs, and passes a loving hand over the transparent eyelids; and the other nun gathers poor Winnie into her tender arms, with sweet comforting words that will surely help her by and by, but now are unheeded, because God has mercifully given her a short insensibility. And one nun turns to the other, with a little soft fluttering sigh stirring her wistful mouth, and says, "Poor darling! the separation will not be for long. Our dear Lord will very soon lay her baby once more in her arms."

A fortnight later, a bronzed and bearded man landed on the quay of Dublin. It was Jim Daly—a new, grave, strong Jim Daly, coming home now comparatively a wealthy man, with the money earned by steady industry, in the gold-fields. There he had worked steadily for three years, with always the object colouring his life of atoning for the past, and making fair the future to wife and child and mother, and the object had been strong enough to keep him apart from the sin and riotousness and drunkenness of the camp. He would have been persuasive-tongued, indeed, among the wild livers who could have persuaded Jim Daly to join in a carousal. But the worst living among the diggers knew how to come to him for help and advice when they needed it; and many a gentle kindly act was done by him in his quiet unobtrusive manner, with no consciousness in his own mind that he was doing more than any other man would have done.

He had never written home in all those years, though the thought of those beloved ones was always with him—at getting up and lying down, in his dreams and during the hours of the working day. At first times were hard with him, and for three years it was a dreary struggle for existence; and he could not bear to write while every day his feet were slipping backward. Then came the rush to the gold-fields, and he coming on a lucky vein, found himself steadily making "a pile," and so determined that when a certain sum was amassed he would turn his steps homeward; and because postal arrangements in those days were so precarious, and the

time occupied by the transit of a letter so long, he had then given up the thought of writing at all, watching eagerly the days drifting by that were bringing him each day nearer home. In his wandering life no letter had ever reached him; but he never doubted that they were all quite safe: in that little peaceful hill-side village, and cluster of farmsteads, life passed so innocently and safely; the people were poor, but the landlord was lenient, and they managed to pay the rent he asked without the starvation and misery that existed in other estates; and apart from the pain and destitution and sin of the towns, the little colony seemed also to be exempt from their diseases, and the little graveyard was long in filling up; the funerals were seldom, unless when sometimes an old man or woman, come to patriarchal age, went out gladly to lay their weary old bones under the long grass and green sorrel and the daisy-stars.

This had all been in his day, and he did not know at all how things had changed. At first, after he had sailed, things had gone fairly; Winnie had grown strong again, and even when his silence grew obstinate, no shadow of doubt crossed her mind; she was so sure he loved her, and she knew he would come back some day to her. The first cloud on the sky came when the baby developed some disease of the hip, the result of the fall, and it refused to yield to all the doctor's treatment; indeed it became worse with time, and as the years slipped by, the ailing puny babe grew into a delicate gentle child, fair and wise and grave, but crippled hopelessly. Then, the fourth year after Jim went, there came a bad season, crops failed, and the cow died, and then, fast on these troubles, the kind old landlord died and his place was taken by a schoolboy at Eton; and, alas! the agency of his estate placed in the hands of a certain J.P. and D.L., tales of whose evictions on the estates already under his charge had made those simple peasants shiver by their firesides in the winter evenings. Then to this peaceful mountain colony came raising of rents like a thunder-clap, followed soon by writs, and then the sheriff and the dreadful evicting parties. And one of the first to go was old Mrs. Daly; and when she saw the little brown house whereto her young husband,

dead those twenty years, had brought her as a bride, where her children were born, and from whose doors one after the other the little frail things, dead at birth, had been carried, till at last her strong hearty Jim came —when she saw the golden thatch of it given to the flames, the honest proud old heart broke, and from the house of a kindly neighbour, where neighbours' hands carried her gently, she also went out, a few days later, to join husband and babes in the churchyard house whence none should seek to evict them. And the troubles thickened, and famine and fever and death came; and the good priest died too—of a broken heart, they said. And so the last friend was gone—for the people, with pain and death shadowing every hearth-stone, were overwhelmed with their own troubles—and poor Winnie and the little crippled son drifted away to the city.

And at the time all those things were happening, Jim Daly used to stand at the door of his tent in the evening, gazing gravely away westward, his soul's eyes fixed on a fairer vision than the camp, the gorgeous sunset panorama that passed unheeded before the eyes of his body. He saw the long green grasses in the pastures at home in Inniskeen. And he saw Winnie—his darling colleen —coming from the little house-door with her little wooden pail under her arm for the milking, and she was laughing and singing and her step was light; and by her side the little son, with his cheeks like apples in August, and his violet eyes dancing with pleasure, and the little feet trotting, hurrying, stumbling, and the fat baby-hand clutching at his mother's apron, till with a sudden tender laugh she swung him in her strong young arms to a throne on her shoulder, wherefrom he shouted so merrily that Cusha, the great gentle white cow, turned about, and ceased for a moment her placid chewing of the cud, to gaze in some alarm at the approaching despoilers of her milk.

O how bitterly sad that dream seems to me, knowing the bitter reality!—that in the squalid slums of the city the girl-wife was setting her feet for death; that the little child, crippled by the father's drunken blow, had never played or run gladly as other children do—never

would do these things, unless it might be in the wide green playing-fields of Heaven!

I will tell you how he found his wife. It was evening when he landed at the North Wall, and he found then that till morning there was no train to take him home; and with what fierce impatience he thought of the hours of evening and night to be lived through before he could be on his way to his beloved ones, one can imagine. Then he remembered that by a fellow-digger who parted with him in London he had been entrusted with a wreath to lay on a certain grave in Glasnevin; and with a certain sense of relief at the prospect of something to be done, he unpacked the wreath from among his belongings on his arrival at the hotel, and, ordering a meal to be ready by his return, he set out for the cemetery.

It was almost dusk when he reached it, and not far from closing time, and the wreath deposited, he was making his way to the gate again. Suddenly his attention was caught by a sound of violent coughing, and turning in the direction from whence it proceeded, he saw a woman's figure kneeling by a small poor grave. For the dusk he could hardly see her face, which also was partly turned away from him; but he could see that her hands were pressed tightly on her breast, as if striving to repress the frightful paroxysms which were shaking her from head to foot.

Jim was tender and pitiful to women always, and now with a thought of Winnie—for the figure was slight and girlish-looking—he went over and laid his hand very gently on the woman's shoulder, saying, "Come, poor soul! God help ye; ye must come now for it's nigh on closin'-time, and sure kneelin' on the wet earth in this raw foggy evenin' is no place for ye at all at all."

The coughing had ceased, and as he spoke she looked up at him wildly. Then she gave a great cry that went straight through the man's heart; she sprang up, and, throwing her thin arms round his neck cried out: "Jim, Jim, my own Jim, come back to me again! O, thank God, thank God! Jim, Jim, don't you know your own Winnie?" for he was standing stupefied by the suddenness of it all. Then he gathered the poor worn body

into the happy harbourage of his arms, and for a minute, in the joy of the reunion, he did not even think of the strangeness of the place in which he had found her; and mercifully for those first moments the dusk hid from him how deathly was the face his kisses were falling on. Then suddenly, with a dreadful thunderous shock, he remembered where they were standing, and I think, even before he cried out to know whose was the grave, that in his heart he knew.

I cannot tell you how she broke it to him, or in my feeble words speak of this man's dreadful anguish; only I know that with the white mists enfolding them and the little child lying at their feet, she told him all.

"An', darlin', I'm goin', too," she said, "an' even for the sake of stayin' wid you I can't stay. I'm so tired-like, an' my heart's so empty for the child; an' you'll say 'God's will be done,' won't ye, achora? And when the hawthorn's out in May, bring some of it here; an', Jim darlin', I'll be lyin' here so happy—him an' me, an' his little arms clasping my neck."

He said, "God's will be done," mechanically, but I think his heart was broken: no other words came from his lips except over and over again, "Wife and child! wife and child! My little crippled son! my little crippled son!"

THE FOOLISH WORD AND THE WISE ONE.

By Mrs. Parsons.

In the outskirts of a great seaport which we will call Watermouth, there was a Convent of Sisters of Mercy. They had come long ago from Ireland in order to help the poor Catholic girls in this great town; and their house, with a large garden and drying-ground for the things which they took in to wash, had been given to them by a lady, who, having money, and also having been left a widow when she was still young, had devoted herself to good works. This excellent woman was Lady King; she had no children of her own, so she spent much of her time and her money in helping God's poor. She often went to the convent, where she was loved as a dear and faithful friend, and took an active part in many of the good works done by the nuns. The nuns had a very good school, they had a servants' home and a great quantity of washing to do for persons living in the town of Watermouth, and also in its neighbourhood; and for a certain weekly payment they took in orphan girls to teach, and to make them fit for gaining their own living.

I can assure you that the orphanage was a beautiful sight. Everything was in such good order, all the work was done with such regularity; the neatness and cleanliness was perfect, it was a good education to be brought up there, and to help to do the work belonging to it. The orphanage was only three years old. How it began you will be told in the course of this story. At the present moment I must ask you to stand with me in the slated courts into which the laundry opened, and observe what I will show you there. First a cart, then an old man with a wooden leg, then a fine large donkey—the old man is putting this docile beast into the cart—and then a very tidy girl of about fifteen years of age. Her name is Anne Deane. A straighter, stronger, pleasanter-look-

ing girl was never seen. Baskets of clean clothes, most beautifully packed, were brought out and placed in the cart. All was cleverly and carefully done. Then a book was given to Anne, who, having done this work every week for full six months, seemed to be perfectly capable of transacting the business intrusted to her. Soon they were off. When they came to a steep bit of road the old man pushed behind to help the willing donkey; Anne walked on silently. Not a word passed between her and the old man, for—I may as well tell you at once—Dick May was deaf and dumb. But he knew his work, and could do it; and, what was more, he had been taught his religion and he practised it. On he trudged, having read the list of places to which they had to go, and going first to that which was most distant.

Let us meet them at the last place to which they have to go—at the private door of Mrs. Freeman, who kept a grocery shop. Her house was always the last place they stopped at, and this time she was, as usual, ready for them. She had food for the donkey, and a meal for old Richard and a great deal to say to Anne. This private house door stood at the back of the shop. The cart and donkey stood in a good sized yard; storehouses were down one side, and a good garden, in which Dick very often worked, spread away in front. Dick sat down on a log of wood in the shade, and Anne Deane went into the house.

Here I must pause in my story to tell you that Mrs. Freeman was a good and clever woman. She was an earnest Catholic, a charitable neighbour, and a faithful friend. She worked hard, and she had brought up both sons and daughters in the ways of holiness. She now talked to Anne Deane. I have told you the nuns' orphanage was only three years old, which fact you must remember. Mrs. Freeman loved the orphanage. She had not much money to give, but she would go without sugar and tea herself to take some to the orphans, and when she wished to give God special thanks for any good that had come to herself or her children, she would take a gift to the orphanage. She was a very good accountant. She kept her own books beautifully, being accurate in all particulars; she never ran the risk of defrauding a creditor, and no one had ever lost money by her. She was a

good woman in herself, a good woman in her business, and a good example to all about her; and yet it was she who spoke the foolish word that day to Anne Deane.

Have you ever thought of the value of words? Have you remembered that if you break a man's leg you can have it mended, that if you take his pence you can give it back again, but that when you say a thing it has passed out of your power for ever? If you have never thought much on this matter, this story may make you think more.

Mrs. Freeman told Anne to sit down at a little round table, and eat some bread and butter and drink a cup of coffee. Then she said:

"You have got to be a fine girl, Anne. Have you never thought it was time to earn your own bread?"

"Well, I hope I am learning to earn it; and I am able to be useful in the convent now."

"That may be," was the reply. "But you are the only girl in the orphanage who has never been paid for, and you have to be clothed and fed. I do really think you should have had spirit to take this burden off the good Sisters. I don't mean to vex you, my dear, but I thought I'd put the notion into your head. You know if you were in service you might sometimes send them something to repay them for the care they have taken of you; and you would have great comfort in doing that, for you *are* a credit to them."

Here this conversation ended. But in Anne Deane's heart the fire of pride was lighted. She had been three years at the convent, she was an orphan of a respectable family, and she had always thought that Lady King paid for her. She knew that Lady King had always seemed to distinguish her. But had she taken such pleasant notice of her only as the reward of good behaviour? And, indeed, Anne was a steady, satisfactory girl, with good abilities and a patient temper, which made her very useful with the smaller children of the orphanage. Yes, those poor, and often troublesome children, who were *all paid for*, and she was *not* paid for, and other people had known that she lived on the nuns' charity, and she had *not* known it!

She fancied that if she had known it she could have borne it better, but she said to herself angrily that she had been *deceived*.

She never doubted the truth of what Mrs. Freeman had said to her. She knew that Mrs. Freeman sometimes helped the nuns to balance their books, and to keep their accounts accurately. Often did Anne think that she would go to Sister Mary Joseph and tell out all that was in her heart. But pride said, "No, you have been deceived. Don't say a word." So this girl bore her burden in angry silence, and she showed it in her face, and this made people think she was ill. Her happy manner was gone, she seemed to go about her duties without any heart in her work, and she walked about the house with unwilling feet.

This made her friends anxious. They spoke of the change that had come on Anne, and they determined on sending her away, at least for a time, for country air. Anne consented to everything, and she went as under-nurse in the house of a lady who lived not far from London, and who wanted a nice girl to go out with the head-nurse and the children till she left England in the autumn. To this place Anne Deane went. When the autumn came she would not return to the convent, but got a place as under-housemaid in London. She used to write to Sister Mary Joseph sometimes, and sometimes to Mrs. Freeman, and to Mrs. White, an elderly woman, who was Lady King's maid. By degrees these notes got fewer and fewer, and within two years of Anne Deane's leaving the convent she was altogether lost to her friends. No one knew anything about her; she had gone into a hard place, she had left—she was not to be traced, and after a time she was almost forgotten.

And so passed ten years, and the name of Anne Deane had almost ceased to be mentioned.

Ten years is a large part of anybody's life. It was a large space in the life of Anne Deane, and it formed a very important part of the life of Dick May, the deaf and dumb man. It had brought old age to Mrs. Freeman, and some of Anne's friends at the convent had in that time found their home in Heaven. It had brought to Sister Mary Joseph the responsibility of the governing head of the community, and now, oftener than ever, when she prayed she thought of Anne Deane.

Old Dick May had gone away to a distant place to end his days with the Little Sisters of the Poor. Mrs.

Freeman's business had been sold, and she lived on her savings in two very nice rooms close to the convent. She often thought of Anne, but she never thought of her own silly words in any repentant way. When they recurred to her memory she praised herself for having had the courage to utter them, and, as to Anne Deane, she thought her a very naughty girl. She considered that that young woman ought to be thankful for life for the blessing of such a candid friend as she had been to her. Once she had tried to speak to Reverend Mother about Anne, but, by a movement of her hand, silence on that subject had been commanded, and seeing on the dear nun's face a very painful look, she had never dared to mention the matter again. So Anne's name was never spoken, and no one knew what had become of her.

For a time Anne had gone to the Sacraments, but she had never seen her fault of pride. She had felt that she had gone through a great trial. She judged others. It had not occurred to her to judge herself. She was blind to her own failings in this trouble: but yet she blundered on as well as she could, only pitying herself a great deal, and sometimes saying she was born to be unhappy. If, in her first stage of mortification, she had gone to Sister Mary Joseph and made the whole case known, instead of accusing her best friends of deception, she would have been made happy somehow. As it was, she had gone on in her own way, and the poor, loaded, vexed, and complaining heart was sick of its own pride.

Anne got a second place in a Catholic family, but she was too young for the work and had to go for a time to a hospital. Then she went to live with Protestants, who were very kind to her, but they laughed at her religion. She would not go to their place of worship, and they would not let her go to Mass. In a year's time they parted with her. She got a place in a large boys' school, where every other Sunday evening she was allowed to go out. She lived there three years. When she went out on Sundays she sometimes went to Benediction, but during this time never went to the Sacraments. Thus nearly five years passed away. She had given up all her old friends, and had not made any new ones that were worth having. She was really standing alone in

the world. She was angry with life, for life had been hard, and she had toiled early and late, and worked diligently, yet had only earned shelter and food and decent garments. She had none of her pretty things left: no pictures, no books, no work-box, and no writing-desk. She had sold some and given others away. She had parted with her crucifix, and yet she wore the blessed medal that Sister Mary Joseph had given her, and this reminded her of the happy life she had led in her childhood till she had allowed the demon of pride to enter into her heart. But she never felt that she was herself in fault. Pride is such a blinding sin; she still believed herself to have been deceived and ill-used.

The last five years had been sad ones. She had passed them as general servant in a public-house. She was valued because she was steady, clean, and civil, and because she worked hard, did her best, and never complained. But now she broke down in health. She became suddenly weak, suffered from severe neuralgia, and had a frightful cough. Her mistress, who was a good-hearted woman spoke to the doctor about getting her into the infirmary. This he did, and there Anne got better. But, how great was her surprise one day when she went into the town with a friend, to come suddenly at the corner of a street on old Richard May. She cried out in a way which surprised her companion, and seized on old Dick so as to surprise him too. Dick gazed at her with a face full of joy; then, still gazing, he made the sign of the Cross, which Anne immediately made also. Dick's face became full of thanksgiving; Anne burst into tears.

"What on earth is the matter with him?" exclaimed Anne's companion.

"He is an old friend," said Anne. "He is deaf and dumb."

The woman grew interested. "Can you make him understand you?"

"I am going to try," said Anne. She now tried to talk with her fingers, but she had never been clever at that art, and she found she could not do it. She made Dick comprehend that she wished to go with him. But this he would not allow. Then, remembering an old sign by which he signified in old days that he was going to bed, she made it, and Dick understood it at once as

an inquiry as to where he lived. He led to a shop where he was known. He got a pencil and some paper, and he wrote with a very trembling hand the address of the Little Sisters of the Poor. Anne thanked him, made him understand that she should come to see him, and then she and her companion returned to the infirmary.

The next day she went to the Little Sisters of the Poor. Old Dick, being quite satisfied with the confession of faith she had made by signing the Cross, had prepared the nuns for her appearance, and they gave her a kind reception. Anne had saved a few pounds during her years in the public-house. She offered the nuns half-a crown when she went away, and asked them to spend it on the poor old man, and she promised by their desire to call again.

It happened that one of the nuns had to write by that night's post to Lady King, and she told of the meeting between old Dick and Anne Deane, and of Anne's visit to them.

On reading the letter Lady King sent for her trusted servant, Mrs. White, and the result was that the very next day Anne Deane was called to see Mrs. White in the room which was given up to the reception of visitors.

"My dear girl, how ill you have behaved," said Mrs. White between her kisses, "to have deserted us all—never to have written for so long, and now to be looking so pale!"

"Oh, I am going to get well," said Anne, half crying.

"Yes, I hope so," replied Mrs. White, "for I am to take you back with me."

The next morning she was in the railway carriage with Mrs. White, feeling a little bewildered by the events of the past few days. She had written a letter to her last mistress, telling her that friends had asked her to come to them, and thanking her for her kindness during the last five years, and when that letter was ended, Anne felt that the life of hard toil and no religion was over, and again she felt thankful.

Anne had no inclination to talk, but Mrs. White had many things to say. She talked about the nuns, and described the flourishing orphanage. "Oh, you will be astonished when you see it. Forty-seven girls, and over a dozen in the servants' home, and all in such

beautiful order. Old Mrs. Freeman finds them such a comfort to her. She has retired on a pretty little income."

"Does Mrs. Freeman still help to keep the orphanage account books?" said Anne.

"O dear no," said Mrs. White. "The nuns soon learnt how to do this from her, and I hear that the book-keeping belonging to that orphanage would do credit to any business house in the world. They are very good to Mrs. Freeman, and she is allowed to hear Mass in their chapel, which is a grand thing for her, as she is too infirm to walk any distance."

The railway journey was soon over, and a cab took the two friends to the door of the convent.

"Lady King will be here," said Mrs. White, "we are to return home with her."

Anne never spoke. She entered the house alone, and a nun she had never seen before took her to the room where Sister Mary Joseph and Lady King were waiting for her. But what a welcome she had! What was Reverend Mother saying, and what did Lady King's kind smiling face at that moment mean?

Reverend Mother rose to meet her and held out both her hands. Then she put a hand on each shoulder and looked firmly into Anne Deane's face—and these were her words: "Welcome, dear girl. Welcome, young foundress of our orphanage. Ah, you will like to see them, such a crowd of holy little souls, and we have always looked on you as the foundress of the orphanage and the beginning of our success. How much we have longed to hear about you!"

For one instant Anne thought she was being made a jest of. But quickly she felt that no such folly could be in Reverend Mother's heart. But what could she mean? What had she called her? The foundress of that beautiful orphanage! What could she mean?

Lady King now spoke. "You puzzle her. Look at her—she is almost frightened. You must tell her all about it now, and not keep her wondering any longer."

"Dear child," said Reverend Mother, "your common name with us was 'our Foundress.' I have called you so to Lady King innumerable times. Because of that, we taught you all you could learn, and treated you always with the greatest regard. And now listen to the

explanation. It had been our great desire to begin an orphanage. There were five girls who were ready for us, and they had friends ready to pay the usual pension for them. But we dared not begin. We were poor. We could not run into debt, and so, after much consultation, we gave up our idea, and said that an orphanage we must not have. But we had prayed, and it was God's will to answer our prayers. Lady King came to us. She came to say that she had an orphan, a girl of a very respectable family—in fact, *you*. In this room we talked together, and here I told her all our difficulties. 'Oh,' said she, 'we can make this child the foundress. She is twelve years old, and you must keep her till she is sixteen. She has good abilities, and I wish to have her particularly well taught. Your little girls are to have £12 a year, but I think this child should pay £14, and I will give you £4—£1 every quarter—for her clothing. That will make £18 a year. She is to stay four years, and if I pay you for the whole four years at once you will have money to furnish the dormitory; and make any other arrangements which you may think necessary.' So as four times eighteen are seventy-two, Lady King there and then wrote out a cheque for £72, and our orphanage was begun. My dear Anne, you left us three months before your four years were out, so you have a right to three months' maintenance in this house, and no words can tell how glad we are to see you."

While Reverend Mother was saying this, Anne felt her heart swelling within her. She dropped gently on her knees and said, while the tears were pouring down her pale face, "O Lord, I give thanks for the grace of repentance. O my poor wicked pride—I repent, I repent."

Lady King and Reverend Mother heard her in surprise and in silence. Having said these solemn words, Anne rose up and told the story of what Mrs. Freeman had said, and how she herself had felt ten years ago. "And in my evil pride I lived a heart-breaking life till the sight of Dick May seemed to bring back the old days, and his questioning me with the sign of the Cross made me confess myself a Catholic." She said more in answer to words spoken by Reverend Mother, but the uppermost thoughts in her mind were that she praised God for His grace, and that she was heartily repentant.

Reverend Mother said she must stay a little time with

her. "You will leave her with us," she said to Lady King, and Anne in a trembling voice said, "Let me have my three months if I may."

"This evening we have Benediction, and you can speak to Father Joseph afterwards. O, yes, it will be best for you to stay."

And so Lady King went home, and Anne Deane was left at the convent. But before she returned Lady King went to see Mrs. Freeman.

What passed between them I cannot tell you. But this I know, that soon after Mrs. Freeman sent for Anne, and cried bitterly when a message came from the convent saying that for the present Anne was not desirous of paying any visits.

What Anne wanted was to keep her mind quiet, in order that she might thoroughly examine her conscience, and make a good confession. For more than seven years she had never heard Mass. But now her repentance was sincere and perfect, and the folly of her pride was as plain as her sin. I shall not attempt to tell you what her gratitude to our Lord was. Nor can you imagine the joy of her soul on the next feast of Our Lady, when the happy day closed with a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, and when she walked with a thankful heart and a glad one, leading the smallest child of the orphanage, who had been given to her care.

It was a day to be remembered. Mrs. Freeman was there, grown very old, and supporting herself on a stick. When Benediction was over, and Anne had taken her little charge back to her place, she found, on returning, Mrs. Freeman holding on by an open door, having dropped her stick, and being too infirm to stoop. Anne jumped forward and kissed her. Then, with her face wet with tears, this aged woman said, "I beg your pardon." Some of the girls belonging to the servants' home came up to the door at that moment. One of them was going to walk home with Mrs. Freeman, another had a parcel to carry for her, so Anne could not answer her. So they went away, and with those words which sorrowing old age had sobbed forth to penitent youth, that story of the past ended.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

By Elizabeth King.

Are they not all ministering spirits, sent to minister to them who shall receive the inheritance of salvation?

One sultry day, during the long holidays, when I was making a tour through South Wales, I flung myself on the soft turf at the foot of an old oak tree. The beautiful river Wye lay at my feet, and through the trees, tinged with the rich hue of autumn, a glimpse of the ancient ruins of Tintern Abbey conjured up ghosts of the past, when the good Cistercian monks inhabited it, and tilled the rich soil in the lovely valley; for the monks were not idle men. Their days were spent in bodily labour, in study, or in visiting the sick

> Forth to the house of death the good monks go;
> And as they wind along the lovely vale,
> The *Miserere*, chanted soft and low,
> Blends with the sweetness of the evening air.
>
> They go on mercy's errand, with the tale
> Of Him Who died that death might vanquished be,
> To one whose spirit trembles on the verge
> Of death's unfathomable, blackening sea.

The sound of the Vesper chants floated past me, and as the *Gloria Patri* swelled louder and louder, and was echoed by the rocks above me, I was carried in spirit to other—far other scenes.

In a dark, dirty court in a vast city, two boys were picking up old bones, old shoes, bits of rusty iron, and all sorts of refuse that they could find. Eagerly they placed their treasures—for treasures they evidently were to them—in an old bag; when full, they conveyed it to a marine store-shop, and sold the contents for a small sum. If each little worker could have seen his Angel-guardian

tracing his steps, all day and all night bearing him company, his monotonous task would have been lighter. I observed that the Angel of one of the boys often shed tears.

"Why do you weep," I said, "while your Angel companion often smiles as he follows his charge?"

"The boy I watch over," replied the weeping Angel, "worships a god who will lead him to perdition if he continues to do so. He worships Mammon, the god of this world. He hoards the money he gets instead of helping his mother, who works hard by day, and sometimes through the night, to support him. He heard that a man who was a bone-picker made his fortune, and he hopes to do the same."

"And why," said I to the other Angel, "do you so often smile?"

"Hugh, the boy whose steps I trace," replied the Angel, "worships the God of Heaven; he goes to Mass regularly, never forgets his prayers, and works hard out of school hours, and gives the money he gains by the sale of the refuse he collects, to an aged grandmother whom it helps to support. Hugh has one great wish: he longs to be a Priest of the great God Whom he loves and worships."

The little toilers worked on, the Angels—whose golden wings and white robes never became sullied by the filth through which they passed—ever following them, and protecting them in danger, sometimes stooping to whisper words of encouragement, counsel, and warning. All night, too, they watched them as they slept.

The scene changed. I found myself in a brilliantly-lighted hall. Richly-dressed ladies and gentlemen were seated at a rich banquet, and addressing flattering speeches to their host. Each had an Angel-guardian.

"Happy man!" I said to the Angel-guardian of the host.

"Nay," replied the Angel, "this is Jasper; he has forsaken the true God; he never goes to Mass; never prays. The idol he worships cannot give him a quiet conscience—cannot make him happy. And the memory of the mother whom he neglected, and who died in the

workhouse, continually haunts him; and the cry of starving multitudes is ever ringing in his ear, although he tries to turn a deaf ear to it."

The brilliant scene vanished, and I found myself in the chamber of death. Jasper lay dying, and a Priest was administering the last rites of Holy Church. His Angel-guardian—faithful to the last—stood there.

"Dear Angel," I said, "you are still with him, and you are smiling now."

"I have never left him for an instant," replied the Angel, "and the Priest—who is his old companion, Hugh—has never ceased to pray for his conversion. Jasper made his peace with God before his illness, and to Him he gives the immense wealth he has amassed. Hugh still treads the courts and lanes, where, in their childhood, he and Jasper toiled together; but now it is as the Priest of God, and to do His work."

"There is joy among the Angels in Heaven over one sinner doing penance," and "They who convert many to justice shall shine as the stars for ever and ever," sang the Angels, as the scene vanished, and I awoke as the sun was setting—brilliantly illuminating the beautiful ruin. As I walked home in the twilight, I felt the presence of my Angel-guardian more sensibly than I had ever done in my life, and I resolved to be more devout in future to him, "whose office will last beyond the grave, until at length it merges into a still sweeter tie of something like equality, when on the morning of the Resurrection we pledge each other, in those first moments, to an endless, blessed love."

THE BUILDERS.

I saw the builders laying
  Stones on the grassy sod,
And people praised them, saying:
  "A fane to the mighty God
Shall rise aloft in glory,
  Pillars and arches wide,
Windows stained with the story
  Of Christ the Crucified."

I saw the broken boulders
  Lie in the waving grass,
Flung down from bending shoulders,
  And said, "Our lives must pass
Ere wide cathedral spreading
  Can span this mossy field
Where kine are slowly treading
  And flowers their honey yield.

"O dreaming builders, tarry!
  Unchain your souls from toil,
Leave the rock in the quarry,
  The bloom upon the soil;
For life is short, my brothers,—
  And labour wastes it sore,—
Why toil to gladden others
  When you shall breathe no more?

"O come with footstep springing,
  With empty hands and free,
And tread the green earth, singing
  'The world was made for me!'
Pray amid nature's sweetness
  In pillared forest glade,
Content with the incompletness
  Of fanes that the Lord has made!"

The builders, never heeding,
  Kept piling stone on stone,
Their hands with toil were bleeding—
  I went my way alone.
Prayed in the forest temple
  And ate the wild bee's store:
My life was pure and simple—
  What would the Lord have more?

The years, like one long morning,
  They all flew swiftly by;
Old age with little warning
  Came creeping softly nigh.
Now (be we all forgiven!)
  I longed to see, alas!
What the builders had raised to Heaven
  Instead of the tender grass.

I heard a sweet bell ringing
  Over the world so wide;
I heard a sound of singing
  Across the eventide.
What sight my soul bewilders
  Beneath the sunset's glow?
The fane that the dreaming builders
  Were building long ago!

'Tis not the sculptured portal,
  Or windows jewelled wide,
With joys of the life immortal,
  And woes of Him Who died,
That fill my soul with wonder,
  And drain my heart of tears,
And ask with voice of thunder,
  "Where are thy wasted years!"

But a thousand thousand creatures
  Kneel down where grew the sod,
And hear with glowing features
  The words that breathe of God.

Alone and empty-handed,
I wait by the open door;
Such work hath the Lord commanded,
And I can work—no more!

The builders, never heeding,
They lie and take their rest,
And hands no longer bleeding
Are folded on each breast—
The grass waves o'er them sleeping,
And flowerets red and white,
Where I kneel above them weeping,
And whisper, "You were right."

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

THE CHILD'S QUESTION.

"MUST we then *die* to go to Heaven?"
With peach-red cheeks and bluest eyes
And sunbright hair, silk-fine,
The little child that God had given
Stood folded-handed, simple, wise,
This riddle to divine,
Of death the way to Heaven.

My little child, the gates of Heaven
Were shut to thee, to me, by sin,
Thrice locked, when Adam fell.
But with those locks, three keys were given,
By which both thou and I may win
The glory none can tell,
Through death, reconquering Heaven.

Pain is the first, unlocking Heaven:
The mother weeps for sin of Eve,
Yet weeping, sings with joy
For each fair child that God hath given;
Though still each lost one she must grieve,
And each in sin's decoy,
Which shuts him out of Heaven.

Toil is the next key, forcing Heaven:
Fair earth was cursed with weed and thorn
And man must expiate with toil,
With toil all men and beasts be driven,
To toil must bend till eve, at morn,
To win wheat, wine, and oil,
And through toil's yoke gain rest in Heaven.

The third key opens straight on Heaven;
For death itself the gate unbars,
And shows the streets of gold,
The Tree of Life for ever given
To heal the wounds of sin's deep scars;
Life's woes a tale then told,
Death-pangs our birth in Heaven.

Yes, we must die to go to Heaven:
My little child with sunbright hair,
And blue eyes opened wide!
O with our death the grace be given
To thee, to me, to climb that stair,
When Christ shall call His Bride,
To reign with Him in Heaven!

EMILY BOWLES.

—※—

INASMUCH.

WEARY to death, in the dust and heat,
Jesus stood to-day in the street—
Jesus came to the door to-day;
And I rose up and drove Him away.

Jesus' Feet were bare on the flags;
Jesus' garment was all in rags;
Jesus had travelled since dawn unfed
Save for a crust of broken bread.

Jesus begged a couple of pence;
Heard me threaten and bid Him hence;
Tried to tell me His piteous case;
Watched me shut the door in His Face.

Famishing, fainting, at close of day,
Our Lord's ambassador wandered away
Under a hedge and the open sky
To sink down to-night, or to-morrow and die.

MAY PROBYN.

—☼—

THE LITTLE SCHOLAR.

THERE went a little scholar,
With slow and lagging feet,
Towards the great church portal
That opened on the street.

Without, the sun was shining;
Within, the air was dim;
He caught a waft of incense,
A dying note of hymn.

He drew the crimson curtain,
And cast a look inside,
To where the sunbeam lightened
The form of Him Who died,
Between St. John and Mary
On roodloft crucified.

The curtain fell behind him:
He stood a little while,
Then signed him with the water,
And rambled down the aisle.

Behind a great brown pillar
The scholar took his stand,
And trifled with the ribbon
Of the satchel in his hand.

His little breast was beating,
His blue eyes brimming o'er;
Like April rains, his tears
Fell spangling on the floor.

An aged priest was passing;
He noticed him, and said,
"Why, little one, this weeping,
This heavy hanging head?"

"My father, O my father!
I've sinnèd," said the child;
"And have no rest of conscience
Till I am reconciled.

"Then list to my confession"—
He louted on his knee—
"The weight of my transgression
Weighs heavily on me."

But then a burst of weeping
And sobs his utterance broke:
The priest could not distinguish
A single word he spoke.

In vain were all his efforts,
For wildly tossed his breast,
He could not still the tumult,
With hands upon it pressed.

Then said the pastor gently
"You have a little slate;
Write on it the confession
You are powerless to relate."

The child his satchel opened,
And strove his sins to note,
But still the tear-drops dribbled
As busily he wrote.

Now when the tale was finished,
He held it to the priest,
With sigh as from the burden
He felt himself released.

The old man raised the tablet
To read what there was set,
But could not, for the writing
Was blotted with the wet.

Then turned the aged confessor
Towards the kneeling boy,
With countenance all shining
In rapture of pure joy.

"Depart in peace, forgiven,
Away with doubting fears!
Thy sins have all been cancelled
By the torrent of thy tears."

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

—※—

WORK AND WORSHIP.

CHARLEMAGNE, the mighty monarch,
As through Metten wood he strayed,
Found the holy hermit, Hutto,
Toiling in the forest glade.

In his hand the woodman's hatchet,
By his side the knife and twine,
There he cut and bound the fagots
From the gnarled and stunted pine.

Well the monarch knew the hermit
For his pious works and cares,
And the wonders which had followed
From his vigils, fasts, and prayers.

Much he marvelled now to see him
Toiling thus, with axe and cord:
And he cried in scorn, "O Father,
Is it thus you serve the Lord?"

But the hermit, resting neither
Hand nor hatchet, meekly said:
"He who does no daily labour
May not ask for daily bread.

"Think not that my graces slumber
While I toil throughout the day;
For all honest work is worship,
And to labour is to pray.

"Think not that the heavenly blessing
From the workman's hand removes;
Who does best his task appointed,
Him the Master most approves."

While he spoke the hermit, pausing
For a moment, raised his eyes
Where the overhanging branches
Swayed beneath the sunset skies.

Through the dense and vaulted forest
Straight the level sunbeam came,
Shining like a gilded rafter,
Poised upon a sculptured frame.

Suddenly, with kindling features,
While he breathes a silent prayer,
See, the hermit throws his hatchet,
Lightly, upward in the air.

Bright the well-worn steel is gleaming,
As it flashes through the shade,
And descending, lo! the sunbeam
Holds it dangling by the blade!

"See, my son," exclaimed the hermit,—
"See the token Heaven has sent;
Thus to humble patient effort
Faith's miraculous aid is lent.

"Toiling, hoping, often fainting,
As we labour, Love Divine
Through the shadows pours its sunlight,
Crowns the work, vouchsafes the sign!"

Homeward slowly went the monarch,
Till he reached his palace hall.
Where he strode among his warriors,
He the bravest of them all.

Soon the Benedictine Abbey
Rose beside the hermit's cell;
He, by royal hands invested,
Ruled, as Abbot, long and well.

Now beside the rushing Danube
Still its ruined walls remain,
Telling of the hermit's patience
And the zeal of Charlemagne.

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER

THE FIRE BY THE SEA.

THERE were seven fishers, with nets in their hands,
And they walked and talked by the seaside sands;
Yet sweet as the sweet dew-fall
The words they spake, though they spake so low,
Across the long, dim centuries flow,
And we know them, one and all,—
Aye! know them and love them all.

Seven sad men in the days of old,
And one was gentle and one was bold,
And they walked with downward eyes;
The bold was Peter, the gentle was John,
And they all were sad, for the Lord was gone,
And they knew not if He would rise,—
Knew not if the dead would rise.

The livelong night, till the moon went out
In the drowning waters, they beat about;
Beat slow through the fog their way;
And the sails drooped down with wringing wet,
And no man drew but an empty net,
And now 'twas the break of day,—
The great, glad break of the day.

"Cast in your nets on the other side!"
('Twas Jesus speaking across the tide;)
And they cast and were dragging hard;
But that disciple whom Jesus loved
Cried straightway out, for his heart was moved
"It is our risen Lord,—
Our Master, and our Lord!"

Then Simon, girding his fisher's coat,
Went over the nets and out of the boat,—
Aye! first of them all was he;
Repenting sore the denial past,
He feared no longer his heart to cast
Like an anchor into the sea,—
Down deep in the hungry sea.

And the others, through the mists so dim,
In a little ship came after him,
Dragging their net through the tide;
And when they had gotten close to the land
They saw a fire of coals on the sand,
And, with arms of love so wide,
Jesus, the Crucified!

'Tis long, and long, and long ago
Since the rosy lights began to flow
O'er the hills of Galilee;
And with eager eyes and lifted hands
The seven fishers on the sands
The fire of coals by the sea,—
On the wet, wild sands by the sea.

'Tis long ago, yet faith in our souls
Is kindled just by that fire of coals
That streamed o'er the mists of the sea;
Where Peter, girding his fisher's coat,
Went over the nets and out of the boat.
To answer, "Lov'st thou Me?"
Thrice over, "Lov'st thou Me?"

ALICE CARY.

A LEGEND.

THERE's a legend, old and quaint,
Of a painter and a saint,
Told at Innsbruck, in the Tyrol, where the swift river flies;
Where the berg with snowy crown
Hangs darkling o'er the town,
And circling all, the green-domed hills and castled Alps arise.

In a church, at set of sun
(Thus doth the story run),
Some children watched the cupola, where, propped on dizzy frames,
Daniel Asam, calm and grand,
With a heaven-directed hand,
Stood painting a colossal figure of the great Saint James.

And one there, whispering, praised
The painter, as they gazed,
Telling how he had pondered o'er each text of Holy Word
That helps the story on
Of the brother of Saint John
Of the first Apostle who was martyred for the martyred Lord.

Every dawn of day, 'twas said,
He ate the Holy Bread;
And every night the knotted lash wounded his shoulder bare.
Silent he came and went,
Like one whom God has sent
On a high and solemn mission, that brooks no speech but prayer.

For 'twas meet that he should pray,
Who fitly would portray
The form that walked with Christ, and feasted at the mystic board,
And much he need grace,
Who would picture forth the face
That had shone back in the glory of the Transfigured Lord!

Thus whispered they below;
While above, within the glow
Of an isolating sunshine, the unconscious artist stood.

And, where the rays did fall
Full clearly on the wall,
Leaned the Apostle, half revealed, in dawning saintlihood.

Daniel Asam paused in doubt,
As he traced the nimbus out:
Would the face show dimmer should he add one crowning raylet more,—
With a single pointed spire
Tip the auroral fire,
Whose curved and clustered radiance that awful forehead wore?

Hesitating, back he drew,
For a more commanding view,
The children trembled where they stood, and whitened, and grew faint;
And still he backward stept,
And still, forgetful, kept
His studious eye fixed earnestly upon the bending saint.

One plank remained alone,
And then the cruel stone
That paved the chancel and the nave two hundred feet below
The man, enwrapped in God,
Still slowly backward trod,
And stepped beyond the platform's dizzy edge, and fell,—when, lo!

Swift as a startled thought,
The saint his hands had wrought
Lived, and flashed downward from the dome with outstretched saving arm;
One dazzling instant, one,
The heavenly meteor shone,
And Daniel Asam stood before the altar, free from harm!

Like mist around him hung,
The ling'ring glory clung;
He felt the pictured holy ones grow still within their frames
He knew the light that shone
Through eyes of carven stone;
And, fading up within the dome his saviour, great Saint James!

Thus shall thy rescue be
(My soul said unto me),
If thou but cast thyself on God, and trust to Him thine all.
For he, who, with his might,
Labours with God aright,
Hath angel hands about him ever and he cannot fall!

(From the *Atlantic Monthly.*)

—✲—

THE CRY OF THE ANIMALS.

O, THAT they had pity, the men we serve so truly!
O, that they had kindness, the men we love so well!
They call us dull and stupid, and vicious, and unruly,
And think not we can suffer, but only would rebel.

They brand us, and they beat us; they spill our blood like water;
We die that they may live, ten thousand in a day!
O, that they had mercy! for in their dens of slaughter
They afflict us and affright us, and do far worse than slay.

We are made to be their servants—we know it and complain not;
We bow our necks with meekness the galling yoke to bear;
Their heaviest toil we lighten, the meanest we disdain not;
In all their sweat and labour we take a willing share.

We know that God intended for us but servile stations,
To toil, to bear man's burdens, to watch beside his door;
They are of earth the masters, we are their poor relations,
Who grudge them not their greatness, but help to make it more.

And in return we ask but that they would kindly use us
For the purposes of service, for that for which we're made;
That they should teach their children to love and not abuse us,
So each might face the other, and neither be afraid.

We have a sense they know not, or else have dulled by learning—
They call it instinct only, a thing of rule and plan;
But oft, when reason fails them, our clear, direct discerning,
And the love that is within us, have saved the life of man.

If they would but love us, would learn our strength and weakness,
If only with our sufferings their hearts would sympathize,
Then they would know what truth is, what patience is and meekness,
And read our heart's devotion in the softness of our eyes!

If they would but teach their children to treat the subject creatures
As humble friends, as servants who strive their love to win,
Then would they see how joyous, how kindly are our natures,
And a second day of Eden would on the earth begin.

MARY HOWITT.

A TIRED HEART.

DEAR LORD! if one should some day come to Thee,
Weary exceedingly, and poor, and worn,
With bleeding feet sore-pierced of many a thorn,
And lips athirst, and eyes so tired to see,
And, falling down before Thy face, should say:
"Lord, my day counts but as an idle day,
My hands have garnered fruit of no fair tree,
Empty am I of stores of oil and corn,
Broken am I and utterly forlorn,
Yet in Thy vineyard hast Thou room for me?"
Wouldst turn Thy face away?
Nay, Thou wouldst lift Thy lost sheep tenderly.

"Lord! Thou art pale, as one that travaileth,
And Thy wounds bleed where Feet and Hands were riven;
Thou hast lain all these years, in balms of Heaven
Since Thou wert broken in the arms of Death,

And these have healed not!" "Child! be comforted
I trod the wine-press where thy feet have bled;
Yea, on the Cross, I cried with mighty breath
Thirsting for thee, whose love was elsewhere given,
I, God, have followed thee from dawn to even,
With yearning heart, by many a moor and heath,
My sheep that wanderèd!
Now on My breast, Mine arm its head beneath."

Then, if this stricken one cried out to Thee,
"Now mine eyes see that Thou art passing fair,
And Thy face marred of men beyond compare,"
And so should fall to weeping bitterly,
With "Lord, I longed for other love than Thine,
And my feet followed earthly lovers fine,
Turning from where Thy gaze intreated me;
Now these grow cold, and wander otherwhere
And I, heart-empty, poor, and sick, and bare,
Loved of no lover, turn at last to Thee;—"
Wouldst stretch Thine hands divine,
And stroke the bowed head very pityingly?

"Will not My love suffice, though great the pain?"
"Ah, Lord! all night without a lighted house,
While some within held revel and carouse,
My lost heart wandered in the wind and rain
And moaned unheard amid the tempest's din."
"Peace, peace! if one had oped to let thee in,
Perchance this hour were lost for that hour's gain;
Would'st thou have sought Me then, with thy new vows?
Ah, child! I, too, with bleeding feet and brows,
Knocked all the night at a heart's door in vain,
And saw the dawn begin,
On My gold Head the dews have left a stain."

KATHARINE TYNAN.

—※—

THE STORY OF ST. PHOCAS.

THERE'S a dim old story of a Saint,
The owner of some land,
Which, not for greed of gold, nor kin,
He tilled with busy hand;
His gains he lent unto the Lord,
By giving to the poor,
And none were ever turned away
From his hospitable door.

His home a narrow hermit's cell,
In patient toil and prayer
He spent his time, and people came
To seek his counsel there.
Evil the times, and the pagan kings
Sought Christian blood to shed,
And St. Phocas' very sanctity
Set a high price on his head.

One night two lictors sought his cell,
And begged his help to find
"One Phocas—who" they said "lived near"—
If he were so inclined.
"The day is spent," the Saint replied,
"And you have need of rest;
At morn I'll guide you to the man,
But be to-night my guest."

And while the lictors slept, he dug
With his own hands his grave,
Then passed the night in prayer and praise,
His soul to God he gave.
At day-break, when the lictors woke,
The Saint before them stood;
"I am the man you seek," he said,
"You came to shed *my* blood."

With horror struck those hardened men
The Saint's life fain would spare,
But disobey the King's command
The hirelings did not dare.
One raised his sword—the Saint knelt down,
Of death he had no dread—
And with one swift and fatal stroke
Severed his saintly head.

They little dreamed their deed of blood,
Would spread the Saint's renown,
And gain their host a rich reward—
A martyr's glorious crown.
The mariners, where roll the waves
Of Egypt's dark blue sea,
St. Phocas claimed for patron Saint;
And in his memory

A pious use they kept, that when
At meal-time they would join,
Each should a morsel set aside,
Then count the price in coin.
The harbour reached, the alms thus saved
Soon to Christ's poor were given,
While prayers for the kind mariners
Were wafted up to Heaven.

ELIZABETH KING

NOTE.—The head of St. Phocas is preserved in Rome. The sailors in the Black Sea and the Mediterranean chose him for their special Patron. His feast is kept on the 29th of August.

THE STORY OF DONA INEZ.

Dona Inez was a lady
  Very rich and fair to see,
And her heart was like a lily
  In its holy purity.

Through the widest street in Cadiz
  Dona Inez rode one day,
Clad in costly silk and laces,
  'Mid a group of friends as gay.

Near the portals of a convent—
  From the Moors just lately won—
Sat a crowd of dark-skinned beggars,
  Basking in the pleasant sun;

One, an old man—he a Christian,
  Blind to all the outward light—
Told his black beads, praying softly
  For all poor souls still in night.

"I am but a Moorish beggar,"
  Said a woman with a child;
"I am but a Moorish beggar,
  And the Moors are fierce and wild.

"You may talk of Christian goodness—
  Christian faith and charity,
But I'll never be a Christian
  Till some proof of these I see.

"Christians are as proud and haughty
  As the proudest Moor of all;
And they hate the men that hate them
  With a hate like bitter gall."

"You judge rashly, O my sister,
  In the words you speak to me!"
"I would be a Christian, blind man;
  Show me Christian charity!

"Lo! here comes proud Dona Inez,
Very rich and fair to see;
I am but a Moorish beggar,
Will the lady come to me?

"No! she will not, for she hateth
All the children of the Moor.
If she come, I tell you, blind man,
I will kneel, and Christ adore!"

Passing was the Lady Inez,
When the dark group met her eye,
And she leant from out her litter,
Smiling on them tenderly;

"They are poor—they are God's children,"
Said a voice within her soul,
And she lightly from her litter,
Stepped to give the beggars dole.

Sneered and laughed, and laughing, wondered,
All the other ladies gay;
And the Lady Inez knew not
She had saved a soul that day.

MAURICE F. EGAN.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

SHE once was a lady of honour and wealth,
Bright glow'd on her features the roses of health,
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold:
Joy revell'd around her—love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile, as the glance of a bride;
And light was her step in the mirth-sounding-hall,
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
That called her to live for the suffering race;
And, heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly, like Mary, and answered "I come!"
She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And passed from her home, with the joy of a bride;
Nor wept at the threshold, as onward she moved,
For her heart was on fire, in the cause it approved,

Lost ever to fashion—to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the toast,
No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,
But, gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame;
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barters for heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet that to music could gracefully move,
Now bear her alone on the mission of love;
Those hands that once dangled the perfume and gem,
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them:
That voice that once echoed the song of the vain,
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain;
And the air that was shining with diamond and pearl,
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed a pallet—her trinkets a bead,
Her lustre—one taper that serves her to read;
Her sculpture—the crucifix nail'd by her bed,
Her paintings—one print of the thorn-crowned Head;
Her cushion—the pavement that wearies her knees,
Her music—the psalm, or the sigh of disease;
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind,
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin confined;
Like Him Whom she loves, to the mansions of grief,
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.

She strengthens the weary—she comforts the weak,
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
The Sister of Charity *there* is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves, 'mid the vapour of death;
Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face,
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace;
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain;
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
Ye lazy philosophers—self-seeking men—
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen,
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed,
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid?

GERALD GRIFFIN

—☼—

THE LEGEND OF THE MONK FELIX.

One morning, all alone,
Out of his convent of gray stone,
Into the forest older, darker, grayer,
His lips moving as if in prayer,
His head sunken upon his breast
As in a dream of rest,
Walked the monk Felix. All about
The broad, sweet sunshine lay without,
Filling the summer air;
And within the woodlands as he trod,
The twilight was like the truce of God

With worldly woe and care;
Under him lay the golden moss;
And above him the boughs of the hemlock-trees,
Waved, and made the sign of the Cross,
And whispered their Benedicites;
And from the ground
Rose an odour sweet and fragrant
Of the wild-flowers and the vagrant
Vines that wandered,
Seeking the sunshine, round and round.

These he heeded not, but pondered
On the volume in his hand,
A volume of St. Augustine,
Wherein he read of the unseen
Splendours of God's great town
In the unknown land.
And, with his eyes cast down
In humility, he said:
"I believe, O God,
What herein I have read,
But alas! I do not understand!"

And lo! he heard
The sudden singing of a bird:
A snow-white bird, that from a cloud
Dropped down,
And among the branches brown
Sat singing
So sweet, and clear, and loud,
It seemed a thousand harp-strings ringing;
And the Monk Felix closed his book,
And long, long,
With rapturous look,
He listened to the song.
And hardly breathed or stirred,
Until he saw as in a vision,
The land Elysian,
And in the heavenly city heard
Angelic feet
Fall on the golden flagging of the street.

And he would fain
Have caught the wondrous bird,
But strove in vain:
For it flew away, away,
Far over hill and dell,
And instead of its sweet singing,
He heard the convent bell
Suddenly in the silence ringing
For the service of noonday,
And he retraced
His pathway homeward sadly and in haste.

In the convent there was a change!
He looked for each well-known face,
But the faces were new and strange;
New figures sat in the oaken stalls.
New voices chanted in the choir;
Yet the place was the same place,
The same dusky walls
Of cold, gray stone,
The same cloisters and belfry and spire.

A stranger and alone
Among that brotherhood
The Monk Felix stood.
"Forty years," said a Friar,
"Have I been Prior
Of this convent in the wood,
But for that space
Never have I beheld thy face!"
The heart of the monk fell,
And he answered with submissive tone
"This morning after the hour of Prime,
I left my cell,
And wandered forth alone,
Listening all the time
To the melodious singing
Of a beautiful white bird,
Until I heard
The bells of the convent ring
Noon from their noisy towers.

It was as if I had dreamed;
For what to me had seemed
Moments only, had been hours!"

"Years!" said a voice close by.
It was an aged monk who spoke,
From a bench of oak
Fastened against the wall;
He was the oldest monk of all.
For a whole century
Had he been there,
Serving God in prayer,
The meekest and humblest of his creatures:
He remembered well the features
Of Felix, and he said,
Speaking distinct and slow:
"One hundred years ago,
When I was a novice in this place,
There was here a monk, full of God's grace,
Who bore the name
Of Felix, and this man must be the same."

And straightway
They brought forth to the light of day
A volume old and brown,
A huge tome, bound
In brass and wild-boar's hide,
Wherein were written down
The names of all who had died
In the convent since it was edified.
And there they found,
Just as the old monk said,
That on a certain day and date,
One hundred years before,
Had gone forth from the convent gate
The Monk Felix, and never more
Had entered that sacred door.
He had been counted among the dead
And they knew, at last,
That, such had been the power

Of that celestial and immortal song,
A hundred years had passed,
And had not seemed so long
As a single hour!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

WHICH LOVED BEST?

"I LOVE you, mother," said little John;
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her wood and water to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell;
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;
"To-day I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly she fetched the broom,
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, mother, again they said—
Three little children going to bed.
Now do you think that the mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner *Hesperus*,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughtèr
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailòr,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and colder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast;"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress that cannot live
In such an angry sea."

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, Who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a weary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
  Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
  Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds all sheathed in ice,
  With the masts went by the board:
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank,
  Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
  A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
  Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
  The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair like the brown sea-weed,
  On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
  In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
  On the reef of Norman's Woe!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

—☼—

THE TWO CHURCH BUILDERS.

A FAMOUS king would build a church,
  A temple vast and grand;
And that the praise might be his own,
  He gave the strict command
That none should add the smallest gift
  To aid the work he planned.

And when the mighty dome was done,
  Within the noble frame,
Upon a tablet broad and fair,
  In letters all aflame
With burnished gold, the people read
  The royal builder's name.

Now when the king, elate with pride,
  That night had sought his bed,
He dreamed he saw an angel come
  (A halo round his head),
Erase the royal name, and write
  Another in its stead.

What could it be? Three times that night
  That wondrous vision came;
Three times he saw that angel hand
  Erase the royal name,
And write a woman's in its stead
  In letters all aflame.

Whose could it be? He gave command
  To all about his throne
To seek the owner of the name
  That on the tablet shone;
And so it was, the courtiers found
  A widow poor and lone.

The king, enraged at what he heard,
  Cried, "Bring the culprit here!"
And to the woman trembling sore,
  He said, "'Tis very clear
That thou hast broken my command;
  Now let the truth appear!"

"Your majesty," the widow said,
  "I can't deny the truth;
I love the Lord—my Lord and yours—
  And so in simple sooth,
I broke your majesty's command
  (I crave your royal ruth).

"And since I had no money, sire,
Why, I could only pray
That God would bless your majesty;
And when along the way
The horses drew the stones, I gave
To one a wisp of hay!"

"Ah! now I see," the king exclaimed,
"Self-glory was my aim:
The woman gave for love of God,
And not for worldly fame—
'Tis my command the tablet bear
The pious widow's name!"

J. G. Saxe.

—⁂—

A CHRIST-CROSS RHYME.

Christ His Cross shall be my speed,
Teach me, Father John, to read:
That in church on holy day,
I may chant the psalm and pray.

Let me learn, that I may know
What the shining windows show:
Where the lovely Lady stands,
With that bright Child in her hands.

Teach me letters A, B, C,
Till that I shall able be,
Signs to know and words to frame,
And to spell sweet Jesus' Name.

Then, dear master, will I look,
Day and night in that fair book,
Where the tales of saints are told,
With their pictures, all in gold.

Teach me, Father John, to say,
Vesper verse and Matin lay:
So when I to God shall plead
Christ His Cross shall be my speed.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

THE THREE WOES OF IRELAND.

THAT angel whose charge is Eire sang thus, o'er the dark isle winging;
By a virgin his song was heard at a tempest's ruinous close;
"Three golden ages God gave while your tender green blade was springing;
Faith's earliest harvest is reaped. To-day God sends you three woes.

"For ages three without laws ye shall flee as beasts in the forest;
For an age and a half-age faith shall bring not peace, but a sword;
Then shall laws rend you, like eagles sharp-fanged, of your scourges the sorest:
When those three woes are past, look up, for your hope is restored.

"The times of your woe shall be twice the time of your former glory;
But fourfold at last shall lie the grain on your granary floor.
The seas in vapour shall fleet, and in ashes the mountains hoary:
Let God do that which He wills. Let His servants endure and adore!"

AUBREY DE VERE.

A FACT.

It was on an English summer day,
Some six or seven years ago,
That a pointsman before his cabin paced,
With a listless step and slow.
He lit his pipe—there was plenty of time—
In his work was nothing new:
Just to watch the signals and shift the points
When the next train came in view.

He leant 'gainst his cabin, and smoked away—
He was used to lounge and wait;
Twelve hours at a stretch he must mind those points,
And down-trains were mostly late!
A rumble—a roar—"She is coming now—
She's truer to time to-day!"
He turns—and not far off, between the rails,
Sees his youngest boy at play!

Not far, *but too far!* The train is at hand,
And the child is crawling there,
And patting the ground with crows of delight—
And not a moment to spare!
His face was dead-white, but his purpose firm,
As straight to his post he trod,
And shifted the points, and saved the down-train,
And trusted his child to God!

There's a rush in his ears though the train has passed;
He gropes, for he cannot see,
To the place where the laughing baby crawled,
Where the mangled limbs must be.
But he hears a cry that is only of fear—
His joy seems too great to bear:
For, his duty done, God saw to his son—
The train had not touched a hair!

From *Good Words.*

A Voice from the Dead:

BEING A LETTER TO AN ANGLICAN FRIEND

BY THE

COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT.

[MONTALEMBERT is a name specially honoured by Anglicans. They consider him the type of a "Moderate Liberal Catholic," opposed to what they call "Ultramontane excesses." Be it so; all the more are they bound to listen respectfully to the words of this "moderate Catholic," and to weigh them seriously before God. The Cambridge Camden Society was pleased some forty years ago to elect as a member this distinguished Catholic peer of France, one who had always boldly stood in the breach whenever religion had been assailed by the government of his country, and who lately more particularly had been the bold champion of the rights of conscience in the great University question. The following is a letter addressed by him in consequence to a learned member of that Society. It bears the stamp of that warm zeal and simple frankness which ever distinguished all his generous efforts in the cause of truth. If these require apology, he has been careful himself to make it; nor will we venture to change or modify what he has written, beyond admitting one or two verbal corrections, and making one or two unimportant omissions, in order to bring it within our compass.]

Funchal (*Madeira*), *February 20th*, 1846.

To the Rev. ———, Member of the Cambridge Camden Society.

The Camden Society having done me the unsolicited and unmerited honour of placing my name among its honorary members, I feel not only authorized, but conscientiously obliged to speak out what I inwardly think of its efforts and object; and I am happy to be able to do so, in addressing myself, not only to one of its most influential members, but to one for whom I feel a most lively sympathy, on account of his talent, science, courage, and, indeed, of every thing except what the Church, which I believe to be infallible, reproves in him.

I first thought that the Camden Society was merely a scientific body, pursuing an object which, like all branches of history, is of the utmost importance to religion, and in which all religious minds could associate; but, like the French *Comité historique*, not setting up the flag of any special ecclesiastical denomination. On a nearer study of your publications, I have perceived that they are carried on with the professed intention of blending together the interests of Catholic art and of the Church of England, and of identifying the Catholic Church of the Middle Ages in England with the Anglican schism begun by Henry VIII. and Cranmer, and professed at present by all those who agree to the Thirty-nine Articles. Against this intention, I, as an honorary member of the said Society, beg to enter my most earnest and most Catholic protest.

First, and principally, I protest against the most unwarranted and most unjustifiable assumption of the name of *Catholic* by people and things belonging to the actual Church of England. It is easy to take up a name, but it is not so easy to get it recognized by the world and by competent authority. Any man, for example, may come out to Madeira and call himself a Montmorency or a Howard, and even enjoy the honour and consideration belonging to such a name, till the real Mont-

morencys or Howards hear about it, and denounce him; and then such a man would be justly scouted from society, and fall down much lower than the lowliness from which he had attempted to rise. The attempt to steal away from us and appropriate to the use of a fraction of the Church of England that glorious title of Catholic, is proved to be an usurpation by every monument of the past and present; by the coronation oath of your sovereigns, by all the laws that have *established* your Church. The name itself is spurned at with indignation by the great half, *at least*, of those who belong to the Church of England, just as the Church of England itself is rejected with scorn and detestation by the greater part of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. The judgment of the whole indifferent world, the common sense of humanity, agrees with the judgment of the Church of Rome, and with the sense of her 150,000,000 children, who dispossess you of this name. The Church of England, who has denied her mother, is rightly without a sister. She has chosen to break the bonds of unity and obedience. Let her, therefore, stand alone before the judgment-seat of God and of man. Even the debased Russian Church, that Church where lay despotism has closed the priest's mouth and turned him into a slave, disdains to recognize the Anglicans as Catholics: even the Eastern heretics, although so sweetly courted by Puseyite missionaries, sneer at this new and fictitious Catholicism. It is repudiated even by your own hero, Laud, whose dying words on the scaffold, according to the uncontradicted version of contemporary history, were, I DIE IN THE PROTESTANT FAITH, AS BY LAW ESTABLISHED (a pretty epitaph, by-the-bye, for the life of the future St. William of Canterbury!). Consistent Protestants and rationalists are more Catholic, in the *etymological* sense of the word, than the Anglicans; for they at least can look upon themselves as belonging to the same communion as those who, in every country, deny the existence of Church authority, or of revealed religion; they have at least a negative bond to link them

one with another: but that the so-called Anglo-Catholics, whose very name betrays their usurpation and their contradiction, whose doctrinal articles, whose liturgy, whose whole history, are such as disconnect them from all mankind, except those who are born English and speak English; that they should pretend, on the strength of their private judgment alone, to be what the rest of mankind deny them to be, will assuredly be ranked among the first of the follies of the 19th century. That such an attempt, however, should succeed, is, thank God, not to be expected, unless it should please the Almighty to reverse all the laws that have hitherto directed the course of human events. You may turn aside for three hundred years to come, as you have done for three hundred years past, from the torrent of living waters; but to dig out a small channel of your own for your own private insular use, wherein the living truth will run apart from its ever docile and ever obedient children,—*that* will no more be granted to you, than it has been to the Arians, the Nestorians, the Donatists, or any other triumphant heresy.

I therefore protest, first, against the usurpation of a sacred name by the Camden Society, as iniquitous; and I next protest against the object of this society, and all such efforts in the Anglican Church, as absurd. When the clergy and Catholic laymen in France and Germany, when Mr. Pugin and the *Romanists* of England, labour with all their might to save and restore the monuments of their faith,—unworthily set aside by the influence of that fatal spirit which broke out with the so-called reformation, and concluded with the French revolution,—they know that they are labouring at the same time to strengthen, in an indirect manner, their own faith and practice, which are *exactly and identically the same* as those followed by the constructors of those glorious piles, and by all the artists of Catholic ages: and this object sanctifies their labour. But is this the case with the members of the Camden Society? Not in the least. They are most of them ministers of the 'reformed

Protestant Church as by law established;' pledged under oath to the Thirty-nine Articles, which were drawn up on purpose to separate England from Catholic Christendom,* and to protest against all the *barbarous superstitions* of the dark ages. By attempting to re-establish their churches, chalices, and vestments, in their original form, they are only setting under the most glaring light the contradiction which exists between their own faith, and that of the men who built Salisbury and York. Surely no man in his senses can pretend that Dr. Howley and Dr. Mant profess the same faith, and follow the same discipline, and acknowledge the same spiritual head, as William of Wykeham or Gundulph of Rochester: and no man in his senses can deny that Dr. Wiseman and Dr. McHale do at least profess to obey the same Holy See, to preach the same doctrines, and to practise the same spiritual rites and sacraments, as all the English episcopacy of the middle ages. Let, then, the Camden Society put itself under the authority of Dr. McHale and Dr. Wiseman, and everything will be right: but as long as they do not, and remain under Dr. Howley and Dr. Mant and their fellows, they are nothing but parodists, and inconsistent parodists. If St. Dunstan and St. Anselm, St. Lanfranc, St. Thomas of Canterbury, or Archbishop Chichely, could be called out of their tombs to resume their crosiers in any English cathedral, their horror would be great at seeing married priests reading English prayers in those desecrated edifices. But assuredly their horror would be much greater still, if they were to find, beneath copes like their own, and at the foot

* [It is asserted by modern High-Church Anglicans that the Church of England never rejected the communion of Catholic Christendom, but merely threw off the usurped supremacy of the Roman Pontiff. This assertion is overthrown by the history of the Reformation. It was the unanimous opinion of the British Reformers that the *visible* Church had apostatized, that her chief bishop was Antichrist, and that communion with her was unlawful. The Homilies of the Church of England assert this in the most decisive manner. See Third part of the Sermon against Peril of Idolatry, p. 224, ed. Oxon. 1831.]

of altars like theirs, and beneath roodlofts with crucifixes, and with every other exterior identity, these same married priests, carrying in their hearts the spirit of schism, glorying in the revolt of their forefathers, and pledged by *insular pride* to insult and deny that infallible See of St. Peter from which all those great saints had humbly solicited the pallium, and for whose sacred rights they so nobly fought, and conquered the insular pride and prejudices of their time.

Catholic architecture and Catholic art in all its branches are but a frame for the sacred picture of truth. This one holy truth is beautiful and pure amidst the missionary dioceses of Polynesia; although there, she is deprived of the frame which the humble genius of Catholic generations has worked out for her in western Europe. But without her,—or with her, defaced and adulterated by *insular pride*,—the most beautiful frame is fit for nought but for the antiquary's shop. Supposing the spirit of the Camden Society ultimately to prevail over its Anglican adversaries,—supposing you do one day get every old thing back again—copes, lecturns, rood-lofts, candlesticks, and the abbey lands into the bargain—what will it all be but an empty pageant, separated from the reality of Catholic truth and unity by the abyss of three hundred years of schism? The question, then, is—have you, Church of England, got the picture for your frame? have you got the *truth*—the *one* truth—the same truth as the men of the middle ages? The Camden Society says, yes: but the whole Christian world, both Protestant and Catholic, says, *no*: and the Catholic world adds, that there is no truth but in unity, and this unity you most certainly have not.

Who is to judge between these conflicting assertions, on earth? Before what tribunal, before what assembly, is this most vital cause to be brought forward, to the satisfaction of those who have renounced the jurisdiction of the Holy See, and that of the last Œcumenical Council? I know of none; but one thing I know, that before whatever earthly tribunal it may be, as well as before the

judgment-seat of God in heaven, against the Church of England and her so-called Anglo-Catholics, will appear in formidable array the seven millions of real Catholics, whom you call British and Irish Romanists, and who will thus arraign the Anglicans on the behalf of ten generations of their ancestors, and on their own:—

'For the love of unity and obedience, we have endured from the hands of these pseudo-Catholics every extremity of cruelty, of robbery, and of insult; we have stood firm through every variety of military, legal, civil, and religious persecution; in the holes and corners where these persecutors have confined us, we have kept true to every traditional beauty which they would fain now recover. *We have nothing to restore, because we have never destroyed anything.* We want no erudite quibbles, no dissertation on long-forgotten rubrics, to enable us to believe in justification by works, or in baptismal regeneration, to honour the Blessed Virgin, to pray for our dear departed. We have never doubted any article of Catholic faith, and never interrupted any practice of Catholic devotion. Here we are with our priests, our monks, and our bishops, and with the flame of Catholic unity, which we have fed with our substance and with our blood. If these men, who after having robbed us of every temporal good, would fain now rob us of our name, are Catholics, *then we are not;* then we have been mistaken fools, and not we alone, but thirty-five popes, and all the Catholic bishops, and all the Catholic nations in the world, who have till now praised us, helped us, loved us, prayed for us and with us, as their brethren. If *they* are Catholics, then Catholicism is but a shadow and a name, and a paltry vestment, fit to put on and off at the world's pleasure.'

To this language the Church has answered long ago, in the words of the Divine Spouse: 'My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me; and I give them life eternal . . . and no one shall snatch them out of My hand.'

Does the Camden Society, that lays such a stress on

history and tradition, think that these mines are closed to everybody except itself, or that the world will not dive into them for any other purpose than for archæological or architectural curiosities? Do the Anglo-Catholics think that the world is blind to their own history? that the events of the Reformation in England are unknown abroad? that the word *apostacy* is effaced from the dictionary of mankind?

If you had pushed on a little further your Spanish tour, you would have found at Grenada, depicted by the pencil of a monk, the martyrdom of those holy Carthusians of London, who were hanged, disembowelled, and quartered, for having denied the supremacy of the author of the Anglo-Catholic Reformation. What! shall the tombs of unknown knights and burgesses be treated with the deepest reverence, and singled out for admiration and imitation, because they are in brass, or with a cross *fleurie* or a *dos d'âne:* and shall the blood of our martyrs be silent, and their noble memory buried in darkness and oblivion? Believe it not; such will not be the case; no, not even in this world of sin and error, and how much less before the justice of God! Believe not that we shall ever forget or betray the glory of Fisher, or More, or Garnett, of those abbots who were hanged before the gates of their suppressed monasteries; of so many hundreds of monks, of Jesuits, of laymen, who perished under the executioner's knife, from the reign of Henry VIII. down to the palmy days of Anglican episcopacy, under the first Stuarts? Were they not all *Romanists?* did they not all die for the defence of the supremacy of the see of Rome against the blood-thirsty tyranny of Anglican kings? Were they not the victims of the same glorious cause which St. Dunstan, St. Elphege, St. Anselm, and St. Thomas had struggled for? and were they *ours* or *yours?* I know that the modern Anglo-Catholics would attempt to throw back on the Puritans of 1640 most of the sacrilegious devastations that attended the Reformation: but I know also that Pugin, in that article of the *Dublin Review* which you

were good enough to lend me, has completely demolished that false pretence, and has irrefutably demonstrated that every sacrilege committed by the Puritans had been inaugurated on a much larger scale by Cranmer and Elizabeth: and I have looked in vain through all the publications of the Camden Society for one word of answer to this most damning accusation.

As for *moral* sacrilege, if I may so say, as for the surrender of spiritual independence and Christian freedom to the sanguinary pride of royal theologians, assuredly the Anglo-Catholic fathers of the sixteenth century have surpassed in that respect every example of the kind, both in Pagan and Christian times. That debauched and murderous tyrant called Henry VIII. could find his models amongst the monsters who reigned at Rome while the Church was in the Catacombs. But the slavish subserviency of the English apostate bishops to this baptized monster's caprices, has remained unequalled since their days, as it had been before them. Where was Latimer, that father and martyr of the Anglican Church, on the 30th of May, 1538? Preaching at the stake where a Catholic friar was burning, for having denied the King's supremacy over the Church of which Latimer was a bishop! Where were Cranmer and the other prelates, from whom the modern English bishops pretend to derive *apostolical succession?* Sitting at the council-board of the tyrant, voting in his parliament, helping him to butcher his wives, his principal nobility, his best and most innocent subjects, and acquiescing in his judgment against St. Thomas of Canterbury! Has not Cranmer come down to posterity branded with the monster's eulogium, 'that he was the only man who had loved his sovereign so well, as never to have opposed the royal pleasure?' (Vit. Cranm. MS. apud Legrand, ii. 103.)

Is there anything, even in the annals of continental Protestantism, to be compared to this origin of a Reformed Church? And has this Church purified the dark and bloody stain of its origin by its subsequent conduct?

Was there ever a Church, except perhaps the Greco-Russian since Peter I., which has so basely acknowledged the supreme right of secular power, the absolute dependence of spiritual jurisdiction on royal and parliamentary authority, from the days of Cranmer down to Archbishop Whately's last motion on Church government, debated upon, as he says in print, 'with the tacit acquiescence of the whole episcopal body?' Was there ever a Church, *not even* excepting the Russian, which so completely sacrificed the rights and dignities of the poor to the rich? Was there ever, under the face of heaven, a more glaring focus of iniquity, oppression, and corruption, than the existence of the Church of England in Ireland, as denounced, not only by the groans of the Catholic victims, or by those foreigners who, like myself, have seen and cursed the abomination in its own den, but by your own authorities, such as Strafford's *Correspondence with Laud*, and Monk Mason's *Life of Bishop Bedell?* Have not these pseudo-Catholic bishops been sitting for centuries as lords spiritual in a parliament whence has issued that *penal code* against fellow-Christians, the like of which has never been seen or imagined even under the reign of terror and atheism in France? Have they not for centuries, and without ever lifting up a dissentient voice, witnessed, approved, and, for all I know, themselves taken those tremendous oaths against the most sacred mysteries of the faith of the whole Catholic world, both Greek and Latin, in that assembly 'where,' to use the words of an English writer, 'the Holiest of holies has been chosen as the favourite object of the profanest treatment, and pierced day after day by the jeer of the scoffer? where alone denial of the blessed Eucharist has been made a public, a legal, a national, a royal act; and where more impious blasphemies have been uttered, more sacrileges committed, more perjuries pronounced, against the divine sacrament than in the whole world besides?'

And shall these men, forsooth, be acknowledged by us as our brethren, as our spiritual fathers? Shall the

perpetrators and inheritors of these unexpiated, unrepented, unforgiven sins, come in quietly and sit down among the Catholic churches and nations of the world, with bundles of tracts about hierurgical antiquities and monumental brasses under their arms: and shall we not one and all arise to reject and expel them? God forbid that we should do otherwise! There is a place in the Catholic Church for public penitents, whence many saints have risen on the wings of humility and contrition to the glorious eminence of an Augustine: but there is no place for proud sinners, who would shake off the chains of isolated error, without confessing their guilt and that of their forefathers.

. . . . . .

But now let me suppose that the Camden Society and the new Anglo-Catholic school have both gained their point; that liturgy, architecture, and theology, are brought back precisely to the point they were, at the close of the reign of Henry VIII., when, as Dr. Lingard so justly says, 'to reject the papal creed was heresy, and to admit the papal supremacy was treason.' Supposing all this, what will you have gained after all? *Nothing at all,* I should say, grounding myself on Mr. Newman's* own words. Does he not say, 'We cannot hope for the recovery of dissenting bodies, while we are ourselves alienated from the great body of Christendom. We cannot hope for unity of faith, if *we, at our own private will, make a faith for ourselves in this our small corner of the earth.* We cannot hope for the success among the heathen of St. Augustine or St. Boniface, unless, like them, we go forth with the apostolical benediction. Break unity in one point, and the fault runs through the whole body.' (*Sermons bearing on Subjects of the Day,* 1843, pp. 149—50.) But when the work in which you are engaged shall be achieved, you will be as far from *unity* as ever, and you will only have *alienated* your

* [This was of course written before the conversion of him who is now Cardinal Newman.]

Church *from the great body* of Protestant Christendom, to which you were formerly accounted to belong, by that general feeling which led the poor king of Prussia to give you his Protestant money and Protestant sympathies, in order to endow Protestant bishoprics in Syria. But you will not have come one step nearer to *unity*, because, as Mr. Newman says: '*Break unity in one point, and the fault runs through the whole body.*' The Greek Church has been at the point you aspire to ever since the eleventh century; and can anything be further from unity with the Latin Church than she in the nineteenth? Every Catholic will repeat to you the words of Manzoni, as quoted by Mr. Faber: 'The *greatest* deviations are none, if the main point be recognized; the *smallest* are damnable heresies, if it be denied. That main point is, the infallibility of the Church, or rather of the Pope.' The Coptic, Maronite, and Catholic Armenian Churches, although differing in *everything outward* from the Church of Rome, are in unity, since they acknowledge her supreme authority. The Anglican Church, even brought back to the most Catholic externals, can never be in unity as long as she denies her legitimate mother.

One thing quite certain is, that individuals or churches cannot be both Catholic and Protestant; they must choose between one and the other. In politics, in literature, transactions and compromises are advisable, and indeed are often the only thing possible; but in religion, in eternal truth, there is none. There will never be any *via media* between truth and error, between authority and rebellion, no more than there is between heaven and hell. If Fisher was right, then was Cranmer wrong; they cannot be *both* right, both the murderer and the victim. If Archbishop Plunket was a martyr, then Archbishop Laud was not. If the Church of France is to be admired for having held out against schism through martyrdom and exile, then the Church of England must be blamed for having given way to schism. It is like the ostrich, that thinks it saves itself from the hunter by refusing to look at him, to say that the present English

Church is a holy although *less distinguished* branch of the Church than that of Rome. If the Church of Rome, when she maintains that out of her pale there is no salvation, and that she alone has the power of governing the Christian world, is not infallibly right, then she is infallibly wrong; and so far from being a *distinguished* branch of truth, she is founded on imposture or error; and in neither case can be a true Church. On the other hand, if the Church of England is not the only true Church on earth, then she is an apostate rebel.

There is only *one sure* way of passing from error to the *one sure* truth; that which St. Remigius, showed to the first Christian king of France. When baptizing him, he said, 'Bow thy head, proud Sicamber; burn what thou hast adored, and adore what thou hast burned.'

It is true that to reconciled and forgiven rebellion may be granted certain privileges, as conformable to the weakness of a fallen Church. The Anglican Church may demand what was granted in 1595 to the united Greeks of Poland—the degrading exception of married clergy, and the use of the national language in the Liturgy. These concessions are not incompatible with the essentials of faith or authority; but they would make the re-united Church of England sadly different from what she was in the days of St. Dunstan or St. Anselm.

I am not a doctor, nor a minister of the Church; I am only her soldier, faithful though unworthy. But I can fearlessly assert that among the millions who belong, like me, to the Church of Rome, there is not one who, being led by leisure or duty to consider attentively what is now going on in England, would arrive at a different conclusion from mine. Seeing the profound ignorance which reigns among even the best informed Anglicans on the feelings and duties of churchmen out of England —seeing also the furious prejudices which animate the new school against English and Irish Catholics, probably on the old pagan principle of *Odisse quem læseris*, I have

presumed to think that it might not be quite useless to you to hear the opinion of a continental Catholic, than whom no one can be more interested in England's welfare, or more attentive to her present struggles. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*

Need I beg of you to acquit the warmth and asperity of my language of any intention of personal disrespect to you? No, surely not. I have much too high an opinion of you not to be certain that you will perfectly understand the motives that have dictated my words; and I hope that you will see, on the contrary, a mark of deep respect on my part for your turn of mind and your personal character. I have written to you as a man who knows the value of truth and the value of a soul. I should certainly not have done so to most members of your schism. Although taught by conscience and authority to look upon the Church of England as one of the most awful forms of sin and pride that have ever appeared in the world, I have loved and esteemed several of her children, I feel a compassionate sympathy for those of her ministers who know the weight of her present degradation. But, at the same time, I feel a most legitimate terror for the fate of their souls, when I see them, after having removed the rubbish which their forefathers had piled up to the very clerestory of their church, close their eyes against the light which, from the past and present, is now pouring down upon them. They are thus losing that *invincible ignorance*, which is the only reason which the Church admits for not belonging to her! This feeling has inspired me with the thought of thus writing to you. This feeling must plead my excuse, if I have wounded *your* feelings. Indeed, I wish I may have done so. Truth is a weapon intended to wound and destroy everything that is not truth. 'I came not to send peace, but a sword.' Convinced as I am that you do not belong, as you say I do, to a distinguished branch of the Church, but that you are in error, and that wilful error is mortal sin, I have spoken for the love of your immortal soul. If I have done so roughly, it is the

roughness of love. Is there not more charity in pulling roughly back a man who is on his way to perdition, than in bowing him civilly on to the brink of the precipice?

This letter requires no answer. We are not called upon to carry on a controversy with each other. The ground on which we stand is unequal, and the odds between us would be uneven. To convert you, as well as all heretics, is and must be my desire, but not my province. To convert me can neither be your province nor your desire. You cannot look upon me as being in a state of rebellion, as I do look upon you. What would become of me, if I was to be convinced of the truth and right of the Church of England? I must then immediately doubt the truth and right of the Church of France, which acts and teaches the very reverse; for what is true and right on the north of the channel cannot surely be otherwise on the south. And yet, according to the principles laid down by the *British Critic*, supposing myself convinced of the error and misconduct of my own Church, I must wait till she recognises it herself, before I have a right to act up to what I think true, and to save my own soul. Alas! what a lamentable nondescript sort of thing I should be!

Our position is, therefore, quite different. The faith I profess, the authority I obey, the holy sacrifice of the Mass at which I assist, the very prayers I daily say, are fitted for you, and for me, for the Portuguese ox driver who is passing under our windows, as well as for the savage who is at this moment being baptised in Oceania. Your faith, your spiritual superiors, your liturgy, can be of no use but to those who are English born and English bred. This shall be my last argument, for it would alone suffice to show which of us is the Catholic. You cannot, in conformity with your doctrine, wish *me* to be what *you* are. I can, and indeed I must, wish *you* to be what I am. To you I can say, like Paul to Agrippa, 'I would to God, that both in a little and in much, thou shouldest become such as I am, *except these bonds*,' or rather as Bossuet beautifully modifies this text in speaking, I believe, to

one of your own communion, *especially in these bonds*, the bonds of faith, of obedience, of unity with the past, the present, and the future.

In conclusion, let me beg your acceptance of the enclosed papers,* that will show you how the torrent of grace is flowing among *Romanists*, and what are the fruits of *Mariolatry*. It is a good thing to write books, like Mr. Newman, about the miracles of the fourth century: but it is a better still to acknowledge and experience miracles in the nineteenth. Never, assuredly, were miracles more wanted than in these ages of light, and never, I may say, were they more abundant; for can there be a greater miracle in the world than the sudden and mysterious conversions of sinners in an age like this?

May that Blessed Lady, who has been so long the object of the jeers and blasphemies of Anglican divines and Anglican travellers, and who seems now at last to inspire your countrymen with some degree of veneration —may she use her *omnipotentia supplex* to enlighten, to bless, and to console you! Such will be for ever the prayer of your obedient servant and well-wisher,

LE COMTE DE MONTALEMBERT.

* Annals of the Archconfraternity of the Holy and Immaculate Heart of Mary.

St. Bede,*

surnamed the Venerable,

MONK AND MASS-PRIEST.†

By the late Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle.

I.—His Birthplace.

The birthplaces of saints and of men of renown are objects always of interest—oftentimes of contention. That of St. Bede is both the one and the other. The two foremost claimants for the distinction are Jarrow on the banks of the Tyne, and Sunderland on the banks of the Wear, situated within a few miles of each other in the north-eastern corner of the county of Durham.

The Saint himself, little foreseeing that this question would become in after-ages such a bone of contention, merely tells us that he was born "on the folclands of

* Lingard, Stevenson, and others use the Latin form Beda. In this sketch the form popular in the North of England is adopted. The name signifies *Prayer.* There were two other illustrious men of the name, namely, one a monk at Lindisfarne, a companion of St. Cuthbert, and another a Genoese, a canonized Saint.

† Mass-priest is the title given him by King Alfred. Every priest is essentially a Mass-priest, having been ordained "*to offer gifts and sacrifice.*" The prefix was used to distinguish the priest from the deacon and others who served at the altar, and who were called *Preost.* In Bede's case, it was given "because it was his employment to sing every day the Conventual Mass" (Alban Butler).

the Monastery."* These were the seventy folclands or farms, some thousand acres in extent, given by King Egfrid to Benet Biscop. The Monastery built thereon comprised two Houses—St. Peter's at Monk-Wearmouth, and St. Paul's at Jarrow—under one rule and government, the estate being common to both. Each had its own Abbot, yet such was their unity and concord that St. Bede calls them "one single Monastery built in two separate places."†

Sunderland, otherwise Bishop-Wearmouth, which is on the south side of the river, rests its claim on a certain word in the translation of Bede's *Ecclesiastical History* by King Alfred. In the Latin original the word is *territorium*, which the King translates into Saxon as "*Sunderlonde*," or "*Sunderland*." On the strength of this word the champions of Sunderland's claims defiantly say, "Behold! the controversy is at an end. Bede himself proclaims that he was born in Sunderland!"

It happens, however, that the word "Sunderlonde" used by Alfred is simply a Saxon noun, signifying a territory or parcel of land set aside for a monastery, and not necessarily the name of a place.

Then the authority of Lingard is invoked. In his *History of England*‡ he unquestionably says, without note or comment, "Bede was born in Sunderland." But what does he mean by Sunderland? Is it Sunderland proper, as distinguished from the two Wearmouths, or is it the borough or the postal town, which includes both? It would seem to be the latter; for in the first edition [1806] of his *Anglo-Saxon Church*, he says, "Bede was born in a village between the mouths of the Wear and the Tyne." This excludes Bishop-Wearmouth. In his last edition [1845] he says that the Saint was born on one of the seventy folclands which King Egfrid gave to St. Benet. Now these lay on the north side of the river, reaching from the Wear to the Tyne, and embracing both Monk-Wearmouth and Jarrow. The contest, then, lies between these two.

* *In territorio ejusdem Monasterii* (*Eccl. Hist.* lib. v. 25).
† Leland. ‡ Vol. i. ch. iii. edit. 1849.

Let us now hear what the advocates of Jarrow have to say. An anonymous and unknown biographer,* who is the earliest authority after Bede himself (for Cuthbert, his disciple, is not explicit on the subject), and who wrote at the close of the eleventh century, says: "Bede was a native of a petty village on the territory of Jarrow, past which flows the deep river Tyne, falling at no great distance into the ocean."

Alban Butler follows Mabillon, who demonstrates that Bede was born "in a village, which soon after his birth became part of the estate (the Sunderlonde) of the new neighbouring monastery of Jarrow, but was gained upon by the sea before the time of Simeon of Durham." Does not all this seem to point to the neighbourhood of Monkton, near the mouth of the river Don, which flows into the Tyne at Jarrow Slake, and which is said to have been in days of yore a branch of the sea, where the King's fleet found shelter? Must not Bishop-Wearmouth's claim, otherwise that of Sunderland proper, be cancelled outright? And must not Monk-Wearmouth's give place to Jarrow's? Must not the Wear yield to the Tyne?

The bulk of evidence and the dominant tradition are, it cannot be gainsaid, in favour of Monkton, a village on the Don, which empties into the Tyne at Jarrow Slake.

2—The Date of his Birth and his Boyhood.

The precise year of his birth is a matter of controversy, but it may be set down as A.D. 673, or thereabouts, in the days of the Anglo-Saxons, when England was a Heptarchy, made up of seven kingdoms—when Egfrid was King of Northumbria, Deusdedit II. Pope of Rome, Theodore Archbishop of Canterbury, and Wilfrid Bishop of "the nation of the Northumbrians"—in the year in which the Synod of Hertford was held.

* A translation of *The Life of Venerable Bede* by this unknown writer, who wrote prior to the twelfth century, is given by Rev. J. Stevenson, in his Preface to Bede's Works, xxxix. et seq.

Of his parentage or family nothing is recorded. It would seem that he was left an orphan in childhood, for at the early age of seven years little Bede was taken by his kinsfolk to the monastery at Monk-Wearmouth, and handed over to the care and custody of the Abbot, Benet Biscop. On the completion of the buildings at Jarrow, two or three years later, he was transferred thither, and placed under charge of Abbot Ceolfrid. Once within the precincts of the monastery he never quitted it, except on occasional brief visits to Bishop, afterwards Archbishop, Egbert at York, to Bishop Acca of Hexham, a learned man and patron of learning, who had gathered together a magnificent library, and to the king, Ceolwulf, at whose request he wrote his *Ecclesiastical History*. Therein he spent the remainder of his long life "of toil stupendous," and therein he died.*

The boy was yet in his early teens when, A.D. 686, an appalling calamity befell the House. The whole choral community, save two, fell victims to a most virulent plague. The aged Abbot Ceolfrid and the boy-postulant Bede were spared. In simple unaffected language Bede—without naming himself—records how the two survivors steadfastly kept up the daily recitation of the Divine Office in choir, until the vacant stalls began to be reoccupied.† What a spectacle for men and angels! What a matchless instance of heroic constancy!

3—His Vocation and Ordination.

Bede, from the outstart, was a talented and virtuous boy, and rapidly became a prodigy of learning, a burning light of the Church, a living Saint. Of his vocation to the religious life there seems never to have been a doubt. The schoolboy soon became a postulant, then a novice, and in due time a full-fledged monk and Mass-priest, clad in his Benedictine habit, cowl, and scapular, and bound by a triple cord, or vow, of voluntary poverty, perpetual chastity, and entire obedience.

* *Eccl. Hist.* v. 24. † *Bedæ Opera*, tom. vi. App. p. 421.

From whose hands he received the Sacrament of Confirmation, the four Minor Orders, and the Subdiaconate is not told us. The Diocese of Hexham, which comprised Jarrow, having been founded A.D. 678, when Bede was five years old, it may be presumed that the officiating prelate was St. Wilfrid, who from 686 to 692 ruled over the Church of Hexham.

He tells us himself that he was ordained Deacon at the age of nineteen, and Priest at the age of thirty, by John, Bishop of Hexham, afterwards known as St. John of Beverley, who returned to the see of Hexham A.D. 692, and did not retire till A.D. 705.

4.—His Mode of Life.

A monk's life is not one of sloth, nor of ease. Many and laborious were the offices and employments in which the Fathers were employed—many, indeed menial. Bede himself relates how their great founder, Benet Biscop, delighted to help in winnowing the corn, and in threshing; in giving milk to the lambs and calves; in the bakehouse, in the garden, in the kitchen, and in other like places and occupations.

Bede, no doubt, would occasionally have to lend a helping hand in such works at the beginning of his career, but, afterwards, it would appear that the whole of his time, even to the last hour of his life, was sedulously employed in praying, studying, teaching, and writing. Paradoxical as it sounds, the summary of his life is that he was *always* praying, *always* reading, *always* teaching, *always* writing. It has been said that, if you count up the works he wrote, you cannot conceive how he ever did anything but write; if you study his character and holiness of life, you cannot comprehend how he ever did anything but pray.* He studied under Trumbert, disciple of St. Chad. His sweetest of all delights was to read and expound the Sacred Scriptures, and in doing so the tears flowed down his cheeks, and his voice was as

* Mabillon, *Traité des Etud. Monast.*

the voice of an angel. That his time might not be otherwise occupied, he persistently refused the office of Abbot, with its honours and dignity, its anxieties and responsibilites.

5.—His Writings and his Fame.

St. Bede, three years before his death, appended to his *Ecclesiastical History* a full catalogue of all the other books he had written. He enumerates forty-five different works, many of which are divided into several books. Thirty-eight relate to the Books of the Old Testament; twenty-six are on those of the New Testament; one is of Epistles to different persons; Histories of Saints, viz., two of St. Cuthbert,* first in heroic verse, and then in prose; of St. Felix, and of St. Athanasius; Lives of the first five Abbots of Monk-Wearmouth and Jarrow; a Martyrology; a volume of Hymns, also one of Epigrams; a treatise on the Nature of Things and on the Times; on the Art of Orthography; on Poetry; and finally a little book of Tropes and Figures.

From this catalogue of the works and writings which posterity owes to his pen—of which his *Ecclesiastical History of the Anglo-Saxons*, in five books, is the most celebrated—it is readily seen how varied were his talents and acquirements, how profound his erudition. He was well versed in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew tongues; he was an eminent theologian, commentator, canonist, linguist, astronomer, philosopher, poet, and musician—in short, the mightiest intellect and most accomplished scholar of his country and age.

He has earned for himself the unique title of VENERABLE—he has been designated the Sun of the Western and the Lamp of the English Church—the Father of English learning—he has been enrolled among the

* This Life, re-edited and translated into English, with copious notes by Rev. Joseph Stevenson, S.J., was issued at the beginning of 1887, on occasion of the twelfth centenary of St. Cuthbert.

Fathers and Doctors of the Church*—he has been canonized as a Saint. In all the great libraries of Christendom his works are deemed a priceless treasure. They have been translated from the original Latin into the tongues of many nations. King Alfred rendered them into Anglo-Saxon. Protestant dignitaries and divines have published versions in English.†

The fame of such learning and such sanctity spread rapidly and far. Many disciples—in number six hundred—were drawn to the twin monasteries of St. Peter's at Monk-Wearmouth and of St. Paul's at Jarrow, and sat at the feet of the illustrious Anglo-Saxon Gamaliel. Many strong friendships were formed, and learned correspondences kept up. Among his most intimate friends and correspondents St. Acca, the fifth Bishop of Hexham, held the first place. He addresses him as "the most loved and longed-for of bishops," and dedicated several of his works to him—indeed, wrote them at his request.

"The most competent authorities," says Montalembert, "have recognized in Bede a chronicler well-informed and systematic, on whom the rigorous precision of his language and the scrupulous accuracy of his narrative bestow the full right of being heard and having his testimony weighed."

Elsewhere the illustrious author of *Monks of the West*‡ adds: "The name of Bede, after having been one of the greatest and most popular in Christendom, still remains invested with an unchangeable fame. He is the type of the studious and learned life which, in the eyes of many, sums up the entire mission of the monk. He was a most cultivated man; the greatest intellectual personage of his country and age; but he holds a still greater position in the eyes of those, to whom he has

* In all the Breviaries and Missals of the Benedictine Orders, his Office and Mass are those of a Confessor and Doctor.

† Dr. Giles (who revises the translation of Mr. Stevens), and the Rev. Joseph Stevenson. The latter has since become a Catholic and a Jesuit.

‡ Vol. v. p. 58.

been a guide and master throughout a laborious and bewildering task. By the student who has passed several years almost entirely in his company, he is venerated as a saint and loved as a friend; and, without absolving him of his patriotic prejudices and partialities, the spirit does reverence to his character still more than to his glory."

As specimens of his style and as evidences of the tone of mind and spirit of piety in which he wrote, the Lessons in the Breviary selected from his compositions may be referred to.

But let him speak for himself. In the Preface to his master-piece he writes thus pathetically: "I entreat all those of our nation who read this History, or hear it read, to recommend often to the Divine clemency the infirmities of my body and of my soul. Let each man in his province, seeing the care which I have taken to note down everything that is memorable or agreeable for the inhabitants of each district, pay me back by praying for me."

Listen also to the touching prayer which he appends to his list of literary labours. It runs thus: "O good Jesus, Who hast deigned to refresh my soul with the sweet streams of knowledge, grant to me that I may one day mount to Thee, Who art the source of all wisdom, and remain for ever in Thy Divine presence."*

Camden calls him "the singular and shining light," and Leland, "the chiefest and brightest ornament of the English nation—most worthy, if ever any one was, of immortal fame." William of Malmesbury tell us that it is easier to admire him in thought, than to do him justice in expression. Another authority places Bede for eloquence and richness of diction above Gregory the Great.†

* Conclusion of *Ecclesiastical History.*

† Bale, an apostate monk, who under Edward VI. became Bishop of Ossory.

6.—His Summons to Rome

From Tyne to Tiber is a long distance, but the name of Bede, the humble young monk of Jarrow, soon became well known in Rome. It was spoken with veneration in the courts of the Supreme Pontiff. Sergius then sat in St. Peter's Chair, from 687 to 701. Wishful to do honour to so great a scholar and theologian, and also to consult him in many grave matters then affecting the interests of the Church, His Holiness by letter desired Abbot Ceolfrid to send the servant of God, Bede, *ad limina Apostolorum.* The letter, as given by William of Malmesbury, is as follows:

"*Sergius, Bishop, the servant of the servants of God, to Ceolfrith, the holy abbot and priest, sendeth greeting.*—Yielding to the timely and worthy prayers of your laudable anxiety with the closest devotion, we entreat of your pious goodness, so acceptable to God, that since there have occurred certain points of ecclesiastical discipline, which should not be published without more matured deliberation, which have made it necessary for us to confer with a person skilled in the literature of the arts, as becomes an assistant of God's Holy Catholic Mother-Church, you would not delay paying ready obedience to this our admonition, but would send without loss of time to our lowly presence at the venerable Church of the chief Apostles, your friends and protectors, the lords Peter and Paul, Beda, a religious servant of God, a venerable priest of your monastery, whom, God willing, you may expect to return in safety, when, by God's permission, the necessary discussion of these aforesaid points shall have been solemnly completed. For whatever shall be advantageously added to the Church at large, and to the holy and devout College, will, we trust, be profitable to all those persons also who are committed to your own immediate care."*

No reason is assigned for his not obeying the Pope's mandate, but certain it is Bede did not go "to see

* *Gesta Regum*, § 57, vol. i.

Peter." It was, no doubt, owing to the death of Sergius, which took place in the September of the same year, 701.

7.—His last Illness and Death.

Life ebbs at last, and great as well as little, saints as well as sinners, must die. At length, then, as some assert, at the age of four score and ten, or, as others, on better ground, say, at the age of sixty-three, after a life of assiduous labour and austere self-abnegation, while yet busily occupied in writing and teaching, Bede fell into a state of exceeding debility. He had hitherto been his own secretary;* but now, unable any longer to write with his own hand, he dictated and continued to expound the Sacred Scriptures to his disciples to the last hour of his life.

How the great master bore himself in the last tremendous hour—with what faith and fervour he received the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction—with what pathetic tenderness he bade a last farewell to the Abbot and his fellow-monks and disciples—how feelingly he bespoke a lasting remembrance in their prayers and Masses—all this has been told to us, mainly by one of his disciples, an eye-witness of the death-bed scene, in words of inspired beauty and exquisite pathos—in words that can never be read without tears.

Reverently, and with deep attention, let us listen to a few passages from the letter of the well-beloved disciple Cuthbert, called also Anthony, who afterwards became Abbot of Jarrow, to a former school-fellow, Cuthwin, and to a few words from an old chronicler:

"Your letter gave me much satisfaction, wherein I found what I greatly desired, that Masses and prayers are diligently said by your monastery (Lindisfarne) for our late Father and master.

"About a fortnight before Easter he fell into a state

* Letter to St. Acca.

of extreme weakness, in consequence of difficulty of breathing, but without much pain. He continued thus until Ascension-Eve, always cheerful and happy, praying through every hour of the day and night, with his arms in form of a cross, and giving us lessons. In reciting the anthem of the day—'*O Glorious King, Lord of Hosts, Who triumphing this day didst ascend above all the heavens, leave us not orphans*'—he burst into tears and by turns we wept—nay! we wept always, even when we read.

"Thus passed the forty days of Easter to Ascension Day. On the Tuesday before the feast of the Ascension he began to be much worse, his breathing became more difficult, and his feet were swollen. ('He thereupon,' relates the old Chronicler, 'received Extreme Unction and then the Viaticum,* and gave the kiss of peace to all his brethren.'†) All that night he lay awake praising God: and at dawn on the Wednesday morning he ordered us to write quickly, which we did until the hour of Tierce, that is, nine o'clock. At that hour we walked in procession, bearing the Relics, as the rubrics prescribe, for it was Rogation Wednesday. At three o'clock in the afternoon he said to me, 'I have some valuables in my little chest. Run quickly, and bring the Priests to me, that I may make to them such presents as God has given me—pepper, napkins, and incense.' I did as he bade me. He spoke to each in turn, entreating them to celebrate Masses and to pray for him diligently, which all readily promised to do. 'The time of my dissolution is at hand,' said he. 'I wish to be dissolved and to be with Christ.' All burst into tears. He himself continued to speak cheerfully until sunset.

"At that hour a youth, Wilberth by name, said, 'Beloved master, there is still one sentence unwritten.' 'Then write quickly,' said the Saint. In a few minutes' time the youth again spoke, and said, 'Master, it is finished.' 'Thou hast spoken truly,' replied the dying

* See Bridgett's *History of the Holy Eucharist*, i. p. 255.
† Ranulph Higden's *Polychron*, v.

monk; 'take my head between thy hands, for it is my delight to sit opposite to that holy place in which I used to pray; and let me invoke my Father, Who is in Heaven.' Sitting thus on sackcloth on the pavement of his cell, he sang for the last time, '*Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;*' and, as he pronounced the last of the three Divine names, he gave up the ghost, and took his departure for Heaven.

"I have much more to relate of him. At a future time I intend to write more fully what I have seen with my own eyes and heard with my ears."

"From Jarrow's tower the Vesper bell
Tolls solemnly across the Tyne;
Resting his oar, the mariner
Stays listening to its sacred chime.

"The chaunt begins, but low and sad;
For full of grief the monks are all;
Since one, by all revered and loved,
Is missing from his wonted stall.

"Their Vespers sung, they leave the choir;
And crowd around his couch with speed
To see once more, ere he expire,
Their own dear Venerable Bede.

"O glory of the Saxon Church!
Beam forth again, within thy hand
Bearing the torch of truth, to chase
The gloom that shrouds thy native land.

"Behold, thy shrines are desolate;
Lo! Durham, Jarrow, Wearmouth mourn;
Build up the Altars now laid waste,
Bid faith and peace again return."

8.—His Burial-place and his Relics.

His body was buried in the south porch at Jarrow, but was afterwards translated to a more honourable place within the church, and pilgrims came from far and near to pray at his tomb, until his relics were removed by stealth to Durham Cathedral. This was the doing of

one Elfred, a priest of Durham, whose wont it was, every year, on St. Bede's anniversary to go on pilgrimage to Jarrow to offer up his prayers at the tomb.

"On one of these occasions," says Simeon of Durham, "he went to Jarrow as usual, and having spent some days in the church in solitude, praying and watching, he returned in the early morning alone to Durham, without the knowledge of his companions—a thing he had never done before—as though he wished to have no witness to his secret. Now, although he lived many years afterwards, yet he never again visited Jarrow, and it appeared as if he had achieved the object of his desires. When, also he was asked by his most intimate friends: 'Where were the bones of Venerable Bede?' he would reply: 'No one can answer that question as well as I. You may be assured, my brethren, beyond all doubt, that the same chest, which holds the hallowed body of our Father, Cuthbert, also contains the bones of Bede, our reverend teacher and brother. It is useless to search beyond that little corner for any portion of his relics.'"

In 1104 they were discovered in the coffin of St. Cuthbert, and were afterwards deposited by Bishop Pudsey in a casket of gold, silver, and precious stones in the Galilee. There they rested in peace and honour until the reign of Henry VIII., and the great apostacy, when the tomb in the Galilee was profaned, and rifled of its gold and jewels. Its sacred contents, more precious by far than gold and jewels, were thrown out upon the dunghill!

Miracles were wrought at his shrine, both in Jarrow and Durham; and the fame of his sanctity grew and spread, and his name was soon enrolled in the calendar of Saints.

There are two feasts kept in his honour, namely, the 27th of May, the day of his death: and the 29th of October, the day, no doubt, of one of his Translations.

An old oaken chair, now reverently kept in the chancel, is popularly believed to have been the one in which the Saint sat and wrote.

9.—His Personal Appearance.

In great measure we are left to ourselves to pourtray the outward form and lineaments of this great servant of God. No painted portrait nor marble bust has been handed down by his contemporaries; yet on very old and very good authority he is described to us as follows:

"He was of goodly stature and of grave deportment. His face was handsome, and his countenance pleasing: in which severity was blended with a certain charm of sweetness. Hence to the good and well-behaved he was all amiability; but to the proud and ill-conducted he was austere and terrible. He had a fine tenor voice, and great fluency of speech."*

From the day on which he made his three solemn vows of voluntary poverty, perpetual chasity, and entire obedience, became a monk, and was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Hexham, St. John, called of Beverley, until the day of his death, his dress was the black habit, cowl, and scapular of the monks of St. Benedict.

The reader can now picture him to himself as he was actually seen, more than eleven hundred years ago, standing at the altar saying Mass—sitting in his stall in choir chanting the Divine office—pacing the cloisters—walking in the gardens and shrubberies by the side of the Don—strolling on the sands of the Slake when the tide was out—or occasionally sailing with his fellow monks up and down the Tyne in one of the coracles, or small fishing-boats of the monastery.

10.—His Creed and Religion.

1.—Christian and Catholic.

St. Bede has not composed a Creed, nor a Catechism nor an Abridgment of Christian Doctrine. He has not left behind him any didactic treatises on theology or dogma, nor any work of controversy. His writings are

* *Breviarium Rom.* Lectio ii. Noct. read on his feast, the 29th of October.

historical and biographical—commentaries on portions or books of Sacred Scripture, homilies and sermons, essays or treatises on astronomy, geography, and chronology, on music, poetry, and kindred matters, and finally some lengthy letters to his friends, especially to St. Acca, Bishop of Hexham, and to Egbert, Bishop of York.

Yet from the pages of these miscellaneous books it is no difficult task to cull the articles of the author's creed, and satisfy ourselves what his religion was; with whom and in what church or chapel, were he now to revisit his native place, he would worship; at what altar he would say Mass.

In a long epistle written to his friend, Bishop Egbert, of York, occur the following well-weighed and emphatic words:

"*With regard to the preaching of the Gospel to the people, I am of opinion that above all things the utmost diligence and care should be used that the Catholic Faith, as it is contained in the Apostles' Creed and Lord's Prayer, should be rootedly fixed in the memories of all. For by this means the whole body of the Faithful will learn upon what grounds they believe, and will acquire that steadfastness of Creed by which they ought to fortify and arm themselves in their conflict with unclean spirits. On this account I myself have frequently given to the unlearned a translation of the Creed and the Lord's Prayer.*"*

It is impossible in the teeth of these words to deny that Venerable Bede was a Christian; that he believed in the Unity and Trinity of God, in the Incarnation of the Son of God, in the Divinity of our Blessed Lord, and in the Holy Ghost; that the twelve articles of the Apostles' Creed, as we have it to this day, were the articles of his Creed. Equally it is impossible to deny that he was a Catholic—a member, as he terms it, of the Catholic Faith. So far, so good.

Time was when the name Christian and the surname Catholic had a clear, well-defined, incommunicable sig-

* Epistle, § 5.

nificance, and an exclusive application. They belonged and were freely given to one sole Body with one Faith and one Baptism—to one Fold with one Shepherd. Now they are claimed and usurped by a motley multitude of sects, denominations, and so-called churches, some of whom have no Creed, and others no Baptism—all of whom "vary with every wind of doctrine"—are as "sheep going astray without a Shepherd," as "the blind led by the blind."

This being the case, we must, if possible, ascertain more precisely what is Bede's idea of the Catholic Church.

2.—Three Marks of his Church.

Among many evidences one is found in his Commentary on the Canticle of Canticles.* It is a passage of great power and eloquence. The words are Bede's own, but what lends emphasis to them is the fact that he puts them into the mouth of our Blessed Lord Himself.

Our Lord is supposed to be standing and contemplating the wondrous work of His own hands—the Church which he had built upon the impregnable rock—the Spouse whom He had purchased with His Precious Blood.

"*O Catholic Church!*"—he exclaims in rapture—"*in every feature and limb of thy body—stretching, as thou dost, far and wide throughout the universe—thou art to me all-beautiful and immaculate.*"

Now, here we have two prerogatives or marks of the Church of God—the Church of Bede. Firstly she has the beauty of holiness; that is, she is without speck, spot, or wrinkle—without a stain of error or shadow of deformity—holy and infallible. Secondly, she has Catholicity, or universality, by which she is the Church, not of a nation, but of "all nations under the sun;"—not of an island, nor a continent, nor a hemisphere, but of the whole universe; not of a people, but of all peoples of whatever colour, complexion, climate or tongue. To

* *Expos. in Cant. Canticorum*, iv.

call a Church Catholic which is simply of the English-speaking people, or of one tongue, is an utter and monstrous contradiction of terms. It is the molehill taking to itself airs and presuming to lord it over the snow-capped mountain! It is as grotesque a contradiction in terms as to call a square round, or to speak of a black white, or a hot cold, or *vice versâ*.

Nor is this all. In Bede's eye there is something transcendently more beautiful than the beauty of holiness; something transcendently more precious than Catholicity. What is it? What can it be? It is *Unity*—the two-fold unity of Faith and Communion. "The unity," as Bede describes it, "of all the members, great and small, the rulers and the ruled, whereby the Church in one heart, and in one mind, and in identically the same religious conviction, bound together by one comman head or Supreme Pontiff, leads men on to the life in which reigns the unity of true peace and glory evermore."*

Bede's Church had, therefore, three undoubted marks. Firstly, it was essentially *Holy* and divine, needing no man's reforming; essentially free from all doctrinal error in the past and from such a possibility in the future—infallible. Secondly, it was *Catholic*, comprising all the nations under the sun in all ages even to the consummation of the world—indefectible. Thirdly, it was yet *One* with oneness of Baptism—and linked together in one body by one common bond of unity, a sovereign head—one fold, under one Shepherd—a countless multitude of believers but only one belief. †

3.—Papal Supremacy

Now let us go on and apply some crucial tests. If there be one thing or one dogma more than another that, to use a coarse and somewhat vulgar, though expressive, phrase, stinks in the nostrils of every Church save one, of every denomination, sect, persuasion, or community—that one thing, and that one dogma, is the Pope's

* *Expos. in Cant. Canticorum*, iv.
† Acts iv. 32.

Primacy, or Papal Supremacy. Acceptance of this fundamental principle of Christianity implies submission, obedience, surrender of private judgment, annihilation of self in matters of faith, collapse and subversion of all national, schismatical, or heretical Churches. It rolls in the dust the standard of revolt and the flag on which, in Lucifer's handwriting, are the words, "I will not serve." It exacts that Unity which had such a magic charm and such a marvellous value in great Bede's eyes. Underneath its shade nothing but pure and unadulterated Catholicity can flourish. The Papal Supremacy is almost the one sole point which stands in the way of the union of the Greek and Russian Churches with the Church of Rome. "We will have no King over us but Cæsar—down with Christ, let Him be Crucified." This was the cry that rang through the streets of Jerusalem on the first Good Friday. The Jews preferred Herod to our Blessed Lord, aye! even Barabbas to Christ. The echo of that cry is still heard in the East. "Down with the Pope, Christ's Vicegerent. We will have no Pontiff save the Czar or the Emperor." It was heard in this island in the sixteenth century: "Down with the Pope—King Harry VIII., Queen Bess, and their successors, shall be the Supreme Governors of our Church"—and so it came to pass. The golden cord was broken, and the Church of England, severed from the unity of Christendom, became finally under Elizabeth "established by law," A.D. 1559—331 years ago.*

Now, what are Venerable Bede's views and belief on this vital test question? He records in his *History* with evident zest how Britain owed its Apostles, its conversion, and its faith to the Pope of Rome; how Pope Eleutherius, A.D. 156, at the request of King Lucius, sent him missionaries, and how "the Britons preserved the faith, which they had received, uncorrupted and entire, in peace and tranquillity until the time of the Emperor Diocletian."†

Then he tells us how, some four centuries later, A.D. 582, another Pope, Gregory the Great, who had "been

* 1 Eliz. † *Eccl. Hist.* i. ch. iv.

raised to the Apostolic See of Rome," sent St. Augustine and other missionaries to the English nation; how the missionaries derived their mission, their jurisdiction, their bishoprics, and their doctrine from "the Lord Pope." He tells us how his own great master and Abbot, St. Benet Biscop, went six times to Rome "to see Peter," to pay homage to the Pope, to consult with the Head of the Church, to ask authority for sundry projects, and various grants, privileges, and charters of protection; how there was an almost continuous stream of pilgrim-monks going and coming between Jarrow or Monkwearmouth and Rome.

He designates the Pope as "the first Pastor of the Church," "the Prince of the Apostolic College," "the exalted Head of the whole Church," as "holding the first Episcopal office in the whole world," as "set over the Churches converted to Christ," as "entrusted with the government of the whole Church."*

4.—The Holy Eucharist, Transubstantiation, and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Next to the Pope's Supremacy there is no dogma so distinctively Catholic, so exclusively "Roman," as that of the Blessed Eucharist, otherwise called Transubstantiation, and the Sacrifice of the Mass. It is not unknown that in the last decade two or three certain ministers of the Church of England have impiously professed and pretended to say Mass. In the words of a departed statesman, this is neither more nor less than "Mass in masquerade." They stand condemned by their own ecclesiastical authorities. What do their Thirty-nine Articles or the Protestant Confession of Faith say of the Mass? The thirty-first Article declares it to be "a blasphemous fable and a dangerous deceit!" What say their Bishops? what their Supreme Governess?

Now let us open the pages of Bede and see what he, whom King Alfred designated as the Mass-priest, says

* *Eccl. Hist. passim.*

of Transubstantiation and the Holy Sacrifice. St. Paul does not speak more explicitly: our Lord Himself is not more forcible. Bede says: "*The elements of bread and wine are through the ineffable hallowing of the Spirit, made to pass into the Sacrament of Christ's Flesh and Blood.*"* He speaks of the Sacrifice of the Mass as "the celebration of the most sacred mysteries, the celestial and mysterious Sacrifice, the mysteries of our Lord's Flesh and Blood, the most holy mysteries of the Altar, around which the angels hover in respectful silence and adore." He calls it a "Sacrament," as well as a "Sacrifice"—"the Sacrifice of the Mass," and "the solemnity of the Mass."

5.—Purgatory and Prayers for the Dead.

As an interesting evidence of his faith and the faith of the Anglo-Saxon Church in Purgatory, Transubstantiation, and the Mass, Venerable Bede relates in his *History* how "the brethren of the Church of Hexham went out every year on the evening before the day on which King Oswald was slain in battle, and kept vigil or watch-night with many psalms for the salvation and the good estate of his soul, and on the morrow offered up for him the Victim of the Holy Obligation."†

No one will be so foolhardy as to deny that Venerable Bede was a priest, a Mass priest, raised, he tells us himself, to that dignity by St. John, the Bishop of Hexham. No one will venture to gainsay that he believed in the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, and in Transubstantiation, as fully and firmly as he believed in the existence of God or the Redemption; or to deny that he set infinite value upon the Mass as a propitiatory Sacrifice both for the living and the dead.

For the sake of having Masses said for himself and his soul's repose after death, he, Saint that he was, had himself enrolled in the brotherhood of the monks of Lindisfarne; and when in his feebleness he could no longer stand at the altar, when his feet began to swell,

* *Hom. on Epiph.* p. 178. Edit. Giles.
† *Eccl. Hist.* iii. ch. ii.

and death stood waiting and knocking, as it were, outside his cell, when he had been "iled, anoynt, and ihouseld" (*i.e.*, received Extreme Unction),* what was his last dying request? As the Fathers came to receive from him his parting kiss of peace, the dying Saint begged of them to be persevering in their prayers and saying of Masses for him after he was gone.†

As further evidence of the belief in the Communion of Saints and in the Church Militant, Suffering, and Triumphant, an interesting vision is recorded by Bede in his *Ecclesiastical History:*‡ and the Saint adds: "*Many are relieved before the Day of Judgment by the prayers, alms, and fasting of the living, and more especially by the celebration of Masses.*"

6.—Devotion to the Blessed Virgin and Saints.

On the invocation of the saints and angels, and the honour due and paid to them, and eminently on the question of the devotion, or, as it is called, the worship of the Blessed Virgin, Bede will be found perfectly orthodox and eminently Catholic. The most extreme Ultramontane could not be more staunch or explicit. He proclaims the praises of "the august Mother of God," both in prose and verse;§ he enumerates her exalted prerogatives, he lavishes upon her the noblest titles of honour, he has left behind him sermons of surpassing eloquence and of much feeling preached on her festivals.‖ The most devoted client of the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin could not wish for anything more beautiful, more devotional or more Catholic. *Mary stands*, says he, *in the presence of her Son, praying unceasingly for sinners.*

Perhaps the best praise that can be bestowed upon

* Ranulf Higden, *Polychron*, v.

† Cuthbert's Letter to Cuthwin. ‡ Bk. v. ch. xii.

§ See hymn in elegiac verse in *Eccl. Hist.* iv. 20.

‖ See *Our Lady's Dowry*, By Father Bridgett.

him, and the strongest proof of his devotion to the Blessed Virgin is that *her* enemies—though otherwise *his* admirers—charge him with Mariolatry.*

II.—His Shrine and Epitaphs.

Of his shrine at Jarrow no remant nor record remains. It was a spot to which pilgrims flocked, where miracles were wrought—but it is not. The massive block of stone which Bishop Pudsey reared to Bede's honour in the gorgeous Galilee of Durham Minster, A.D. 1104, still stands, but in a bald and mutilated condition, bereft of its sacred treasure, and stripped of its magnificent and costly ornamentation. Lust of gold and diabolical loathing for "the Communion of Saints," have left nothing but the abomination of desolation standing in the once holy place.

It would be not only interesting, but also edifying, to make a collection of epitaphs that have been composed in his honour. They are many, and some of rare merit. Space only admits of two.

The one most familiar, with the well-known monkish rhyme, is from the tomb in Durham.

Hac sunt in fossa Bedæ Venerabilis ossa.

Here lie beneath these stones Venerable Bede's bones.

* The following extract is an example of what used to be the Anglican estimate of the Venerable Bede with regard to his Catholicity: "Beda. . . . was miserably ensnared with Popish errours, which in those times had overspread like a gangrene every nation, wherein there was a possesion of Christianity, so that it might be said, that as the whole world was once called Arian, so then it might have been stiled *Antichristian*" (*Speculum Patrum: a looking-glass of the Fathers.* By Edward Larkin, late Fellow of King's College in Cambridge, and now Minister of the Word at Limesfield in Surrey. London, 1659, p. 83).

Leland, in his *Collectanea*,* gives the following:

Anglia te celebrat: te totus personat orbis.

England proclaims, and all Christendom echoes thy praises.

12.—The Great Revolt: its Work at Jarrow.

A Protestant church stands on the site of old St. Paul's. In the old Saxon arch, at the entrance into the sanctuary is still extant the dedication stone. It relates that the church was built A.D. 684, being dedicated to the service of God on the 9th of the kalends of May (24th of April), in the fifteenth year of King Egfrid, and the fourth of Abbot Ceolfrid, the founder.

The ruthless hand of the destroyer, three centuries ago, laid low the cloisters of St. Paul's at Jarrow, and blotted out every trace of the cell, ennobled and sanctified as the home of the Venerable Bede, as if it had been an unclean spot—a den of thieves and of evil spirits. Strangers that abhorred, vilified and anathematized what he had cherished, believed, and taught, planted themselves on the ruins, and proclaimed a new Gospel of man's devising.

The old glories of Jarrow have passed away. The spot is no longer the abode of Benedictine monks—no longer the hearth of the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Faith. That imperishable Faith is, however, still preached and bearing good fruit in the locality. St. Bede's and St. Acca's churches and schools in old and new Jarrow, and those of SS. Peter and Paul at Tyne Docks, under the charge of secular priests, supply the place of the old Anglo-Saxon St. Paul's in the holy work of the cure of souls and in the education of children.

Yet, what the Monastery was may be seen to-day in other parts of England, and on the Continent, where houses of the Benedictine Order flourish in primitive

* Vol. iii. bk. iv. ch. 23.

fervour and discipline, where St. Bede is not only honoured as in his own country, if not more so, but imitated —imitated in his dress and daily routine of spiritual exercises, in the observance of his sacred vows, and in the practice of his eminent virtues. He who wishes to realize what Jarrow was of old time and what St. Bede, must go on pilgrimage to one or other of the many Benedictine abbeys—to Monte Cassino in Italy, for instance, or to Einsiedeln in Switzerland, where monks and Mass-priests are to be found in tens and scores, if not in hundreds, and where the rule of their Patriarch and Founder is duly observed.

Queen Mary.

(1516—1558.)

By G. AMBROSE LEE.

But I insist upon her maiden mercies
In proof that cruelty was not her nature.
She abrogated the tyrannic laws
Made by her father. She restored her subjects
To personal liberty; to judge and jury
Inculcating impartiality.
Good laws, made or revived, attest her fitness
Like Deborah to judge. She loved the poor
And fed the destitute: and they loved her.
A worthy Queen she had been, if as little
Of cruelty had been done under her,
As by her. To equivocate she hated:
And was just what she seemed. In fine she was
In all things excellent while she pursued
Her own free inclination without fear.

Sir Aubrey de Vere.

Her Early History.

Mary, the first Queen-regnant of England, was the only daughter and the only child that reached maturity of Henry VIII. and Katherine of Arragon. She was born at Greenwich on February 18, 1516. Her education must have begun at a very early age, since it is related that, during the absence of her parents in France at the celebrated "Field of Cloth of Gold," she, though little more than three years old, received and entertained several parties of foreigners of distinction, sitting in state, greeting them, and finally playing for their amusement

on the virginals—the sixteenth century predecessor of the modern pianoforte.

Her early youth, which was spent happily in educational and devotional exercises, and such recreations as etiquette allowed to a princess of the time, was most rudely broken in upon by the projected divorce of her mother, from whom she was cruelly separated, to be placed under the surveillance of that mother's successful rival, Anne Boleyn. During this melancholy period, her life was more than once threatened by her brutal father, who, infatuated with his new queen, was willing at her request not only to disinherit and degrade his daughter (which was actually done), but even to kill her; and he was with difficulty dissuaded from his murderous intention. In 1536, Mary was informed of her mother's approaching death, and with agonizing tears implored permission to visit her and receive her last blessing. In vain; for the good and pious Katherine died without again seeing her daughter. This refinement of malicious cruelty raised a storm of reprobation abroad. The English Resident at Venice wrote to Thomas Starkey, an ecclesiastic of the Court, February 5, 1536: "That Queen Katherine's death had been divulged there, and was received with lamentations, for she was incredibly dear to all men for her good fame, which is in great glory among all exterior [foreign] nations." He concludes: "Great obloquy hath her death occasioned; all dread lest the royal girl should briefly follow her mother."

The death of the queen was however speedily followed by the disgrace and subsequent execution of her supplanter, Anne Boleyn, and again the fortunes of the Princess experienced a change; for she received an establishment at Hunsdon—her former prison—and an allowance of her own. At the birth of Edward (afterwards King) she was sponsor to the infant prince, and shortly afterwards attended the funeral of his mother as chief mourner. Her manner of living at Hunsdon is worthy of notice.* She began the day by reading the

* Speaking of the privy purse expenses of the Princess, which form a sort of journal of her life, Miss Strickland (a Protestant) says: "In

Holy Scriptures, hearing Mass, and reciting the Divine Office; she then spent some hours in the study of languages: and devoted a third portion of her time to the acquirement of knowledge of rather an extraordinary kind, viz., astronomy, geography, natural philosophy, and mathematics. She wrote and spoke Latin, French, and Spanish, with ease and fluency, and was well acquainted with Greek and Italian. In music, as it then was, she excelled, and generally finished the day by working with her needle and playing on the virginals or lute. The writings of contemporaries abound with praises of her beauty and virtuous conduct. The Italian Pollino, in his history, speaks of her as "distinguished when a young virgin for the purity of her life, and her spotless manners; when she came to her father's court she gave surprise to all those who composed it, so completely was decorum out of fashion there."*

In the years 1540 and 1541 the tyrannical and barbarous enactments of Henry were enforced against several of the earliest and most devoted friends of the Lady Mary. Already, in May, 1538, B. John Forest, a Friar Observant, formerly confessor to Queen Katherine, had been executed with circumstances of revolting barbarity† for refusing to

this examination of the private life of a Princess so exceedingly detested by her country, a vigilant scrutiny has been kept in quest of the evil traits with which even the private character of the unfortunate Mary has been branded. The search has been vain: these records speak only of charity, affection to her little sister, kindness to her dependents, feminine accomplishments, delicate health, generosity to her godchildren (many of whom were orphans dependent on her alms), and fondness for birds. Her time seems, indeed, to have passed most blamelessly" (*Lives of the Queens*, vol. iii. p. 356).

* Pollino, *Istoria dell' Eccles.*, p. 396, quoted by Strickland.

† "A day at the end of May was fixed for Forest's death. Latimer was selected to preach on the occasion. . . . A gallows was erected over the stake, from which the wretched victim was to be suspended in a cradle of chains. When the machinery was complete, and the chips of the idol"—as the writer calls the large figure of a saint, brought from Wales for this purpose—"lay ready, he was brought out and placed upon a platform. The Lord Mayor, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, Lord Southampton, and Cromwell were present with a pardon, if at the last moment his courage should fail and he would ask for it. The sermon began. When it was over, Latimer

admit the usurped supremacy of the King in religious matters; and now, Mary's old tutor B. Richard Featherstone, B. Thomas Abell, her mother's chaplain, and B. Edward Powel suffered the death of traitors for the same reason, being dragged on hurdles to the place of execution at Smithfield, together with three Protestants, who were there burnt. Soon after these shocking events, which must have left a cruel impression on the mind of Mary, her beloved friend and venerable relative, B. Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, was hacked to pieces on the scaffold at Tower Green in May, 1541. All these were persons of unblemished lives, and innocent of all crime except fidelity to the cause of Queen Katherine and denial of the King's spiritual supremacy.

In 1544, Mary was restored to the rank of "princess," from which she had been degraded during the ascendency of Anne Boleyn; and from that time till the death of her father, she retained the favour of the tyrant, and indeed appears to have been on terms of considerable intimacy with his last consort, Katherine Parr.

Her Half-brother as King.

On the accession of her brother Edward, Mary became, by Henry's will as well as hereditary right, heiress presumptive to the Crown. In this position she was the object of considerable attention, sometimes of a rather equivocal nature; for on one occasion we learn that the house in which she was residing was entered by a "blood-

turned to Forest, and asked him whether he would live or die. 'I will die,' was the gallant answer; 'do your worst upon me. Seven years ago you durst not, for your life, have preached such words as these; and now, if an angel from heaven should come down and teach me any other doctrine than that which I learnt as a child, I would not believe him. Take me, cut me to pieces joint from joint; burn, hang, do what you will, I will be true henceforth to my faith.' It was enough. He was laid upon his iron bed and slung off into the air, and the flame was kindled. In his mortal agony he clutched at the steps of the ladder, to sway himself out of the blaze; and a pitiless chronicler, who records the scene, could see only in this last weakness an evidence of guilt. 'So impatiently,' says Hall, 'he took his death as never any man that put his trust in God'" (Froude's *History of England*, vol. iii p. 291).

thirsty and murderous villain," who was prevented from carrying out his assumed design of taking her life by Sir Edward Browne, an officer of her household, who was thanked by the King for his service rendered to "our dearest sister." Indeed, during the whole of the reign, Mary, being too well known and conspicuous an opponent to the religious changes now being carried out, was not permitted to remain unmolested.

In 1594 she suffered from a long and tedious illness, aggravated by a strained correspondence with the Protector Somerset respecting her required conformity with recent religious enactments. The point of contest was her refusal to deliver up her chaplain and other domestic officers for examination by the Privy Council regarding her private devotions. These proceedings were threatened in conformity with a most tyrannical law, recently enacted under severe penalties, against every priest who should celebrate and every lay man or woman who should attend Mass, even in a private house. On the death of Somerset this controversy was continued between Mary and the Council, before whom and the King she appeared for a "two hours' conference," during which Edward attempted vainly to induce her to conform. The day after this conference the ambassador of her cousin, the Emperor Charles, intimated that "if his master's kinswoman was any further molested in her religious rites, he should quit the country, preparatory to a declaration of war." This opportune and unlooked for menace was the cause of some amusing perplexity to the Council. On the one hand a war in the Low Countries, which would probably be the ruin of England; on the other, the reluctance of Edward to permit his sister to continue in what he considered "idolatry" and the daily commission of "damnable sin." However, Archbishop Cranmer, together with Ridley, the new Bishop of London, and another, undertook to soothe the conscience of the youthful theologian, maintaining that "though to give license to sin was sin, yet to suffer and wink at it for a time might be borne"—a most convenient and comfortable doctrine. This unwilling toleration was not of long continuance.

Mallet, her chief chaplain, was arrested and closely confined in the Tower. He was a kindly and sincere man, learned, and of a retiring disposition, and his imprisonment was the cause of great grief to the Princess, who in vain wrote letters of remonstrance to her brother and his council. Mass still being said by her other chaplains, and menaces or persuasions having failed to induce her household to exercise coercion over her, the Council were reduced to the expedient of sending a deputation of their own body to reduce her to obedience. A long discussion ensued, and the deputation departed, leaving Mary decidedly the victor. As the King's health rapidly declined, and it became obvious that his death could not long be delayed, the popular homage paid to the Princess increased, the principal nobility being constantly seen in her train. When that event actually took place, she was residing at Hunsdon, whence, in spite of a cunning attempt of the Council (who had decided to declare her illegitimate, and place the Lady Jane Grey on the throne) to get possession of her person, she rode, with a few devoted attendants to the castle of Framlingham, in Suffolk. Here she raised the royal standard, and in an incredible short time was at the head of 13,000 men.* This military preparation was rendered necessary by the treasonable conduct of the Duke of Northumberland, Cranmer, and other members of the council, who not only proclaimed Northumberland's daughter-in-law, the young Lady Jane Grey, Queen, but had the insolence to call on Mary to submit as a dutiful subject to her lawful and undoubted sovereign. Ridley, preaching at St. Paul's, also exhorted all who prized the

* Foxe asserts, and builds a formidable structure of censure against Mary on the assertion, that the Protestants of Suffolk, before they would support her claim, extorted a promise from Mary that the religious changes made by Edward should continue unaltered. No proof is, however, given for this assertion, and, during the subsequent persecution, these very persons presented a long petition in favour of their religion, in which not the remotest allusion is made to any such promise. If it had been given, *then* was certainly the time to urge it; and their silence on this occasion would appear conclusive that no such promise was ever made. See also Lingard, vol. v. p. 270.

pure Gospel to side with Lady Jane against the "idolatrous" Mary. At the head of an army Northumberland himself had marched to Cambridge, where at his request Dr. Edwin Sandys, the Vice-chancellor of the University, preached against Mary's title to the throne as well as her religion.*

The next day news arrived that most of the Council had acknowledged the Queen, and that the citizens of London had also enthusiastically declared in her favour. Northumberland, in terror and despair, made a foolish attempt to obliterate his treason by personally proclaiming Queen Mary in the Cambridge market-place, remarking afterwards to Dr. Sandys that "Queen Mary was a merciful woman, and that doubtless all would receive the benefit of her general pardon." The entry into the city of the Earl of Arundel, with a body of royal troops, was the immediate forerunner of the arrest of both traitor and preacher, and their despatch to the Tower. All opposition being now at an end, Mary made a gradual and triumphant progress to London, receiving the homage of her subjects at her various resting-places. At Wanstead she halted, to dismiss the army, received her sister Elizabeth, and prepare for a solemn entry into the capital of her kingdom. This event took place on August 3, 1553, amid great popular rejoicings. Arriving at the Tower, she saw kneeling on the green before St. Peter's Church, all the state prisoners—male and female, Catholic and Protestant—who had been lawlessly detained during the last two reigns. There were the deprived Bishops of Durham and Winchester—Cuthbert Tunstall and Stephen Gardiner; the aged Duke of Norfolk, still under the sentence of the tyrant, Henry; the young Earl of Devon, Edward Courtenay, a prisoner from his tenth year; the Duchess of Somerset, an early friend of the Queen, and other victims of cruel and lawless enactments. Bishop Gardiner, in the

* Whilst the sermon was proceeding, a soldier held up to public scorn a Missal and Gradual just taken from a house where Mary had recently slept. Dr. Sandys was subsequently pardoned by the Queen, by the advice of Gardiner, and in the following reign was made Archbishop of York (See Foxe, iii.).

name of all, addressed a congratulation and supplication to Mary, who burst into tears as she recognized them, and exclaiming, "Ye are *my* prisoners," raised them one by one, kissed them, and at once restored them all to liberty.

Her Reign.

Mary now found herself firmly settled on the throne, all opposition being practically ended on the arrest of Northumberland and the other leaders of the conspiracy, in whose ambition, indeed, and not in the wishes of the people, it had had its rise. Her first acts on her accession will be found to be in direct variance from the popularly accepted view of her character; for they were acts of *mercy*—a quality unusual in those times of indifference to human life, especially when it is considered that the parties concerned were taken red-handed as it were in these acts of treason. A certain Judge Hales had, during the Queen's sojourn in Suffolk, been imprisoned by the indiscreet zeal of the Council for some alleged trivial offence. The Queen hearing of this at once released him, and herself "spoke many words of comfort to him." In another case, a Worcestershire gentleman, Edward Underhill (known from his extreme Protestant zeal as "The Hot Gospeller"), for writing and publishing a scurrilous ballad against Catholics, had been thrown into Newgate, whence on the Queen's arrival he was liberated by her, and soon became one of her most attached personal adherents. But to turn to the more important prisoners. A list containing the names of twenty-seven persons, whose complicity with the recent conspiracy was a matter of little uncertainty, was submitted by the Council to the Queen before these persons were brought to trial. From this list she erased all but eleven. Of these, seven were tried, and eventually three only were executed—Northumberland, Sir John Gates,* and Sir

* It is of interest to notice here the speech made on the scaffold by Sir John Gates:

"Good people, my coming here this day is to die; whereof I

Thomas Palmer. In vain the imperial ambassadors entreated the Queen to bring the Lady Jane to trial. They urged, that as long as she lived the danger of her again being made a rival to the throne would be present: that she had actually usurped the Crown, and that prudence and policy alike required that she should expiate her presumption with her life.* To this Mary replied that she could not find it in her heart or conscience to put her unfortunate relative to death, but that every requisite precaution should be taken before she was restored to liberty.

The well-known attachment of the Queen to the Ancient Faith, which might not be considered loosened

assure you all I am well worthy; for good people, I assure you I have lived as viciously and wickedly as any man hath done in this world of sin. I was the greatest reader of Scripture that might be of any man of my degree and station; and a worse follower of the said Scripture there was not living. I did not read the Scripture to be edified thereof; nor to seek the glory of God; but contrarywise, arrogantly to be seditious, and dispute thereof, and privately to interpret it after my own brain and affection, and to suit my passions. Wherefore, good people, I exhort and pray you all to beware how, and often, with what sort of feeling, you come to read God's holy Word with. For be assured, good people, that it is not a trifle, or playing game to deal with God's holy mysteries. Stand not too much in your own conceit; for like as a bee of one flower gathers honey and the spider poison of the same, even so you, unless you humbly submit yourselves to God, and charitably read the same to the intent to be edified thereby, it is to you as poison and worse; good people, it were better to let it alone. I ask you all to remember me in your prayers to the Lord Jesus; and beg the intercession of our Blessed-Lady the Queen of Heaven. And now I put an end to my talk to you by bidding you all farewell. Remember my sad fate; practise your grand old religion, and be loyal and true to your Queen."

It is most remarkable that many of the lay "Reformers" of this period, the Duke of Northumberland amongst them, at their deaths returned to the faith of their fathers, and generally confessed that abandonment of it was the cause of their crimes and misfortunes.

* Poynet, Protestant Bishop of Winchester (*temp.* Mary), affirms "that those lords of the Council who had been the most instrumental at the death of Edward VI. in thrusting royalty on poor Lady Jane, and proclaiming Mary illegitimate, were now the sorest forcers of men, yea, became earnest councillors for that innocent lady's death" (Strype, vol. iii. part i. p. 141; quoted by Strickland).

by the recent attempt to identify the cause of rebellion with that of reformation, now became the cause of great uneasiness to the reformed preachers, who perceived that their reign was drawing to an end, and endeavoured with some success to arouse the zeal and religious animosity of their hearers. A riot occurred during the celebration of Mass in a City church; and on the next day, during a sermon at St. Paul's Cross by Bourne, one of the royal chaplains, who complained of the changes made and the illegal deprivation of Catholic prelates in the late reign, a voice cried, "Pull him down!" and a dagger was thrown at the preacher. These and similar outrages drew from the Queen a proclamation forbidding any preaching in public without a license, and advising all to moderation and forbearance.

Archbishop Cranmer, although he had been the chief instrument—indeed the author—of the divorce of the Queen's mother, and had been one of the last to abandon the conspiracy of Northumberland, had merely received an order to confine himself to his palace at Lambeth, from whence he issued and caused to be circulated a very intemperate declaration* on the subject of the Mass, asserting that it was full of horrible blasphemies and was the device and invention of the father of lies. On this he was sent for by the Council, who, "after a long and serious debate, committed him to the Tower, as well for the treason committed by him against the Queen's highness as for the aggravating the same his offence by spreading abroad seditious bills, and moving tumults to the disquietness of the present state." He was followed in a few days by Latimer, who was also committed for "his seditious demeanour."

The Queen now prepared to meet her first Parliament.†

* This declaration is printed at full length in Strype's *Cranmer* vol. i. pp. 437—8.

† Previous to the opening of Parliament, two heavy property taxes were remitted by proclamation. £60,000 per annum was also restored in estates, to some who had been attained in the last two reigns. Knowing this, it is difficult to understand how the Queen managed to bribe her Parliaments, as has been alleged by certain "historians."

According to ancient usage, all the members attended in state at the "Mass of the Holy Ghost," celebrated in the venerable Abbey of Westminster. One of the first acts passed was one affirming that the marriage of the Queen's parents was lawful and could not be dissolved, thus removing the legal stain of illegitimacy from Mary; another annulled all the religious laws passed during the reign of Edward VI., and consequently placed public worship on the same footing as it had been during the last years of Henry VIII. In order to secure the loyalty of their friends, Cranmer, Lord Guildford Dudley, and his wife Lady Jane, were by another bill attainted of treason for conspiring to exclude the Queen from the succession. As long, however, as the country remained quiet, they were merely detained in prison: by the Queen's orders receiving every indulgence compatible with their situation.

But the chief object of interest at this period was the probability of the Queen's marriage, which was warmly discussed by all parties and classes. Several suitors were proposed but the Queen appears soon to have fixed her intention on Philip, son of the Emperor Charles; and in spite of the opposition to this match shown by some of her advisers the negotiations were pushed on, and the marriage of Queen Mary with the Spanish prince, Philip, was officially announced early in 1554. The chief of the opponents to this match were the Duke of Suffolk and his brothers. Although the Duke had been pardoned for his share in Northumberland's conspiracy, when the marriage was announced he immediately left his residence at Shene, near Windsor, for his estates in Warwickshire, riding with his brothers and proclaiming his daughter, Lady Jane Grey, queen, in the villages through which they passed. In vain: for the people listened with undisguised apathy, and in less than a fortnight from his departure he was a prisoner in the Tower, involving his unfortunate daughter in the ruin he thus rashly brought upon himself. A more formidable opposition had, however, to be encountered. In Kent, Sir Thomas Wyat, at the head of fifteen hundred men, took up his quarters at Rochester, whence a force of five hundred men failed to dislodge him. News

of his apparently unexpected reverse, and that the successful rebels had left Rochester and were marching on London, created the greatest consternation in the City. The bridges were broken down, boats secured, other precautions taken, and a meeting of the citizens summoned by the Lord Mayor in the Guildhall, at which Mary herself appeared. In a most courageous speech, she complained of the insolence of the rebels, who began by condemning her proposed marriage with the Prince of Spain and now demanded the custody of her person and the royal authority. She then spoke of her marriage, saying if it were not for the benefit of the country it should not take place. "Wherefore," she concluded, "stand fast against these rebels, your enemies and mine; fear them not, for I assure ye, I fear them nothing at all." Leaving the hall she was loudly cheered, and by the next morning twenty thousand men had enrolled themselves for her protection.

In the meantime Wyat had pushed on towards the City, and the day after the Guildhall meeting entered Southwark, his forces swelled to seven thousand men. Forced by the Tower guns to retreat, he formed the extraordinary project of entering the city from the west. Marching to Kingston, he crossed the river, and with painfully thinned ranks made his way to the City, as far as Ludgate, from which he was repulsed, driven back to Temple Bar, and there arrested.

This, the second conspiracy against the Queen, called for more severe measures than the former. On the following day Mary signed the warrant for the execution of Lady Jane and her husband, Lord Guildford;* three days afterwards they were beheaded, Lady Jane, on account of her royal descent, being spared the ignominy of a public execution. She died within the Tower walls; her husband on the hill outside. Of the active ringleaders in the insurrection, six were tried; one was acquitted, one

* Lord Guildford Dudley returned to the Catholic religion before his death. Like his father and brothers, he recanted his supposed Protestantism in the Tower, and was attended to the scaffold by two Benedictine Fathers.

pardoned, and the remaining four—the Duke of Suffolk, his brother Thomas Grey, William Thomas (Clerk to the Council under Edward VI., who had been most urgent with the rebels to destroy the Queen if she fell into their power), and Sir Thomas Wyat—expiated their crimes on the scaffold. Of the other prisoners, fifty, who had deserted to the rebels, were hanged; the remainder, about four hundred, were pardoned, and returned to their homes.* The princess Elizabeth and Courtenay, the Earl of Devon, whom Mary had released and restored to his estate on her accession, having been found to have had communications with the rebel leaders, were sent to the Tower. A short time afterwards, in spite of the efforts of Renard, the Imperial Ambassador, to induce the Queen to order them for trial, they were sent in honourable captivity, the Princess to Woodstock, the Earl to Fotheringay.†

The marriage of the Queen, so long delayed, at length took place with great splendour in the Lady Chapel at the Cathedral of Winchester, on July 25, 1554: and, to judge from the external appearances of joy and satisfaction that greeted them, Philip and Mary might justly flatter

*Let the reader compare these numbers with the number of those who were executed in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, for similar attempts: also of those who in like mannér forfeited their lives for their shares in the Jacobite rebellions in 1715 and 1745. It will then be seen that the epithet "bloody" might justly be applied elsewhere. "The executions which followed the abortive and imprudent Northern Rebellion (in 1570) were terrible; nearly eight hundred people were hanged. The Queen severely censured the generals in command for not 'executing justice more promptly'" (Sharpe's *History of the Northern Rebellion*—Despatches of Lords Sussex and Hunsdon). The Bishop of Durham wrote that County the Sheriff could not procure juries, "the number of offenders is so grete, that few innocent are left to try the gultie." Sadler II. 95, note.

† At this period several conspiracies against the Queen's life were detected; and, advantage being taken of the recent annulling of the cruel law (instituted by Henry VIII.) which punished *libels* against the Sovereign with *death*, the country continued to be flooded with anonymous and disgraceful publications, reflecting on the private life of the Queen. These caused her much annoyance, and drew from her a proclamation, entreating her "loving subjects" not to listen to the slanders her enemies were actively distributing (see Strickland, vol. iii. p. 497).

themselves that they reigned in the hearts and affections of their subjects.

An indispensable duty now presented itself to the Queen: the restoration of the English nation to unity with the rest of Christendom, from which it had been severed by the imperious policy of the Queen's father. As we have noticed, one of the first acts of her Parliament had been to restore public worship to the position it had occupied under Henry VIII.; it now remained only to re-unite the several bonds with the centre of unity, the Apostolic See of Rome, and with the successor of St. Peter, the divinely-appointed Head of the whole Christian Church. Anticipating this result, the Pope, Julius III., had already on the accession of Mary appointed the venerable Cardinal Reginald Pole Papal Legate to England. But in Henry's time a bill of attainder had been passed forbidding the Cardinal from setting foot in England, in consequence of his resistance to the King's divorce and assumption of ecclesiastical supremacy. This bill was now unanimously repealed, and the Cardinal invited to come to England. At Dover he landed, and was received with every demonstration of respect, making a most triumphant progress to Westminster, where the King and Queen welcomed him with respectful cordiality. A motion was at once brought forward, in both Houses simultaneously, in favour of the re-union. It was carried in the Lords unanimously, in the Commons with only one objector. A petition was then presented to the Queen from both the Houses, stating that, looking back with sorrow and regret to the defection of the realm from communion with the Apostolic See, they hoped now to be absolved from all censures and received into the bosom of the Universal Church.

On the following day, the feast of St. Andrew, the solemn reconciliation took place. In the presence of the Queen and her husband, all the members of both Houses knelt down, and the Cardinal pronounced absolution over them, for themselves and all the kingdom that they represented. A solemn *Te Deum* was then sung in St. Stephen's Chapel in thanksgiving for

so happy a reconciliation. The Clergy made a similar submission; and thus, by the unanimous consent of Parliament and the joyful acquiescence of the people, England became once more a Catholic country. By a comprehensive bill then introduced, the jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff was admitted in all ecclesiastical matters, he was akcnowledged as chief Bishop of the Christian Church, with authority to reform and redress heresies, errors and abuses within it, appeals to him from the spiritual courts were allowed, and generally it was declared that the same authority and jurisdiction exercised in the twentieth year of Henry VIII. should without diminution or enlargement be again established. This and some other bills were then passed, and Parliament dissolved. The dissolution was marked by an "Act of Grace," whereby all the state prisoners, including Elizabeth and the Earl of Devon, still confined on account of the rebellions of Northumberland and Wyat, were unconditionally set at liberty.

The return of England to union with the rest of the Christian world,—a union unbroken since the introduction of Christianity into the land—as well as the marriage of the Queen, and the possibility of the Crown remaining in her family, which of course would be Catholic, were events that caused great dissatisfaction amongst that section of her subjects who had embraced the peculiar doctrines of the "Reformers." Nor were these latter content to acquiesce in a state of affairs which, leaving them free to think and believe as they pleased, restored the ecclesiastical supremacy to him whom they designated "The Whore of Babylon," "The Scarlet Lady," and by other extravagant and profane titles. Ferocious and scandalous words were soon accompanied by ferocious and scandalous deeds.* Several of the reformed

* A Protestant named Flower (formerly a monk) attacked one of the priests in St. Margaret's, Westminster, while he was giving Communion to the people. Flower rushed upon him, "cutting at his hand and arm, so that the consecrated Hosts were sprinkled with his blood." This zealous person was executed, and is numbered by Foxe among his "martyrs." See also examples in Strype, 210, 212.

congregations openly prayed for the death of the Queen; two of her chaplains were insulted and stoned. The reformed preachers also thundered against the "cruel Jezabel and ungodly Athalia," who "by God's laws and man's ought to be punished with death;" and those who have been represented to us as simple, pious, and God-fearing divines, made use of the most gross and obscene language in speaking of the Queen, her ministers, and the lawfully established religion of the realm.* It could not be expected that in such an age attempts like these to breed rebellion and contempt of religion and authority would be connived at or over-looked by a government possessing the confidence of the vast majority of the nation. Accordingly we find that, after the Queen's marriage, the question of the punishment of these seditious heretics was discussed in the Council, and the resolution of taking some proceedings against them communicated to the Queen, who gave a limited consent to the proposition. On this an Act was brought into the Houses of Parliament to revive three old statutes, formerly

* A few specimens of the offensive personalities and reckless imputations of the worst motives and most odious vices which characterize the writings of English Reformers at this period, will be read with both interest and disgust. John Bale, Protestant Bishop of Ossory, thus—in 1554, *before* any person had been executed for religion—addresses Bishop Bonner,—"Be ashamed of thy blashemouse doinges thou most beastlye bellye God and dampnable dongehill. . . .This beastli & unlearned bastard Bonner . . . more vyle than any kytchen slave . . . this fylthy swineheard. . . . And what is thy idolatrous mas and lowyse Latine service, thou sosbelly swilbol, but the very draf of Antichrist and dregges of the devil?" From "A Declaration," etc., by John Bale, 1554.

Thomas Becon, chaplain to Cranmer, speaks thus of Gardiner, in a book also written *before* any person had been burnt. "That great wolfe, whose face is lyke unto the face of a she beare that is robbed of her younge ones, whose eyes continually burn with the unquencheable flames of the deadly cockatrice, whose teethe are lyke to the venomous toskes of the rampyng lyon, whose mouth is full of cursed speaking & bitternes, whose tong speakithe extrem blasphemes" etc., etc. From "A humble Supplication" etc., by Thomas Becon 1554. Numbers of more gross and scurrilous passages from the works of the leading Reformers could be quoted, but the reader will probably consider the above are amply sufficient to illustrate the text.

enacted (in the reigns of Henry IV. and Henry V.) in order to suppress the dangerous and revolutionary doctrines of the Lollards. Every voice was in its favour, and in the course of four days it had passed both Houses.

The new year 1555 opened to the reformed preachers with a lowering aspect: before the close of the first month the storm burst over them. Hooper, Rogers, Saunders, and Taylor were the first victims. They perished at Gloucester, Smithfield, Coventry, and Hadley respectively. All died with great constancy, refusing to purchase a continuance of life by feigning assent to doctrines they did not believe. These prosecutions had been conducted before the Chancellor Gardiner. At their conclusion, however, he transferred the ungracious office to the Bishop of London, Bonner. But the day after this prelate took his seat on the bench, Alphonso di Castro, a Spanish friar, confessor to King Philip, in a sermon preached before the Court strongly denounced the proceedings against the Protestants as contrary to the spirit as well as the text of the Gospel, and called on the Bishops to instruct the ignorant and not seek the death of their misguided flocks. This sermon made a great impression. For five weeks all executions for heresy were stayed, and, had the fanaticism of the extreme Protestants permitted them to remain quiet, it is probable that no more would have taken place. This was not done, and, as a consequence, the magistrates received special instructions to apprehend "the spreaders abroad of seditious reports, the preachers of false and mischievous doctrines and others who assembled secret meetings, or were vagabonds without visible means of subsistence." Of these, such as were accused of heresy were to be sent to the Bishop, that "they might by charitable instruction be removed from their naughty opinions or be ordered according to the laws provided in that behalf." The Bishops, however, as a rule declined to deal with those who, in obedience to these instructions, were handed over to them, and this reluctance drew from the council a reprimand which was sent to Bonner, requiring him to proceed according to

law for the better preservation of the peace of the realm. * This was the signal for persecution, and till the end of the reign it continued with more or less vigour. Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, who in the preceding reigns had concurred in the torture and punishment of those who disagreed with them, † were now compelled to suffer the same cruel punishment they had so recently inflicted. They were executed at Oxford. Probably two hundred fell altogether under the laws against heretics; and, whilst remarking that, considering the intolerant spirit of the age, ‡ and the great provocation given by the

* Foxe, iii. 208.

† In the reign of Edward VI. the relentless ferocity of the "gentle Cranmer" was displayed against a young lady named Anne Boucher. She had been condemned for heresy by the Archbishop, but the strong reluctance of the King to consign the unfortunate lady to the flames delayed her execution for nearly a year. Cranmer was, however, determined the sentence should be carried out, quoted Scripture to support his contention, and at length with tears in his eyes, and an intimation that the responsibility of the action rested with his relentless monitor, Edward signed the warrant; and the poor lunatic (for such Anne appears to have been) perished at the stake. In the face of this and other well-authenticated facts of the same description, Cranmer's advocates still contend that he was a primitive apostle, filled with all the beatitudes, and opposed to persecution!

‡ In 1553, Calvin, the chief of the Protestants of Geneva, caused Servetus, a Spanish Protestant, to be burnt for heresy. The comments of another Protestant on this event are here reproduced, as specially applicable to the matter under consideration. "In passing judgment on the chief actors in this tragedy, we must bear in mind that the principles of religious toleration, as now recognized, were in the sixteenth century not only almost unknown, but reprobated as dangerous and atheistic. Next to professing and disseminating religious error, was the guilt of those who permitted it to exist, and, having the power of punishing heretics, refrained from its exercise. Toleration and indifference were, with our earnest-minded and devout ancestors, convertible terms. And it was argued that if treason and disrespect to earthly powers incurred the severest penalties, much more ought these to be inflicted on the guilty parties, who by their maintenance of false doctrine, had both imperilled souls and done despite to the majesty of heaven. Such sentiments were not peculiar to the Roman Catholics, but were equally shared by the adherents of the Reformed doctrines, who denounced the cruel persecutions of the Papists, not on the ground of religious liberty, but on that of impiety in destroying the holders of the true faith. *All sects agreed in the duty of exterminating heretics and unbelievers by the sword*" (Chambers' *Book of Days*, vol. ii. p. 504).

Reformers, it would have been remarkable if Mary had *not* persecuted, it must be freely allowed that these shocking executions reflect dishonour on those who advised and carried out such merciless measures. All evidence is, however, against the theory that the persecution had its rise in the malignant and bloodthirsty spirit of the Queen herself. As we have shown, she had little reason for regarding those who professed the reformed doctrines with favour. She had met with neither pity nor courtesy from them while they were in power; she had been insulted and abused by the Protestant bishops; had seen the Catholic prelates imprisoned for years; the Ancient Faith proscribed; an armed force resisting, in the name of Protestantism, her lawful rights; and her religion publicly outraged and insulted. In spite of all this, though urged by her advisers to extreme measures, she continued opposed to excessive and revengeful effusion of human blood.

Sir James Mackintosh, a Protestant writer, thus sums up the part taken by the Catholic Bishops in this persecution: "Of fourteen bishoprics, the Catholic prelates used their influence so successfully as altogether to prevent bloodshed in nine, and to reduce it within limits in the remaining five."* Cardinal Pole (who on the death of Cranmer was made Archbishop of Canterbury) took no part in the condemnations, and often rescued from the flames those who had been condemned. Gardiner, after the first executions, over which as Chancellor he presided, appears no more on the scene, and in spite of the odium which is associated with his name, really disapproved of such sanguinary intolerance. If we remember that no *proof* exists that Bishop Bonner was by choice a persecutor, † or that he was in the habit of searching for victims, also that a special reprimand from the Council was necessary to rouse him to his

* *History of England*, vol. ii. p. 328.

† "As a man Bonner was never a zealous persecutor. He seemed sick of his work" (Green's *History of the English People*, vol. ii. p. 260). For an ample vindication of Bonner, see Maitland's *Essays on the Reformation*, pp. 462—576.

ungrateful duties, a part at least of the execrations which are heaped on "bloody Bonner" would seem to be undeserved. Of this Council it is impossible to have a very high opinion. Most of the members had conformed during the time of Henry or Edward, and appear to have been the last persons who would themselves have suffered any inconvenience on account of their religion, though they were only too ready to give others unlimited opportunities of so doing. Bred under the bloody and tyrannical rule of Henry VIII.,* mercy was a stranger to them, and their policy and advice, and *not* the sanguinary disposition of the Queen or the intolerant bigotry of the Catholic Episcopate, is at the root of all the sufferings for religion that disgraced this reign.

Her Death.

Disappointed in the hope of an heir; neglected by her husband, whose long and frequent absences caused her much grief and anxiety, Mary passed the last years of her life and reign in the exercise of private charity and devotion, and in plans of restoring the Church property held by the Crown. In Gardiner, who after a lingering illness expired on November 12, 1555, she lost a zealous and faithful servant.† Her husband had long been

* It is asserted that 72,000 persons suffered death during the reign of this monster. A certain Rouse, who had attempted to poison the Bishop of Rochester, was actually boiled to death at Smithfield in Henry's reign,—a special act of Parliament being passed for this purpose.

† According to Foxe, the death of Gardiner took place under the following circumstances. On the 16th October 1555, being the day of the execution at Oxford of Ridley and Latimer, Gardiner had invited to dinner the old Duke of Norfolk; but so eagerly did he thirst for the blood of the condemned, that he would not begin dinner, but kept the aged nobleman waiting some hours till a messenger arrived to say that the faggots were fired and the execution in progress. Then dinner was served; but in the midst of his triumph he was struck down by an angry God with a fearful disease, was carried to his bed in intolerable torments, and never left it alive. This tale has been accepted as true, repeated and promulgated by almost every Protestant writer who has treated of the subject, down to the present day,—but the following will show that it is false in every detail.

On the 9th September 1555, Noailles, the Ambassador of France

engaged in a war with France, and at length, in 1557, exasperated by the intrigues of the French Ambassador, Noailles, who never ceased to incite her Protestant subjects to conspiracies and revolts against her life and authority, Mary yielded to Philip's representations, and war was declared on the French King, Henry. This war, which was but feebly carried on, resulted in the loss of Calais, the last city remaining to England of all its once vast conquests in that land. The loss was a great blow to the Queen, whose health, always delicate, had lately given way to painful and wasting diseases. Irritated by the number and virulence of the libels that were constantly circulated by the Protestant exiles on the continent, and reduced by a series of dismal, cold, and wet seasons, to the lowest state of health, Mary, early in August, 1558, fell a victim to a fever of the worst form of typhus. With alternations of improvement and relapse, she lingered for three months, edifying all who approached her by her cheerfulness, her piety, and her resignation to the will of God. Between four and five o'clock in the morning of the 17th of November she received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, and calmly expired shortly before the close of Mass, that was then said in her chamber in St. James's Palace. She had only reached her forty-second year. Cardinal Pole, her friend and relative survived her but a few hours.

Even on the Protestant principles of her own day, the events of Mary's reign admit of the fullest justification. While loudly proclaiming the right of each person to inter-

informed his Court that the Chancellor Gardiner was ill with jaundice and in some danger. On the 6th October that he was worse, and in more danger from dropsy than jaundice. Noailles further added his own opinion that there was no probability he could live till Christmas. *From the 7th to the 19th October* he was confined to his chamber and left it on that day to attend Parliament. These dates alone prove the falsehood of Foxe's story; but when to them is added the fact that the old Duke of Norfolk had been dead and buried rather more than a year at the time when he has been represented as waiting for his dinner, and that Foxe was tutor in the family of his son and had the best opportunities of learning the truth, —the magnificent lying of this great bulwark of popular Protestantism awakens our genuine astonishment.

pret the Holy Scripture according to his own idea, all the leading reformers both in England and Germany had a common desire to consign their opponents, Catholic or Protestant, to the flames or the gibbet. To persecute men for their religious principles was from first to last the leading maxim of the English reformers. The odium attached to the name of this Queen is not therefore on account of the executions for religion that took place during her reign—it is the religion itself which is the cause of offence. The pious, humane, and Catholic Mary is designated "Bloody;" while her cruel, proud, revengeful, but "reforming" sister, comes down to posterity in a halo of pseudo-sanctity as "good Queen Bess."

Sincere, disinterested, pious, and pure-minded, the true character of Mary Tudor is one to extort respect even from the most virulent of her enemies. None of these have dared to doubt her sincerity, and her modern historian, whose bias towards Protestantism in unconcealed, after a careful study of contemporary documents, is bound to admit that such documents, "are in direct opposition to the popular ideas of the character of our first Queen-regnant."* A great sovereign she certainly was not; but she was a good woman, and the decency and sobriety of her court forms a striking contrast to the dissoluteness that prevailed in her father's, and in that of Elizabeth, her successor. One of her favourite recreations was to visit and relieve the poor, in the attire and character of a private gentle-woman: and indeed, in any of the records of her private life it is difficult to find traces of the ferocious and gloomy bigot, whom Protestant "History" has substituted for the real Mary. Like Richard III., she has been unfortunate in having her biography written by those who were her most deadly enemies. But time and the painstaking researches of those whose object is real history—not such as is written in order to vilify and libel the religion which Mary professed—have cleared away many mists, and show us, even through the gloom of religious intolerance, a woman and a Queen of whom England may justly be proud.

* Strickland, vol. iii. p. 587.

APPENDIX.

PROTESTANT TESTIMONY CONCERNING PERSONS AND EVENTS ALLUDED TO IN THE PRECEDING PAGES.

"An historian (Burnet) whose bias was not unfavourable to Protestantism, confesses that all endeavours were too weak to overcome the aversion of the people towards Reformation, and even intimates that German troops were sent from Calais on account of the bigotry with which *the bulk of the nation* adhered to the old superstition. This is somewhat a humiliating admission that *the Protestant faith was imposed upon our ancestors by a foreign army*" (Hallam, *Constitutional History*, vol. i. 92).

Gilpin, one of the Reformers, states that "in Edward's reign more blind superstition, ignorance, and infidelity were promulgated in England than ever were under the Bishop of Rome. The realm was in danger of becoming more barbarous than Scythia" (Bernard Gilpin's *Sermons on the Crymes of the Realm*).

In a letter written by Calvin to the Duke of Somerset occur these passages: "As I understand, you have two kinds of mutineers against the King and the estates of the realm; the one are a fantastical people who, under colour of the Gospel, would set all to confusion; the others are stubborn people in the superstition of the Antichrist of Rome. These altogether do deserve to be well punished by a sword, seeing they do conspire against the King and against God, Who had set him in the royal seat. Of all things, let there be *no moderation*. It is the bane of genuine improvement" (MSS. Edward VI. vol. v. 1548). The translation of the above letter is in the handwriting of Cranmer.

"The great sin of the Reformation was the confiscation of so large a portion of the property of the Church, for the aggrandizement of temporal ambition, and the enriching of the nobility who had taken a part in the struggle. Almost all the social evils under which Great Britain is now labouring may be traced to this fatal and iniquitous spoliation, under the mask of religion of the patrimony of the poor, on the occasion of the Reformation" (Sir A. Alison's *History of Europe*, vol. xii. p. 384).

The Protestant Tytler, who was practically the first writer with sufficient independence to break through the trammels of Protestant prejudice, and who, like Miss Strickland, feels bound to *apologize* for the conclusions to which the knowledge of facts leads him, thus writes: "The truth seems to be that the principle of toleration, whether we look to Catholics or Protestants, was entirely unknown. In this respect Gardiner and Knox, Pole and Calvin, Mary and Elizabeth, stand pretty much on the same ground." "There are some points in English history, or rather in English feeling upon English history, which have been part of the national belief; they may have been hastily or superficially assumed; they may be proved

by as good evidence as the case admits of, to be erroneous; but they are fondly clung to, screwed and dove-tailed into the minds of the people, and to attack them is a historical heresy. It is with these musings that I approach her who is so generally execrated as the 'Bloody Mary.' The idea of exciting a feeling in her favour will appear a chimerical, perhaps a blameable one; yet having examined the point with some care, let me say for myself that I believe her to have been naturally rather an amiable person. Indeed, till she was thirty-nine years of age, the time of her marriage with Philip, nothing can be said against her, unless we agree to detest her because she remained faithful to the Roman Catholic Church; nor can there, I think, be any doubt that she has been treated by Foxe, Strype, Burnet, Carle, and other Protestant writers, with injustice. . . . After her marriage with Philip we can trace a gradual change in her feelings and public conduct. Her devoted attachment to her husband, and the cold neglect with which he treated her, could not fail to tell upon a kind and ardent heart. Blighted hope and unrequited affection will change the best of dispositions. . . . The subsequent cruelties of her reign were deplorable; yet it is but fair to ascribe much of them rather to her Ministers than to herself" (Tytler's *Edward and Mary*, vol. i. pp. 49, 50).

"To the Universities the Reformation had brought with it desolation. *To the people of England it had brought misery and want.* The once open hand was closed; the once open heart was hardened. The ancient loyalty of man to man was exchanged for the scuffling of selfishness. The change of faith had brought with it no increase of freedom, and less of charity. The prisons were crowded, as before, with sufferers for opinion, and the creed of one thousand years was made a crime by a doctrine of yesterday. Monks and nuns wandered by the hedge and the highway as missionaries of discontent; and pointed with bitter effect to the fruits of the new belief, which had been crimsoned in the blood of thousands of the English peasants" (J. A. Froude's *History of England*, vol. vi. p. 28).

"The rebellions and massacres, the political scandals, the universal suffering throughout the country, during Edward's minority, had created a general bitterness in all classes against the reformers. The Catholics could appeal with justice to the apparent consequences of heretical opinion; and when the reforming preachers denounced as loudly the irreligion which had attended their success, there is little wonder that the world took them at their word, and was ready to permit the use of strong suppressive measures to keep down the unruly tendencies of uncontrolled fanatics" (*Ibid.* p. 529).

DON BOSCO

BY MRS. RAYMOND BARKER

Giovanni Bosco was born in 1815, at Murialdo di Castlenuovo, not far from Turin. His good mother trained him from infancy in the love of God and of Our Blessed Lady. Like so many before him who have been called to do great things for God, he began life as a shepherd lad. But while tending his sheep his heart was drawn to a higher service. At the age of fifteen he quitted the sheepfold to study for the priesthood, and so to prepare to feed the flock of Christ.

His excellent abilities, aided by his earnestness and industry, soon helped him to acquire an amount of theological and other learning which is usually attainable only after many years. He was ordained in 1841, and was at once appointed to visit the town prisons. He was shocked and distressed to find among the prisoners large numbers of boys, a great proportion of whom were orphans or poor neglected children, and nearly all of whom had been led into evil-doing by villains much older than themselves. From this time he resolved to devote himself in a special manner to the friendless and homeless lads abounding in all the poorer quarters of Turin.

While pondering as to how he could best benefit them, his first orphan was sent to him unsought for. He was vesting for Mass, before daylight, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8, 1841, when he heard an outcry in the church, and hastened to learn the

cause. A ragged vagrant, attracted by the lights, had wandered in, and was gazing at the paintings and statues, when the sacristan asked him to come and serve the priest's Mass. On the boy's refusal, this testy functionary had boxed his ears. Don[1] Bosco questioned the lad kindly, found that he was an orphan, Bartolomeo Garelli by name, and utterly ignorant. He taught him then and there how to cross himself, took him home with him, and bade him come every evening for instruction.

Garelli was a mason's apprentice. He soon brought other boys with him; these again brought more, and, in less than three months, they numbered a hundred. They used to meet at first in the Institute of St. Francis of Assisi. Don Bosco gave the name of "the Oratory" to his work, to imply that its existence depended entirely on prayer, and he placed it under the special protection of Our Lady Help of Christians. Later on, when, besides many older youths who attended the evening schools, the boys amounted to three hundred, the Marchesa Barolo gave him the use of two rooms adjoining her House of Refuge. These he turned into a chapel; and finding there a portrait of St. Francis of Sales, he chose him as the patron of his work, assured that nothing but sweetness and tenderness, like that of this holy bishop, could win and save these children. Hence it became "The Oratory of St. Francis of Sales," and Don Bosco's assistants, of whom the first was the devoted Abbé Borel, are called Salesians.

But now, lest this work should lack the mark of the Cross, a succession of trials began. The Marchesa, no one knew why, suddenly withdrew the loan of the two rooms, saying that she wanted them for something else. The Archbishop of Turin, Mgr. Franzoni, who warmly appreciated Don Bosco and his work, gave him the use of a deserted church, almost in ruins. Here, except in the public square in front of the building, the boys had no playground. The inhabitants of the square complained to the Syndic or Mayor of the noise they made, and they received notice to quit.

[1] "Don" is a title given in Italy to priests. "Dom" is that of Canons Regular of St. Augustin, and some other Religious.

The Mayor and Town Council, however, willingly lent Don Bosco another disused church, with schoolroom and playground adjoining. Great was his joy and that of his boys. But alas! they were no sooner in than they were out again. An aged and retired rector, who lived hard by, took alarm at the thought of so many noisy neighbours, especially at their playtime, and so strongly urged the Town Council to withdraw its loan, that, on the second day, the children were all adrift again.

For the next two months they and the Father met in the open air. On Sundays they accompanied him to some church in the suburbs, where he said Mass for them. After a frugal but merry breakfast they were catechized, and then had games till Vespers. A long walk often closed the day, the happy and orderly band singing hymns and litanies as they returned into the town.

This outdoor existence was all very well while summer lasted, but as winter drew on, Don Bosco hired three rooms in a house called the Casa Moretta, opposite the site now occupied by the splendid Church of Our Lady Help of Christians. But fresh trials were in store. Count Cavour, a man of no religion, pretended to see, in the harmless assemblies of these poor boys, a threatened danger to the State, and declared his intention to suppress them. It required all Don Bosco's energy to avert the destruction of his work, which, moreover, was regarded with a sort of jealous fear by some who should have been among his natural protectors. In a short time, also, the other tenants of apartments in the Casa Moretta complained of the crowds of boys coming to the house, whereupon the landlord gave Don Bosco notice to leave in a week. Thus he and his work were again turned out of doors.

This was in the spring of 1846. As he could not find another house in which to assemble his boys, he hired a field. "Our good God," he said, "will not treat His children worse than He treats the little birds." Early on Sundays, before taking them to Mass, he seated himself on a grassy mound and there heard their confessions. With his arm round the neck of the young penitent

kneeling at his side, he listened in his paternal fashion to each in turn.

Before long, however, he received a week's notice to quit even this field, the trampling of so many boys being injurious to the grass. And, as if this had not been trial enough, he at the same time lost his post as Director in the Institution of the Marchesa Barolo, which was almost his only means of living.

Matters looked so hopeless that all his friends, including even the Abbé Borel, advised him to give up all the children except twenty of the youngest, "seeing that Divine Providence gave no encouragement to his work."

"Divine Providence!" he exclaimed, with kindling eyes—"Divine Providence has sent me these poor children, and never will I send one of them away! Divine Providence will send me all that is needful for them; and, since I am not allowed to *rent* a place for them to meet in, I will *build* one, where there will be room for all who come! There we shall have workshops, where they will learn trades, we shall have schools and playgrounds, a beautiful church, and many priests! All this we shall have, by the aid of Mary Help of Christians!"

As he spoke these fervid words, his friends looked gravely at one another and shook their heads. This poor priest, almost penniless, overpressed by constant work and successive trials, was plainly, they thought, losing his reason. This notion was confirmed by the detailed descriptions he would give, when asked, of his future Oratory, its size, plan, and arrangements. One by one his friends dropped off, even those on whom he had most relied. Not content with avoiding him, certain among them concocted a scheme for getting him quietly into a lunatic asylum, before his "monomania" should bring ridicule upon his brother clergy. A pair of them arranged the matter, to their own satisfaction, with the head doctor of a madhouse. Whether they would find it easy to do the same with their intended victim might be doubtful; still, two wise heads could surely outwit one crazy one. Two ecclesiastics arrived one day in a close carriage, to pay Don Bosco a visit. After drawing him

out on the subject of his Oratory, and the results he expected from it, they proposed that he should join them for a drive. He declined. They pressed him with affectionate solicitude. He yielded. In spite of all entreaties, however, his politeness would not suffer him to get first into the carriage. Impatient at the loss of time from his scrupulous courtesy, they mounted. Don Bosco, instead of doing the same, slammed the door to, and shouted to the coachman, "To the establishment!" The man, under orders to start immediately and stop for nothing, obeyed to the letter. Away went the horses full speed, the driver in no way moved by the vociferations proceeding from within the vehicle. The asylum gates were open, but closed when it had rattled in. The head doctor was in the court ready to receive the parties, who dismounted, hot and angry beyond expression.

"Calm yourselves, gentlemen," said the doctor. "I expected only one patient; however, we have ample room for two!"

They protested furiously, upon which the doctor, unable to hear a word for the noise made by both at once, calmly told the keepers to take them to their quarters. They were worse than he had expected, and "might," he said, "require the strait-waistcoat or the *douche*."

After a scene of frantic terror, the unfortunate men were only rescued by the house-chaplain, who happily knew them and readily obtained their liberty. But they had had a narrow escape; moreover, they brought on themselves, with interest, the ridicule they were so anxious to ward off. This was not the only occasion when Don Bosco's mother-wit stood him in good stead.

But the sorrowful day came when he and his boys met in their field for the last time, and no other place was yet found. His face bore traces of bitter tears. His children saw him fall prostrate on the ground and pray: "My God, Thy holy will be done! Wilt Thou forsake Thy poor orphans? Show me where to find a place for them!"

He had scarcely risen, when a man, Pancrazio Soave

by name, crossed the field, and, accosting Don Bosco, said that his comrade, Pinardi, had "a famous shed" to let. Would his reverence come and see it?

He went at once. The shed was so low that the boys' heads would in some parts touch the roof. But Pancrazio undertook to dig out the soil and lay a boarded floor "fit for a prince!"

The bargain was struck, and the shed was to be ready by the next Sunday. Don Bosco returned to his boys, who shouted for joy when told of the shed of Valdocco. Then, with their Father, the crowd of children knelt down, and, in the light of a golden sunset, recited the Rosary in thanksgiving to God and Our Blessed Lady. In this shed Holy Mass was said for the first time on Easter Day, 1846. On this spot, then poor as the stable at Bethlehem, now stands the great Oratory of Valdocco.

The boys who flocked to the new quarters soon amounted to seven hundred. The chapel was open to all the inhabitants of that poor neighbourhood, then one of the worst in the town, but which soon showed a marked improvement.

The services and instructions of the Sundays were made so attractive that, when night came, the boys were unwilling to go. "Good-night, dear Father!—till Sunday!—till we meet again!" But the good Father was, by this time, so worn out that he could hardly drag himself to his small lodging.

To his evening schools, open every week-day, young men came in such numbers that there were not enough assistants to teach them. This difficulty suggested to Don Bosco the idea of choosing out some of his most promising youths, and engaging to give them a thoroughly good education, if they in turn promised to become tutors to the others. The plan succeeded beyond all expectation. The "students," as they were called, not only proved excellent assistants, but in many cases were found to have a vocation for the priesthood.

That so many poor lads should be taught to be good Christians as well as good workmen again roused the ire of Cavour. He was now fully resolved to crush the

Salesian Oratory, and would have done so had he not received an unlooked-for check from an unexpected quarter. The King, Charles Albert, forbade that Don Bosco should be molested; and this was not the only token of his Majesty's goodwill. One New Year's Day he sent him a gift of 300 francs (about £12), after writing on the envelope the words, "for Don Bosco's little rascals."

The work of the Oratory, great as it was, did not interfere with Don Bosco's work in prisons. There, as we have said, the numbers of poor lads who, for the most part, had been led away by hardened malefactors, were his chief care, and the results of this care and interest were often most consoling. After one of the retreats he preached for them, almost all went to Communion.

He resolved to obtain for them a treat which they would appreciate more than anything else in the world—a day spent in the country. Acting at once on this splendid idea he went to the governor, and quite simply made his request. The governor, like others before him, thought that such a request could only be made by a lunatic.

"What, sir!" he exclaimed. "Do you imagine that the King's soldiers have nothing to do but take these culprits out walking? and do you forget that I am answerable for every runaway who escapes?"

"The King's soldiers are not wanted, my lord governor. I will answer for the boys, and engage to bring back every one of them."

And, strange to relate, Don Bosco obtained this unexampled permission. After Mass, on the day chosen, the picnic party of three hundred and fifty boys and young men set out from the prison in good order, led by Don Bosco, whose face, like theirs, beamed with happiness. The expedition was to the Castle of Stupinigi, twelve miles distant. All through that happy day there was not a shadow of anything disorderly. The chief thought of all these lads was to keep a tender watch over their good Father and see that he was not overfatigued. And when, after returning to the prison, the names were called over that night, not one was missing.

It is no matter for surprise that, at one time, Don Bosco could not appear in the streets of Turin without being quickly surrounded by crowds of children.

Besides the prisons, he regularly visited the Hospital Cottolengo. At the same time he was writing various books for the use of the Oratory. Under the constant pressure of work his strength completely broke down, and the doctors sent him away for rest.

But rest was not for him. His retreat, not far from Turin, was daily invaded by his boys and students, and he also returned to the town from Saturday till Monday every week. A severe cold, caught on one of these occasions, brought on so serious an illness that his life was despaired of. He refused to pray that he might recover, until reminded by the Abbé Borel how sorely his children would suffer were he to die yet. Then he murmured, "For their sakes, O Lord, if it be Thy good pleasure, let me live!" and from that night he began to amend. It was then found that nearly all his boys, in order to give weight to their prayers for their dear Father, had made vows and undertaken penances so severe that he had to interpose his authority to commute or lessen almost all.

His extreme weakness made three months of quiet necessary for him. He spent them at home, with his widowed mother, Mme. Margherita; and when the time came for his return, this good mother, whose generous heart had become warmly interested in her son's work, quitted her peaceful home to share in it, and be a mother to his adopted family. The two set out on foot, November 3, 1846, the one with his breviary, the other with a basket of provisions. Near Turin they met Don Vola, a kind priest who sometimes helped to teach Don Bosco's classes. On finding that the Father was as poor in purse as he was rich in faith, he, though equally poor, put his watch into Don Bosco's hand "as a nest-egg towards the new Oratory of Valdocco." Next day the watch was exchanged for furniture for the empty rooms; but as other payments became necessary, the vineyards and fields at Murialdo were sold, and Margherita sent for her house-linen and the few jewels she had inherited.

The best of these she gave to adorn Our Lady's altar, and sold the rest to help feed and clothe the ragged and hungry boys.

The Signora Franzoni, mother of the Archbishop of Turin, with other ladies, joined this noble woman in becoming the first female co-operators in Don Bosco's work, to which they rendered valuable assistance.

Knowing that many boys who attended the classes had no fixed place to sleep in (or worse than none), Don Bosco hired an empty hayloft as a dormitory for them, spread it with straw and such blankets as could be spared, and when these failed, with stout sacks. None but those who have tried sleeping upon straw know the comfort of a sack. The sleeper gets inside, and has thus an upper and an under sheet at once, which protects him from the pricking.

Once, to his cost, the hospital priest took in for the night a band of older vagrants he had met with. When, early next morning, he went to say a few kind words to his guests, they had disappeared, and with them every sack and blanket from the loft. This misadventure, instead of damping Don Bosco's ardour, only increased it, since the more children he could rescue from evil training, the fewer there would be left to grow up thieves.

As yet no boys were lodged at the Oratory. Its first boarder was a poor little orphan, who for two days had not tasted food, and came to the door one rainy evening wet to the skin. He was soon followed by others. But already there was not sufficient room for the numbers who assembled; a second Oratory, therefore, that of St. Aloysius, was opened on December 8, 1847 (just six years since Don Bosco had picked up his first vagrant), and placed under the charge of the Abbé Borel; the clergy of Turin, encouraged by their Archbishop, willingly assisting him, until the Oratory of St. Francis of Sales should have had time to train priests of its own for the work.

Don Bosco, who remained at Valdocco, was anxious to buy the house for a permanent home for homeless boys, but the exorbitant price asked by Pinardi made

this impossible. He could only rent more rooms in it when they became vacant, and in these he soon had fifteen waifs and strays. Besides these, he took in, only for meals, fifty boys one week, and another fifty the next, alternately. These dinners—always of soup and bread, bread and soup—were made delightful by the charming stories with which the Father knew so well how to interest his boys in all that is "true, good, lovely, and of good report," in holiness, uprightness, and virtue. Remarking the sweet voices of many of his boys, he much encouraged them in the study of music. The great success of his evening schools having led the Town Council to make him a grant of six thousand francs (£240), they added another thousand as a prize for music.

Don Bosco, as a matter of course, incurred the relentless hatred of the freemasons, socialists, and secret societies, by whose emissaries repeated attempts were made to assassinate him. One day, while surrounded by the children at Valdocco, he was shot at through the window. His arm was raised to beat time to their singing, and the bullet passed through his cassock, between the breast and arm. The boys sprang to his side, but he only said, looking ruefully at the hole: "My poor cassock! old as it is, it is my only one!"

Late one night, he was sent for to "a dying woman." It was a snare laid for him. As he entered the room, four ruffians set upon him with clubs. Throwing down the solitary candle, he escaped in the darkness. On several other occasions when his life was attempted, he was defended by a magnificent dog who attached himself to him, and to which, from his grey colour, he gave the name of *Il Grigio*.

Don Bosco's wish to buy Pinardi's house was realized in 1851, the owner having brought down his price to thirty thousand five hundred francs (£1,220), the whole sum to be paid within a fortnight. At the moment he made this agreement Don Bosco had not a single crown towards this amount, but as this was a matter of necessity for his boys, he had perfect confidence in Divine Providence. Nor was his trust disappointed. No sooner had

Pinardi left him, than a priest, Don Cafasso, brought him a gift of ten thousand francs from the Countess Richardi: and, next day, another priest came to consult him as to the use he should make of a sum of twenty thousand francs placed in his hands for any charitable purpose to which he should decide to apply it. And so the affair was settled. The banker added three thousand francs for cost of transfer, and the house of Valdocco became Don Bosco's property.

His first thought was to build the church. This began with the same total absence of funds, and was carried on by the same evident interposition of Divine Providence in sending them. When, early in 1852, it was completed and consecrated, many persons remembered Don Bosco's words five years before. When, in 1847, the workmen were digging out the floor of the "famous shed," the boys ran up and down the mounds made by the earth thrown out. Don Bosco mounted one of these, and said: "My children, on this very spot will one day stand the altar of a beautiful church; here you will kneel to receive our Lord, and here you will sing His praise!" The High Altar of the Church of St. Francis of Sales stands on this very spot.

When, some months later, the cholera broke out in Turin, and the hospitals and lazarets were full, it was difficult to find persons willing to nurse the sick. From the first, Don Bosco and his priests had hastened to this work of charity, but, as the scourge increased, he allowed also forty of his boys, who offered themselves, to help as infirmarians, chiefly among the destitute poor of the Valdocco quarter, while Madame Margherita emptied her linen chests one by one, even to her last tablecloth, for the benefit of the poor sufferers. It was remarked that not one of the boys of the Oratory was attacked by the cholera.

The church being finished, Don Bosco began the long-desired Home for his children. His joy at its completion was darkened by the greatest sorrow of his life, the loss of his admirable mother, who, on the 25th of November, after receiving the last Sacraments, died in his arms. With many tears, he hastened from his beloved dead to

offer the Holy Sacrifice for her soul, after which, kneeling before Our Lady's statue, he prayed aloud: "O Mother of Mercy! My children and I have no longer a mother upon earth. Show thyself, therefore, more than ever, a Mother to them and to me!"

Most touching was the funeral of Margherita. All her adopted children were there, and many persons who saw them were moved to tears by the grief of these poor boys.

Don Bosco's prayer to the Mother of Mercy was not in vain. His work prospered more remarkably than ever, and it was not long before the great Oratory of Valdocco realized in every particular the plans and predictions which had brought upon him the charge of lunacy.

This Oratory has sleeping room for a thousand persons, exclusive of those who attend the day and evening classes. Every useful trade is taught, by skilled artizans, in the large workshops attached to the main building; the printing department, with its various dependencies, being especially important. The boys are divided into two categories: artizans or craftsmen and students. The latter receive a good education for the career for which they show the greatest aptitude or inclination, and many of these are now practising creditably as lawyers, doctors, professors, and men of science.

After his works had been going on for some time Don Bosco was strongly urged to form a Congregation to ensure their stability. The Salesian Society was definitely approved by the Holy See in 1874. It now (1898) numbers over three thousand members. There are more than two hundred Salesian houses in different parts of the world—in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Chief among these houses are large industrial schools, where thousands of poor boys receive a Christian education and are taught some art or trade. The press in all its departments receives special attention, being also the means of spreading instructive and moral literature. The Missions among the heathen had a great share of Don Bosco's zeal for souls. Since their beginning (1875) to the present time, thirty numerous bands of missionaries

have been sent from the Mother House to foreign lands. There are now two Vicariates and one Prefecture Apostolic entrusted to the Salesians. The principal fields of their labours are Patagonia and Terra del Fuego. There homes, industrial schools, and agricultural colonies have been established, and the Indians, weaned from a savage and nomadic life, have been formed into civilized and flourishing Christian communities. Two lazarettos, or leper hospitals, in Columbia, are also under the care of the Salesian Fathers. In 1887, by the express wish of the Holy Father, and with the consent of the Bishop of Southwark, they undertook the charge of the Mission of the Sacred Heart, Old Battersea, London, S.W. A commodious and beautiful church has since been erected, the schools enlarged, and a large plot of land secured where they hope to extend the work for poor boys which they have already successfully begun. We ask the prayers and alms of our readers on their behalf.

It is stated that, including those who frequent the night and Sunday schools, there are now about half a million children under the care of the Salesians in their various establishments.

It might be supposed that Don Bosco was somewhat rash in his undertakings: this, however, is not the case. To those who utterly give up all things for God and His poor, God refuses nothing. Don Bosco always made it a rule, 1st, only to begin a new foundation when plainly necessary: 2nd, he always began very humbly, asking only for "a roof and bread," at first, but invariably the inmates, so to speak, came before the building; the house did not wait for them, but they for the house. He was a first-rate organizer and administrator, taking everything into account, and overlooking nothing. Naturally eager and quick-tempered, he obtained such perfect mastery over himself, that nothing had power to affect his patience. With weak health and eyesight, he got through a daily amount of work that was simply enormous. Even the letters he received used to amount on an average to two hundred a day.

"When Lord Palmerston went to Valdocco," writes

Lady Herbert of Lea,[1] "he called on Don Bosco simply as an English stranger, without giving his name. He examined all the workshops, talked with the children, and after the simple dinner to which Don Bosco had invited him, asked how he managed a thousand boys without any punishment. Don Bosco smiled and said, 'Stay with us till evening, and you will see.' Lord Palmerston stayed and went into the chapel, where, after the evening recreation, the boys had all assembled, and then he heard Don Bosco speak to them. He listened to their simple and voluntary confession of the faults of the day, and Don Bosco's words of counsel and loving encouragement to each, and when he came out he wrung Don Bosco's hands, saying, 'Now I understand. You have won all their hearts, and can mould them as you please.' Then he gave his name, and said that for the first time he had learned what love could do with rough and untaught natures."

In 1865 Don Bosco laid the foundation of the splendid church of Our Lady Help of Christians. Pope Pius IX., on hearing of his wish to build this church, had said that its dedication would draw down many graces from the Queen of Heaven. At the same time His Holiness sent him his blessing, and a gift of five hundred francs. This had helped to pay for the ground, but when the first stone was laid Don Bosco had only forty centimes (fourpence) in his pocket. At the end of a fortnight he owed the workmen a thousand francs, and these poor men could not be kept waiting for their money. Going to visit a dying lady, whom he had advised to make a novena to Our Lady Help of Christians, he met the lady, cured, and returning from church, whither she had been to return thanks for the great favour she had received. At the same time she begged him to accept her first thank-offering for the Church of our Lady, and put into his hand a packet containing fifty gold napoleons, exactly the thousand francs of which he was in need.

Don Bosco kept silence about this cure, but not so the lady. The news of the favour she had received

[1] See *The Month* for January, 1884.

spread rapidly. Numbers of persons made novenas to Mary Help of Christians, promising, if their petitions were granted, to make an offering to her church. And so abundant and continuous were these thank-offerings, that in fact, as the registers prove, this magnificent church was entirely built with them. An appeal for funds never once became necessary, the sums required always coming in, unsought for, except by prayer, and always at the moment when they were most urgently needed. Thus the very stones of this beautiful sanctuary testify to our Divine Saviour's pleasure in granting petitions which He receives through His own Immaculate Mother.

We have not space to mention more than one or two of the numberless cures which began in connection with the commencement of this church. We give the facts: it is for the infallible voice of the Catholic Church alone to pronounce upon their miraculous character.

The following instance has led to important results, of a spiritual kind, to a whole town.

In San Pietro d'Arena, a town of thirty thousand souls, the church was almost empty, and the influence of the one priest paralyzed by the action of three masonic lodges. In this town the wife of a railway clerk, and the mother of five children, lay dangerously ill. Her state being pronounced hopeless, the priest proposed to administer the last Sacraments. The woman, who was not very devout, declared that she would make her confession to nobody except Don Bosco. The priest immediately wrote to him, and he came without delay. The woman received him with great satisfaction. He spoke to her cheerfully, and heard her confession. Instead, however, of giving her the Holy Viaticum afterwards, he said: "With regard to your Communion, we shall be more at our ease in the church. I will say Mass for you, and will set my children to pray for the same intention. Come to my Mass some morning, and I will give you Holy Communion."

The husband, who was in the room, exclaimed with indignation, "This is an ill time to jest! You see that this woman is dying—helpless to rise from her bed—and you talk to her of going to church!"

"Our Lady Help of Christians," said Don Bosco, quickly, "can obtain for us everything she wishes. Let us, all together, pray to her."

And he knelt down—the husband, to his own surprise, following his example—and recited the *Pater*, *Ave*, *Gloria*, and *Salve Regina*. Then he passed a medal round the woman's neck, gave one to her husband, and left the house. Immediately the woman felt a change come over her. All pain was gone, and every trace of fever. She was completely cured. A day or two afterwards she and her husband were at church, returning fervent thanks for the favour granted to them. The husband's conversion was complete, and was followed by that of large numbers of his fellow-townsmen. The church was soon full again, the good parish priest found three more clergy none too many to assist him, and his heart overflowed with joy.

Soon after a Salesian Oratory was founded in the town. A large church has also been built, to which the Salesian priests are attached, doing a great work among the people.

On the feast of Corpus Christi, 1874, when the doors of the Church of Our Lady Help of Christians, at Turin, were opened early in the morning, a poor man, bent almost double from curvature of the spine, lay helplessly on the ground before the middle entrance. He said he had come to ask Our Lady's blessing, that he might be made straight. He was, with some difficulty, assisted to the sacristy, the contraction of the spine and limbs rendering his stout crutch almost useless. Don Bosco, on seeing him, asked how he had contrived to get there.

"A neighbour brought me in his cart and left me. As the doctors can do me no good, I thought Our Lady Help of Christians would help me, as she has helped so many others."

"Kneel down, my good man," said Don Bosco; and those present managed to get the poor man on his knees.

Signing him with the Cross, Don Bosco said, "If you have faith in God's mercy and in Our Lady's intercession, stretch out your hand."

"I cannot."

"Yes, you can; begin by the thumb."

He did so, and then, one by one, stretched out the long-rigid fingers. "Yes!" he exclaimed, joyfully, "the holy Madonna has obtained this for me!"

"Then give glory to God by standing on your feet."

The man tried to reach his crutch.

"No! show your confidence by standing up by yourself."

He did so. All stiffness and deformity were gone. He stretched himself to his full height, and strode up and down the sacristy.

"My friend, in token of your gratitude, go and genuflect before the altar of the Most Holy Sacrament."

He obeyed, and as he returned, fervently gave thanks aloud to God and Our Blessed Lady.

"And now promise that you will have a great devotion to the Holy Virgin, and lead the life of a good Christian."

"I promise! and next Sunday I will go to confession and communion." Then, taking up his crutch, he carried it aloft, as if presenting arms, and gravely marched out of the church and back to his parish.

The next instance we will relate decided a vocation to the priesthood.

The Count of Giletta and Casella, one of the highest of the old nobility of Piedmont, being left a widower, desired, after the marriage of his only son, to devote the rest of his life in some special manner to the service of God. He consulted Don Bosco on the subject, and was by him advised to become a Salesian priest. From motives of humility he hesitated to follow this advice, and took time for consideration.

Going one morning, as was his wont, to see Don Bosco, he found the ante-room already full of people, waiting their turn, and took his place near the door. (This was on May 23, 1877, the day before the feast of Mary Help of Christians.) He at once noticed near him a peasant woman and her daughter, a girl of ten or eleven years old. The child appeared to be in great

suffering; she was unable to stand or sit without being supported, and fell helplessly to the right or left as she was moved. After waiting some time the mother, with a deep sigh, rose to go, holding the girl up under the shoulders, while her limbs bent powerlessly under her. Being asked why she was going without having seen Don Bosco, she said, "The child suffers too much to stay longer; besides, I am wanted at home. I only wanted to ask Our Lady's blessing for my poor girl." Then she told how her daughter, who was subject to frightful convulsions, had, after one of them, remained paralyzed, and for a month past speechless, being no longer able to articulate a word.

All present, touched with compassion, offered to let this poor child pass before them. It was plain that nothing short of a miracle could cure her. With this conviction, a sudden thought occurred to Count Giletta. Lifting up his heart to God, he prayed that this child's cure might be to him a sign to enter the priesthood, resolving, should this not be granted, to give up all thoughts of it.

A few moments afterwards the mother and daughter went into Don Bosco's room. The girl was laid upon a couch, while the mother told her sad story. Don Bosco then bidding her to have confidence in God, and in the help of Mary, had the child held in a kneeling posture, and gave her the blessing of Our Lady Help of Christians. He then told her to make the sign of the Cross.

She began it with her left hand, which was not paralyzed.

"No! not with the left hand; with the right."

"But, Father, she has not the use of her right hand."

"No matter! Now, my child, try."

The girl raised the paralyzed arm, and made the sign of the Cross.

"Well done! you made that very well indeed, but you did not say the words. Now make it again and say the words with me."

She did so, repeating, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, "Our Blessed Lady has cured me!"

The mother, hearing the dumb child speak again, burst into tears of joy.

"And now," said Don Bosco, "make haste to thank Our Lady, and say the Hail Mary with all your heart."

The girl said it distinctly with great devotion, after which she walked and then ran round the room, with a firm and easy step. Her cure was complete. In her joy she opened the door into the ante-room, and said to those whose pity had let her, a speechless, helpless sufferer, pass before them: "Help me to thank Our Blessed Lady! See, she has cured me. I can use my hand, I can walk; there is nothing the matter with me any more!"

No words can describe the emotion produced by the sight and the words of the cured child, nor the tearful joy and awe with which the people crowded round her, with exclamations of wonder and gratitude to God and the Blessed Virgin. Don Bosco was so impressed by what had taken place that he was trembling from head to foot. Mother and child hastened to make their thanksgivings in the church.

The sign that Count Giletta had scarcely dared to ask was given. "The Holy Virgin has spoken," he said, "I will be a Salesian priest."

His resolution was strengthened when, some weeks later, meeting a young girl, who with her parents was taking an offering to the Church of Our Lady Help of Christians, he recognized her to be Guiseppina Longhi, the child so marvellously cured. He stopped to ask if her health continued good.

"Yes," she said, "I am perfectly well. I can walk and talk and write, and learn my lessons just as if I had never been ill."

"And see what a fresh colour she has in her cheeks," said the mother; "and her appetite is excellent. All our neighbours agree that her recovery is a miracle." The Count needed no assurance; he saw the child, and that was enough.

Guiseppina Longhi is at this moment one of the

Religious Congregation of Mary Help of Christians, founded by Don Bosco. Don Charles Albert Cays de Giletta, Salesian priest, died in 1882. R.I.P.

A year after the cure we have just related, *i.e.*, on May 24, 1878, a young officer came in great distress to Don Bosco, to entreat his prayers for his wife, brought by a cruel malady to the point of death. Don Bosco, as always on such occasions, invited his visitor to kneel down and pray with him, asking Our Blessed Lady to aid them with her intercession. Then, with a few kindly words of comfort and hope from the priest, the officer took leave.

In less than an hour he was back again, asking eagerly for Don Bosco. He was told that he could not now be disturbed, as he was presiding at a meeting of benefactors of the House. His entreaties to see him for "only one moment" prevailed, and Don Bosco hearing his name went at once, to find him radiant with joy.

"Whilst I was with you, Father, my wife suddenly ceased to suffer. All pain was gone! and, not only this, she felt a new strength in all her limbs, insisted on leaving her bed, and dressed herself. I entered the house, she came to meet me, declaring that she was cured." He then put into Don Bosco's hand a rich gold bracelet, a present he had made his bride on their wedding-day. "With all our hearts," he said, "we offer this to Our Lady Help of Christians in token of our gratitude."

Don Bosco returned to the assembly, showed the bracelet, and told how he had just received it as a thankoffering.

The chief works founded by Don Bosco are:—

1. The Congregation of St. Francis of Sales, or of Salesians, consisting of several hundred priests and lay coadjutors. This is a Congregation with the three simple vows of religion, and was definitely approved by Pius IX. in 1874.

2. The Congregation of Daughters of Mary Help of Christians, which is an institute of nuns who do the

same work for girls that the Salesian Fathers do for boys. They are under the direction of the Salesians in the same way as the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent of Paul are under that of the Fathers of the Congregation of the Mission.

3. To carry on these works Don Bosco established the "Association of Salesian Co-operators." All persons over sixteen years of age may be enrolled under two conditions: (1) to say daily a *Pater*, *Ave*, and *Gloria* to St. Francis of Sales for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff, and (2) to give monthly or yearly some alms according to their means for the Salesian works. They are called upon to unite themselves in spirit and work to the religious themselves. Pius IX. granted to the Co-operators all the Indulgences of the 3rd order of St. Francis of Assisi, and many other privileges. Members may be enrolled by the Rector of any Salesian house. Those who wish to join in England should apply to the Rev. F. Rector of the Salesians, Church of the Sacred Heart, Old Battersea, London, S.W., who will gladly give every information respecting this Association.

Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., on inscribing his own name as Co-operator, said to Don Bosco: "Each time that you have to address your Co-operators tell them that I bless them from my heart. The purpose of your Society being to rescue the young from ruin, bid them unite their heart and soul in aiding you to accomplish this purpose."

The work of the Co-operators is, to assist the Salesian Fathers in seeking out destitute children, to collect small sums towards their clothing and maintenance, and to aid in the distribution of Christian books: and it thus appeals in an especial manner to Members of the Catholic Truth Society.

4. Many young men after a good commercial education and after entering on a business life give solid proofs of a vocation to the Priesthood, but find it very difficult to follow it up, as they have no means of obtaining instructions in Latin. Don Bosco therefore started the "Association of Mary Help of Christians" to facilitate

such vocations. He organized in his houses a special course of study for such candidates, so that they may be speedily ready to begin their theological studies. The members of the Association help to defray the cost of maintenance of such candidates.

It is stated by Dr. d'Espiney that among all the thousands of boys trained by the Salesian Fathers, not one has been known to incur judicial prosecution or penalty. Every year thousands of youths leave them, fitted for the work of their life, and other children enter their Houses, to receive the same care and training in their turn. From various countries requests are received to plant fresh off-shoots of their work, but it is with comparatively few of these demands that the Salesians can comply, for want of sufficient numbers of priests and professors to meet them.

For some years Don Bosco had been very feeble, so that it was very difficult for him to go about, and his sight was failing fast. Towards the end of 1887 his condition became more and more alarming. In a letter which he dictated in December for the January number of the *Bulletin Salésien*, giving an account to the Co-operators of the works undertaken during 1887, he seemed to foresee his approaching death. He wrote: "I must tell you that my health is sensibly declining. I feel that I am about to leave you, and that the day of my death is near. If what I foresee is realized, and this is the last letter that you will ever receive from me, let me say one word more to you as a remembrance. I recommend to your charity all the works which God has willed to confide to me during well-nigh fifty years; I recommend to you the Christian education of the young, ecclesiastical vocations, and foreign missions; but I recommend to you also, and in a most special manner, the care of poor and destitute children, who have ever been on this earth the portion of my family most dear to my heart, and who will be, I hope, by the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, my crown and my joy in heaven."

On Dec. 22nd, Don Bosco's condition became still more critical, and on the 24th he received Holy Viaticum

and Extreme Unction from the hands of Mgr. Cagliero, Vicar Apostolic of Patagonia, who had come to Italy for the Papal Jubilee. Mgr. Cagliero was one of the first of Don Bosco's pupils, and dearly beloved by him. For some nine days all hope of recovery seemed lost, but prayers were offered all over the world that a life so precious might be saved to the Church. At length on Jan. 3, 1888, a great change took place, and Don Bosco rallied to such an extent that the doctors declared that he was out of imminent danger. Hope filled the hearts of his children, but only for a little while. He gradually lost strength again, and had great difficulty in taking food. Even during these days of physical weakness, his life-long love for his poor boys was manifested. The doctors deemed it prudent that he should keep very quiet, but Don Bosco would not give way to this in so far as his boys were concerned. The priests and superiors might be kept away from him, but his children must be allowed to have access to him. He had lived for them and he would help them as long as he lived. His weakness continued to the same extent all through the month. On the 29th, the Feast of St. Francis of Sales, he saw many of his religious, and spoke words of counsel and edification to them. Towards evening the whole of his right side became paralyzed, and his breathing most difficult. The whole of Monday, the 30th, he continued in the same state, assisted with filial love by Mgr. Cagliero. Towards 2 a.m. on Tuesday morning the end was fast approaching, and all the superiors of the Salesian Congregation were gathered round the bed of their dying Father. Don Rua, his Vicar General, bent over the bed and begged him to bless once more all those who were so dear to him. The dying man raised his left hand—the right was paralyzed—and tried to bless them with it. At 3 a.m. a telegram arrived bringing a last blessing from the Holy Father. Then for an hour Don Bosco seemed quite unconscious. Soon after four, the bells of the Church of Our Lady Help of Christians rang out the Angelus. At their sound Don Bosco seemed to awake: he opened his eyes and looked at those who were around; then a heavenly smile came upon his lips, and he expired gently in the peace of the Lord.

The holy remains were exposed in the first church built at the Oratory, and during the whole of Jan. 31st and Feb. 1st the people of Turin came in crowds to pray round the body of him who for so many years had been the chief glory of their city. On Feb. 2nd, the Requiem Mass was sung by Mgr. Cagliero in the Church of Our Lady Help of Christians. It had been hoped that it would have been possible to bury Don Bosco in the crypt of the church; but notwithstanding petitions presented by persons of high position, backed by the wishes of the whole people of Turin, the Italian Government refused to grant the necessary authorization. The funeral took place, therefore, in the afternoon, at the Salesian Foreign Missionary Seminary at Valsalice, just outside Turin, and a hundred thousand people followed in the funeral procession. The children whom he had loved so much were not wanting, and thousands of boys and young men followed their great benefactor with tears in their eyes, and prayers on their lips.

Don Bosco is no longer in the world to encourage men by his words and lead them on to the love of the poor and neglected. But his name and example will live for ever; and he will be remembered in the Church as a great servant of God raised up providentially in our own time to do a work the most urgent and pressing that can be conceived, the saving of poor children from loss of faith and virtue. His work lives after him; and the Salesians will go on walking in his steps, helped more powerfully than ever by their Father now that, as we have good reason to believe, he is in presence of that Divine Master whom he loved so well and served so faithfully during his long life on earth.

POPERY IN THE FIRST CENTURY.

"Salute Clement, and the rest of my fellow-labourers, whose names are written in the Book of Life. *Phil.* iv. 3.

NOTHING in the world so exercises "advanced thinkers" and "anxious inquirers" of the present day as the fact that the Primitive Church so soon developed into Popery. "We cannot deny," say they, "that the liturgies, the monuments, the phraseology of all who immediately followed the Apostles and the early teachers of Christianity are all tinged with the sacerdotalism of the present Roman Church, nor that this Popery did take possession of the Church directly it was founded by the Apostles, so that it held complete possession of it until the Reformation. And this is so awkward," say they, "for us who profess to admire 'evangelical truth' with 'apostolical order,' and who allege that we split off from Rome in order to revive the purity of primitive times in the sixteenth century, with the aforesaid evangelical truth and apostolical order. In appealing to the Primitive Church we are at once confronted with Roman influence." Nor can I dissent from them. I am obliged to admit that it is very "awkward for them;" but I say as Festus to St. Paul, "Thou hast appealed to Cæsar, to Cæsar thou shalt go." So the appeal being made to Primitive Christianity, to Primitive Christianity we will go. And to this end I will engage you to consider the portrait of a most conspicuous person in the early Church, and to follow him, with me, as we select for the scene of action, first, the City of Rome, and then the Crimea.

You know, therefore, that our scene is in Rome and the Crimea, or Chersonesus, under Trajan, the Roman Emperor, about the year 102. We will salute this companion of St. Peter and St. Paul, Clement, the fourth Pope from St. Peter, and the first Pontiff of patrician rank. Now, first, the fourth Pope was a relative of Domitian the Emperor, and he would have been second Pope, had

St. Peter had his will; for he desired that Clement should succeed him. But, no! the Popedom has never been given away as an heirloom, from friend to friend, so Clement would not take the See until he received it from merit, and not presentation. So in your Missals you find Linus and Cletus each head of the Church before Clement. What humility in our Saint! One would almost say that Christ's words still rang in his ears, "Let him who commands among you be as he that serves! Behold, I have given you an example!" Well, his first act as Pope was to institute seven "Notaries," who should keep a record of the saintly deaths of martyrs for the faith, and commit them carefully in writing. These were the first processes of canonization. Secondly, he ordained that the Sacrament of Confirmation should come as soon after Baptism as possible, and before First Communion for adults, as converts then were. Thirdly, he ordered that when even a Bishop should officiate, or celebrate a Mass, he should be enthroned, and in his own church a permanent Bishop's throne or cathedral be fixed. Fourthly, he was a fervent and eloquent preacher, and never tired of announcing the Word of God. But his preaching had this peculiarity about it, that it not only tended to make men good, but induced them to strive after a life of perfection. His preaching brought about two events, which had the greatest influence on his epoch, and eventually brought about his own martyrdom. It is of these I wish to speak as elucidating the early Apostolic Church, more than anything I can think of: the veiling of Flavia Domitilla and the conversion of Theodora.

St. Peter had attached to the faith two slaves—Nereus and Achilleus, the slaves of a great Roman lady, Flavia Domitilla. She was the niece of the Emperor, Domitian, and daughter to Clement's own brother, Flavius Clemens, a man of consular dignity and aristocratic rank. This lady was engaged to be married to Aurelian, a gentleman of the court, and one of those whose families ranked with the best set in Rome. But the two slaves went weekly to Holy Mass in the catacombs to hear Clement preach. They came home one day, their minds full of an admirable

discourse of Clement's, in which he had distinguished between the precepts of the Gospel and the counsels of perfection, *i.e.*, between the life of ordinary Christians who obey the ten commandments and of those who take the vow of virginity, obedience, and poverty. The sermon exists. They found Lady Flavia arranging herself in costly robes and braiding her hair with pearls, the wealth of her golden hair almost concealing her. "Oh! my lady," said Nereus, "would that I could see you, who are a Christian, taking as much pains to please your heavenly spouse, Jesus Christ, as you take to please an earthly prince." "Why, surely there is no harm, Nereus, in this, that a maid should try to please her betrothed? 'Marriage is honourable in all,' says St. Paul." Domitilla knew her Christian doctrine well. "Yes," said Nereus, "let marriage be honoured by all who are engaged in it, and by all others; but that does not say all are to marry," and taking out a scroll of parchment he showed her Paul's first letter to the Corinthians: "I would have you all to be without solicitude. He that is without a wife careth for the things that are belonging to the Lord, how he may please the Lord. . . . There is a difference also between a wife and a virgin. The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and spirit; but she that is married careth for the things of the world, how she may please her husband." Domitilla became pensive at these words. "Would that I could release myself from my engagement. Why did I never hear this before? Would to God I had heard this discourse before I had plighted my troth to Aurelian." The brother took her to Pope Clement. Clement, after a little questioning, at once gave her the veil and admitted her to vows. A fine disturbance this caused in polite Rome. Why, the marriage was a settled thing; it had been arranged; the bouquets and trousseau were bought, as we should say. In a word, Aurelian got a *lettre de cachet* from Domitian. Flavia was banished to the island of Pontia, the two slaves sent away to Terracina, and there they were scourged first, and then put to death by a process that makes one's fists clench, and one's teeth grind when one reads the diabolical

cruelty. Hot plates of iron, hot and hot, were laid on their breasts, until scourge and fire and rack set free their simple and immortal souls. As for their bodies, Auspicius, Flavia's steward, took them and buried them by the side of St. Peter's own daughter, Petronilla, on the *Via Ardeatina.* Aurelian then, her counsellors being disposed of, took Flavia to Terracina, and thinking he had her now in his power, invited his wedding guests to a banquet and ball. Flavia went to her prayers ; and whilst she and her maids, Euphrasia and Theodula, sang the long litanies, Aurelian, smitten by God's hand, fell down dead in the midst of the revelry. Some extravasation of blood on the heart, or on the brain, had ended him. His brother Luxorius left him, and crying out, "The witch Flavia hath done this," set fire to the oratory with shavings and faggots. The work was soon done, and they burnt—yes, they burnt this company of chaste maids amid the ruins of the palace. But behold next morning a deacon, Cæsarius, found the bodies among the charred and smouldering beams and rafters and the calcined walls. Dead, but perfect in their death were they ; not a hair of their virginal heads was singed, but they lay as priests are extended at High Mass on Holy Saturdays, when the long Litanies are sung. There were they buried until Clement VIII. removed their bodies to the Church of Nereus and Achilleus, where Flavia and her household now repose until the Resurrection. Beautiful union of an early Catholic family ! Her sepulchral stone has "Flavia in pace," not "Requiescat in pace," because she had sealed her faith with her blood. Purgatory was not for her. After a moment of repose, we will come to an episode in the life of Clement, at once momentous and divine.

A convert lady of high birth was listening to Clement as he said Mass one day in the Catacombs. This was Theodora, wife of Sizinius, a heathen. Clement had instructed and baptized her. Her husband had not yet been told of this. But seeing that his wife had made the sign of the Cross, that she came home early in the dawn before he had left his couch, he watched her. He saw her bring some object in a little silver box—but knew not

that the silver box contained the ever-blessed Eucharist. His suspicions were excited; the light, her prostration before this sacred object, caused him to follow her after midnight. She was evidently a Christian. What did Christians down there in the sand quarries? He would find out. Through the forum, through the Appian Gate, he followed his wife, always keeping in shadow. Down into the Campagna he followed her in the moonlight; at a tuft of tamarisks and ilex she disappeared, but not before he saw her give a password and a sign, to a solitary figure. He gave the same sign, he was passed; he came to the entrance of a shaft; the fragrance of sweet incense met him, then the sweet sound of a Roman chant caught his ear. He followed till the narrow passage opened out into a circular space. There stood Clement in his *penula* or vestment; crowds around him at the altar. His wife Theodora knelt amongst them. In a bad, mocking spirit he would have seized her. But God, as Clement sang the prayer, smote him with blindness suddenly, as Christ blinded Saul, and as Elymas the sorcerer was blinded. Down fell the poor man staggering towards the altar. The Christians entreated Clement to have mercy on him. "Let the Mass be finished first," and he proceeded with the Consecration and the Communion. Then Clement, making him draw nigh, gave him some elementary truths, taught him one God, one faith, and asked of him, "Wilt thou be baptized?" "Yes, if I may receive my sight." So God blinded his eyes from external day that he might receive illuminating grace for his soul. And Sizinius himself believed, and his whole house, and numbers of his adherents were added to the faithful.

Now all this could not be hid; a great candle cannot be concealed under a bushel. A counter heathenism was at hand, as a counter reformation is now going on in this country. Society in general began to be shaken; they stood upon a crater-crust, and they knew it; they felt the earth heave under them, which might at any day burst and dart forth fire. Mamertine, the Provost of Rome, a moderate and yet liberal man, came and spoke to Clement, just as people of the upper class speak to converts

of the present day. He tried all his powers of persuasion. "Now, Clement, do come back to us, and adore the gods of the Roman Empire. Now, you are a gentleman, Clement, by birth and breeding. You will lose caste; you will be cut by all your old friends in society; you will be cold-shouldered by your own best friends. Why should you adore a slave who was gibbeted on a Roman 'furca' and crucified? Now, why consort with slaves, little brokers, and small tradespeople, and with aliens and converted Jews? Why, this Jesus made no considerable converts in His life. As to Joseph of Arimathea, he was no great thing, and Nicodemus was a poor creature. O no, Clement, depend upon it you were born for better things than this. Now I have only to speak to Trajan, and we will get you one of the best places under government. Here is a revenue director's place just vacant; we really cannot afford to lose men of your rank and education. Besides which the priesthood of the established religion of Jupiter and Apollo are on the alert, and they have Trajan's ear. So be persuaded; give up this absurd Catholicism, which is so vulgar, so under-educated, and so excessively un-Italian. Who ever heard of the word 'Salvator' for Saviour? They cannot write their own language." (Tertullian, in the middle of the second century, records this very objection to the word "Salvator.") Clement remained unmoved. So Mamertine spoke to Trajan. The Emperor—a very good emperor as emperors go, indeed very much praised by Tacitus—answered, "Let Clement burn incense to Jove, or to morrow I banish him to the Chersonesus, for there is no use in putting these people to death. Their blood seems to make the earth sprout with them. No, no, Mamertine, incense or exile! Let him take his choice." Clement chose exile for Christ's sake. Mamertine, his friend, freighted a vessel for him, and at his own expense, sent him to his doom. Behold then the vessel of the Church, tossed from Europe and the smiling coasts of Italy to the inhospitable shore of the Euxine: there were found two thousand exiled Christians. Thither came to them, not only Clement, but the flower of the Roman clergy, willing to

share even death with this martyr in this Roman Tasmania. "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life," was their cry. Judge whether a good bishop, a fervent preacher, was not welcomed by the poor exiles! Here, then, Pope and bishops and priests found their penal servitude in the stone-quarries. Our Fathers who followed the army of England as chaplains—Fathers Strickland, Parabert, and Woollett—found traces of their work in the quarries of the Tchernaya eighteen centuries afterwards. Fifty great churches were built by them, and seventy pagans baptized each day. The Church grew and flourished in the Crimea. The only want was water. No mason can cut stone without water, and each drop of water was fetched from a distance of six miles. The Christian workmen died of drought. Then Clement bade them dress a great square block of stone; the cross was set, the lights for Mass were lighted. Clement, vested in his *penula*, raised the Sacred Host. At that instant Christ our Lord was seen in the air above the altar, aloft, as St. John saw Him in Patmos, in the form of a Lamb to be slain. The Lamb seemed to stamp on the rock with his foot. There was a gush and splash of spray; a fountain rose as of old at Moses' bidding when he struck the rock. The people lived once more, but the end was near for Clement. Trajan, when he heard of the progress of Christianity in the Crimea, sent Aufidianus, the Prefect, to them in his indignation. He, failing to crush the vast body of the Church, determined to destroy the head. Clement was at once seized, and taken out some distance from land, in an open boat, and when an anchor of some hundred pounds in weight had been lashed to him, he was thrice swayed to and fro and then ruthlessly drowned in the waves as a sacrifice to Neptune. Thus ended on earth this life precious in the sight of God and man.

We have saluted Clement; we will now gather the strands of this simple woof and bind them in a decent knot. Primitive Christianity of the Apostles did too soon develop into Popery. Yes, I see here the various Scripture characters following the first Church; Protestants forget that Clement, Gaius, Aquila, Priscilla, and the

others named, had conversed and lived with Apostles. They speak as if these names, and the men who bore them, ended with the Acts and with the Epistles of St. Paul; they speak as if a curtain dropped at the end of the New Testament and cut off these men from the Primitive Church. There was no such thing as a separation; Clement and the rest *were* the Primitive Church. And will any one tell me that within sixty years of Christ's death—of Christ Who had sworn that they should not fall into error—that all these truths and practices were so much corruption, which overlaid the Christian truth? Could Christ have deceived, or allowed them to be deceived, whose names are already written in the Book of Life? Impossible. Well, then, from the first, behold canonization, priesthood, altar, sacrifice, the vows of religion, the taking of the veil, the reverence for the dead.

Behold the things which are said to be distinctive marks of the Papal Church, already rife and active in the very first century. Can any form of Protestantism be developed into such a Primitive Church as that was? (1) The Church taught dogmatically, and imposed her faith, not as the Pharisees, but with authority. You saw Clement instruct and baptize Sizinius at once. (2) The Church had one great sacrifice of religion, the Holy Mass, divinely instituted and accepted. (3) The Church reserved the Divine Eucharist, and carried It to private houses. Behold the origin of the Communion under one kind, and the Host reserved for Communion and for procession. But why string phrases together? Let us say at once the Primitive Church was the Papal Church; and modern Popery is all found in the first teachers of Apostolic truth. May God make us love and practise all the holy lessons of that Church, so that by them all, with them all, and in them all, we may die as I hope we shall all live, in His faith, in His worship, in His service, and in His love. Amen.

IGNATIUS GRANT, S.J.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, 18 West Square, London, S.E.
[Price 2*s* per 100.]

THE FOUR DOCTORS.

NOT long ago I was in Worcester Cathedral, admiring the beauties of that once Catholic building. Approaching the chancel, I observed the figure of St. Gregory carved on the choir screen. "Why," said I to the civil verger who was escorting and instructing our party, "why do you have a Pope in a Protestant Church?" "We have no Pope," he replied; "we do not hold with Popes." I pointed to the figure of St. Gregory. "That's not a Pope," he said; "that's one of the Four Doctors, and there," pointing to the screen, "are the other three—St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, and St. Augustine."

These Four Doctors were men remarkable for their holiness and for their learning in the knowledge of God and of religion. We often hear them spoken of; but many do not know that they were Roman Catholics, and held that to be in the true religion it was necessary to be in union with the Bishop of Rome. I am going to give you their own words about it.

St. Ambrose, the earliest of the Four Doctors, was born about A.D. 340: he became Archbishop of Milan in 374, and died in 397. In a letter to the Emperor Gratian, written in the name of the Council of Aquileia (which was attended by Bishops from nearly all the provinces of Europe and Africa), he begs the Emperor to protect the "Roman Church, the head of the whole Roman (Eastern and Western) world." "*For from thence,*" he says, "*the rights of venerable communion flow unto all.*"* So St. Ambrose held the Roman Church to be the fountain-head or source of communion in sacred things; in other words, he looked upon union with the Church of Rome as necessary to true religion. Of St. Peter—who founded the Church at Rome, which was therefore called the "See of Peter" and

* Epist. II.

"the Apostolic See"—he says: "It is that same Peter to whom He (the Lord) said, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church.' Therefore *where Peter is, there is the Church.* . . . Blessed Peter, against whom neither the gates of Hell prevail nor those of Heaven are shut; but who, on the contrary, has destroyed the gates of Hell and opened those of Heaven. On earth he has opened Heaven and closed Hell."* In his sermon on the death of his brother, Satyrus, the Doctor tells how Satyrus was shipwrecked and came to a place where there were many heretics; and as he would not receive a sacrament from those who were not of the true faith, he asked the Bishop of the place "whether he agreed with the Catholic Bishops, *that is, with the Roman Church.*"† In another letter, in which he writes at the head of his Council, he tells Pope Siricius; "We recognize in the letter of your Holiness the watchfulness of the Good Shepherd, Who carefully *guards the door* [that is, the Church of Christ] *committed to you*, and with pious care defends Christ's fold, worthy whom the Lord's sheep may hear and follow."‡

St. Jerome was born about A.D. 340, and died in 420. He received his education in Rome, and later on, after he had been ordained priest, he was for a few years secretary to Pope Damasus, and had to answer the letters of consultation addressed to the Pope by Councils held in all parts of the world.§ This alone makes it clear that St. Jerome was a Roman Catholic, for the Pope would not have employed as his secretary one who was not of the same faith and religion as himself.

In the year 375, or about that time, St. Jerome was in Syria, and he found himself in the midst of numerous heretics of various sects. In the town of Antioch, where he was staying, there were four persons calling themselves its bishop. Three of these, Meletius, Vitalis, and Paulinus, used every effort to draw St. Jerome away, each one trying to induce the great Doctor to join his sect. St. Jerome was in doubt: he did not know which of

* Ps. 40, n. 30. † *De excessu fratris.* ‡ Epist. 42.
§ Ep 123, alias 11, ad Agerruchiam.

them was in communion with the Catholic Church. What do you think he did? He wrote to the Pope and desired him to say how he should act. "I, who follow none as my chief but Christ," he writes, "am joined in communion with thy Blessedness, that is, with the See of Peter. On that Rock the Church is built, I know. Whoever shall eat the Lamb outside that house is profane. . . . I do not know Vitalis, I reject Meletius, I am ignorant of Paulinus. Whoever gathers not with thee scatters, that is, he who is not of Christ is of Antichrist."* Before the Pope's answer came, he wrote a second letter, telling the Pope how the three still endeavour to draw him each to his own sect; and he answers to their demands: "*Whoever is joined to the Chair of Peter*, is mine." But a fresh difficulty; each of the three claims to have the Pope on his side. Therefore St. Jerome implores the Pope: "That you will let me know by your letter, with whom I should hold communion."†

To others who were in the same difficulties and in danger of being led away by strange and false doctrines he gave this advice, that they should hold the teaching of the Roman Church. Thus to Demetrias he says: "Hold fast the faith of holy Innocent (the Pope), the successor of the Apostolic Chair (Rome), and do not receive any strange doctrine however wise and prudent it may seem to you;"‡ while of himself he declares; "I will hold that faith (the Roman) as an old man, in which as a boy I was born again;"§ and that he held nothing more sacred than "to bear in mind the Roman faith, which had been praised by the mouth of the Apostle, and of which the Church of Alexandria glories in sharing."‖

St. Augustine is looked upon as one of the greatest writers of the Christian Church. He was Bishop of Hippo, in Africa; was born in 353 and died in 430.

Amongst the reasons he gives for being a Catholic is

* Epist. 15, ad Damas. † Epist. 16, ad Damas.
‡ Epist. 130, ad Demetr.
§ Epist, 84, ad Pammach. ‖ Ep. 63, ad Theophilum.

the following: "The succession of priests * from the Chair itself of Peter—unto whom the Lord committed His sheep to be fed—down to the reign of the present Bishop keeps me in the Catholic Church;" † and he makes use of the same reason when imploring the Donatists to return to the Catholic Church: "Come, my brethren, if you desire to be engrafted on the vine (the true Church). Number up the Bishops from the very See of Peter, and see who succeeded whom in that succession of Fathers; this is the Rock against which the proud gates of Hell do not prevail." ‡ As St. Augustine acknowledged that "the most blessed Peter is the first of the Apostles," § so he held that in "the Roman Church the primacy of the Apostolic See had always been in force," ‖ (in other words he held, as all Roman Catholics do, that the Bishop of Rome is the Head of the Church); and we have an instance of his obedience to that primacy when he went to the town of Cæsarea in Mauritania, whither "the letters of the Apostolic See (the Bishop of Rome) *had summoned him* and other Bishops to put an end to certain necessities of the Church." ¶

The fourth of the Doctors is St. Gregory. St. Gregory was born about 520. He was for some time a monk in one of the monasteries of Rome, and in A.D. 590 was elected Pope, and held that office till his death in A.D. 604. To him, under God, the English nation owes its conversion to Christianity. Our great English historian—the Venerable Bede—says of him that: "Whereas *he bore the Pontifical power over all the world* and was placed over the Churches already reduced to the faith of truth, he made our nation, till then given up to idols, the Church of Christ." ** Indeed St. Gregory was just the same kind of Pope as Leo XIII. (the present Pope); Pope Leo claims and exercises authority over the whole Catholic Church, and Pope Gregory did the same. When he sent St. Augustine to England he gave him authority

* The Fathers often spoke of bishops as "priests."
† Contr. Ep. Fund. ‡ Psalm, contr. Donat.
§ In Joan. tract. lvi. n. 1. ‖ Epist. 43, Glorio.
¶ Possidius in Vita Aug. c. 14. ** Hist. bk. ii. ch. 1.

not only over the bishops whom he was to ordain, but also over the *British* bishops who were already in the country.* He called the Apostolic See (the Bishopric of Rome) the "head of the faith"‡ and wrote of it: "I know of no bishop that is not subject to it,"‡ and: "without the sanction of the Apostolic See no acts of any Synod (Council) can have any force."§

In his book *On the Pastoral Care*, which King Alfred caused to be translated into English and given to every parish priest in the kingdom, he speaks of St. Peter as "holding, by the disposition of God, the chief power of holy church;"‖ and in a letter to the Emperor Maurice he says: "To all who know the Gospels it is clear that by the voice of the Lord, the *care of the whole Church* was committed to holy Peter, the prince of the Apostles; for to him it is said, 'Peter, lovest thou Me? Feed My sheep.'"¶

When the Patriarch of Constantinople proudly styled himself "Universal Bishop," St. Gregory rebuked him severely and threatened him with excommunication. The Patriarch submitted, gave up the title, and declared that he was subject to the Apostolic See.** In reproving the Bishop of Constantinople for taking to himself an improper *title*, St. Gregory did not, as some Protestants say, reject the *authority* of the Bishop of Rome as Head of the Church; I have shown you that he both claimed and exercised this authority, and his action in this very case, reproving and threating so important a bishop, is an instance of it.

But a high authority—Lord Selborne, at one time Lord Chancellor of England—has said: "It must not be supposed, because Gregory (whose missionary Augustine was) was bishop of Rome, and called 'Pope,' that the religion which he professed and taught was like what we now call 'Popery.' The word 'Pope,' in its original and proper sense meant nothing else than 'Father:' and the Roman Christianity of those days had not departed in any

* Ibid. bk. i. chs. 27, 29. † Epist. 37, lib. xiii.
‡ Epist. 59, lib. ix. § Epist. 68, lib. ix. ‖ Bk. ii. c. vi,
¶ Epist. 20, lib. v. ** Epist. 12, lib. ix.

matter of substance from the purity and simplicity of Apostolic times."* These two statements are perfectly true in themselves, but utterly false and illogical as proofs. *Firstly*, it is false and illogical to say that *because* "the word 'Pope' in its original and proper sense meant nothing else than 'Father,'" *therefore* St. Gregory was not Pope as we now understand that word. In the same way it would be false and illogical to say that *because* the word "chancellor" in its original and proper sense meant nothing more than a person who stood at the barrier or grating, of the Judges' tribunal, *therefore* Lord Selborne was never Lord Chancellor as we now understand the word. I have shown clearly that from St. Gregory's own words that he *was* what is understood by the word "Pope"—at least as Catholics understand it—"the spiritual Father of all Christians"† and head of the Church. *Secondly*, though it is perfectly true that "the Roman Christianity of those days had not departed in any matter of substance from the purity and simplicity of Apostolic times," yet it is utterly false and illogical to say that *therefore* the religion which he (St. Gregory) taught was not "like what we now call 'Popery.'" Of course if "Popery" *has* departed in any matter of substance from the purity and simplicity (what ever this may mean) of Apostolic times, and the religion of St. Gregory had *not* so departed, then clearly the two religions would not be the same. But this change on the part of "Popery" has to be proved; to take it for granted and then draw a conclusion as if it had been proved is very like what is called *begging the question.* Now I will try to convince you that the religion which St. Gregory professed and taught was "like (and actually *was*) what we now call 'Popery.'"‡

What is it that "we now call 'Popery?'" Look in a dictionary if you like and you will find that it is a name—

* *The Endowments and Establishment of the Church of England*, p. 5.

† See Catholic Catechism; the Ninth Article.

‡ I use the word "Popery" as it is used by Lord Selborne, but protest against it as an acknowledged term of reproach. Queen Elizabeth's injunctions forbade the use of the word "Papist."

and a not very polite one—for the Roman Catholic religion. And what are the chief doctrines of the Roman Catholic religion—those to which Protestants object? They are chiefly the Mass, confession and forgiveness of sins, Purgatory, invocation of saints, and the respect paid to relics and images,* and the use of incense, and holy water.

With regard to the Mass, the Venerable Bede tells us that "the the Holy Pope Gregory caused Masses to be celebrated in the churches of the Apostoles, Peter and Paul, over their bodies." † Moreover, it was Pope Gregory who "revised, condensed, and reorganized the Gelasian Sacramentary," (or Mass service) and since his time there has been, so we are told by Mr. Hammond, a Protestant, and other writers, "no essential change in the Roman Liturgy down to the present time." ‡ So the Roman Catholic Mass with the doctrine of the real Presence, the intercession of saints, prayers for dead, the use of vestments, lights, incense (for all these are expressly taught and practised in the service of the Mass), is, with the exception of a few "*mere accidental* changes," the same now as in the time of St. Gregory.

In his sermon on the raising of Lazarus St. Gregory requires that sinners should *confess their sins,* that they may be forgiven by the pastors of the Church, and in his book on the Pastoral Care, he instructs priests how to hear confessions.§ In this Book of Morals‖ he speaks with approval of those who came to the tombs of the martyrs and earnestly besought the martyrs to intercede

* I do not speak of the *worshipping* of images or giving divine honour to the Virgin Mary and other like practices which are sometimes falsely attributed to the Catholic Church, but hardly ever by any one of candour or education. Such charges are not deserving of notice.

† *Hist.* bk. ii. ch. 1.

‡ *Ancient Liturgies,* p. lxxiii. See also Maskell's *Ancient Liturgy of the Church of England.*

§ Hom xxvi. in Evang. ; *Cura Past.*, præsertim part. ii. c v.; in lib. Moral, xxix c. xvi. he enjoins the confession of sins of *thought.*

‖ xvi. c 51.

for them: in one of his Homilies* he earnestly exhorts his hearers to ask the prayers of the holy martyrs, and in his Life of St. Benedict he gives instances of miracles worked by the prayers of the saint and by means of his relics. He proves the doctrine of Purgatory by the texts of Holy Scripture usually brought forward by Catholics, † and in his instructions to the Abbot Mellitus on turning the heathen temples, in England, into Catholic churches, he says: "Let *holy water* be made and sprinkled in the said temples, let altars be erected and relics placed"‡—this is just what is done by Catholics when a church or chapel is blessed. When St. Augustine one of St. Gregory's *monks,* came with his companions, also monks, before King Ethelbert, they came bearing a silver *cross* for their banner and having the image of our Lord painted on a board §—much the same as Roman Catholics do now-a-days in their processions.

So here we have undeniable evidence—his own words and the testimony of England's earliest historian, the Venerable Bede– that St. Gregory taught and professed the very doctrines which in our own times belong to the Roman Catholic religion and to no other. Surely, then, no candid person will deny that St. Gregory was a Roman Catholic—or in other words, that "the religion which he professed and taught" *was* "what we now call 'Popery.'"

"*The lips of the wise shall disperse knowledge,*" and "*he that walketh with wise men shall be wise.*"‖ Receive, then, knowledge from the Four Doctors and "walk with the wise men." Be Roman Catholics as they were.

* Hom. xxxii. in Evang. † Lib. *Dialog.* iv. c, 39 and 40.
‡ Bede, bk. i. ch. 30. § Bede, bk. i. ch. 25.
‖ Prov. xv. 7, and xiii. 20.

THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, 18 West Square, London, S.E.
[Price 2*s.* per 100.

THE REFORMATION UNDER QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THAT the Church of England resulting from the Reformation under Queen Elizabeth was a totally different Church from the ancient English Church, is strikingly illustrated by two facts. It rejected the Pope, and it rejected the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist. The Pope was acknowledged in the ancient English law as the head of the English Church. In the first year of Elizabeth an Act of Parliament was passed proclaiming the Queen the "only Supreme Governor of the realm, as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes as temporal."* The ancient Church professed belief in the Real Presence of our Lord in the Eucharist and in the complete change of the elements into His Body and Blood, and the Mass was the most conspicuous, the most popular, and the grandest feature in her public worship.† The Articles expressly assert a merely spiritual presence; they repudiate Transubstantiation; and they forbid the Mass. On June 24, 1559, the solemn Sacrifice ceased by statute throughout the length and breadth of England and Wales.

There were other changes, less fundamental, but most impressive; changes which brought home to the door of every Englishman a tangible proof that the old religion had passed away and a new one come in its place. All the Sacraments were abolished except two; there was no longer any prayer for the departed; the images of our Lord, of our Blessed Lady, and of the Saints were pulled down and burnt; the altars were broken to pieces; holy relics were scattered and dishonoured; and in the ancient sanctuaries, where men's eyes had been wont to seek with loving reverence the Tabernacle of the Most Holy, were set up the lion and the unicorn of the royal arms of England. If all this did not mark the abolition of one religious

* In the Lords it passed by a majority of three. Parliament was, under the Tudors, a mere tool of the Crown. See *How Henry VIII. robbed England of her ancient Faith.*

† See *Church Endowments—whose are they?* Catholic Truth Society, price ½d.

belief and the substitution of another, the people of that day, and the historians of every shade and of every period, have all been utterly deceived. "As a nation, as a power," says one of our most eminent modern writers, "England has been essentially Protestant from the days of Elizabeth."* And the English Sovereign is made to swear, at his coronation, that he will maintain "the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law." Now no one has yet been heard to maintain that Protestantism was known, much less established by English law, before the sixteenth century.

But it is replied by the defenders of Anglicanism that the innovations here described were undoubtedly accepted by the representatives of the English Church at that day. "She remained in her Bishops and clergy the same Church . . . . Out of a body of clergy numbering between nine and ten thousand, only 180 refused to accept the reformed offices." This is what is said; and a more audacious combination of bad history and gratuitous assertion has seldom been given to the public. The Bishops of the English Church, sitting in their own House of Assembly, utterly and unhesitatingly rejected the change. Not only did they reject it, but they drew up a profession of their faith and presented it to the Queen.

This profession of faith asserts, first, the Real Presence in the Holy Eucharist and the true Sacrifice of the Mass; secondly, the supremacy of the Holy See; and thirdly, the authority of the Church in matters of faith, sacraments, and discipline. What happened may be easily guessed. First one Bishop was imprisoned and then another, until at last the whole English Hierarchy were deprived of their sees, with the single exception of the Bishop of Llandaff, who had been consecrated in the reign of Henry VIII. without briefs from Rome; he conformed and was permitted to remain where he was. Of the resistance of the parish priests and the clergy generally the evidence is too extensive in its details to be fully discussed here. But where do the Anglican writers get this mysterious number which is set down in some of

* *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. viii. p. 340, Art. "England" by Dr. E. A. Freeman.

their books as 180, in others as 189?* The truth is that Bishop Collier, an Anglican historian, gives a list, not of those who refused to conform, but of those who were deprived; and the list is so suggestive that it may be quoted here. "The whole of the clergy deprived at this time," he says, "stands thus: fourteen Bishops, already mentioned; three Bishops-elect, one Abbot, four Priors, and one Abbess; twelve Deans, fourteen Archdeacons, sixty Canons or Prebendaries, one hundred Priests well-preferred; fifteen heads of Colleges in Oxford and Cambridge; to which may be added about twenty Doctors in several faculties."† By leaving out the Bishops and University men, and simply adding together the Deans, Archdeacons, Canons, and beneficed Clergy, one gets 186; and probably that is the number intended.

But what does the list prove? Merely that these were the only ones deprived or ejected from their livings; not that these were the only ones who had not conformed. The law was put in force, at first, not over the whole country, but against the more dignified of the clergy. The Bishops were struck, and the cathedral chapters, and the clergy who held (as the historian observes) "good preferments." And it speaks well for the English clergy that nearly every Bishop, Dean, and Archdeacon, together with sixty Canons and one hundred of the chief parish priests, should have given up everything and been prepared to go to prison rather than conform to heresy and schism. We have a right to consider them a sample of the rest of the English clergy. Mass continued to be said, especially in the North and the West, long after 1559. The State Papers ‡ lately printed contain numerous proofs, in letters from the Anglican Bishops, reports of

* 189 Catholics suffered death for religion in the reign of Elizabeth; can this possibly account for one of the numbers?

† *Ecclesiastical History*, vol. vi. p. 242.

‡ Domestic State Papers, Elizabeth. Parkhurst, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, writes to Bullinger (May 21, 1559): "The Pope is again driven from England *to the great regret of the Bishops and whole tribe of shavelings* (priests and monks). *The Mass is abolished.*" On August 1st he writes: "The Mass priests absent themselves everywhere from public worship." Jewel writes to Peter Martyr (November 2, 1559): "If inveterate obstinacy was found anywhere *it was altogether among the priests*, those especially who had been on our side. We have in the meantime disbursed them

Cecil's agents, and complaints of the Puritans, that the clergy could not be got to conform; they are "stubborn" and "subtle;" severity is of "no avail;" the people receive them with acclamation. And in a few years a state of things comes to pass which shows better than anything how the English people and clergy abhorred the new doctrine. There ensued a "great and alarming scarcity" (to use the words of Jewel himself) of parish clergymen.

All this proves, first, that the ancient clergy in large numbers had refused to conform; secondly, that very few candidates indeed had offered themselves for heretical ordination; and, thirdly, that the people as a whole resisted the new legislation. But the Ministers of the Queen were both crafty and strong; they proceeded by degrees. First legislation; then deprivation of Bishops; then carefully planned action against the parish priests, first in one diocese and then in another; then the shutting the door against priests from abroad; and lastly, the compelling lay Catholics to conform; and all this enforced by the dungeon and the rack, the rope and the knife. England never willingly gave up her ancient faith; but she was robbed of it. And yet we have the members of the association which began with Parker, and which took an active part in all the false teaching, the royal adulation and the cruel severity which changed the face of the land—calmly maintaining that they are still the Church of St. Augustine, of St. Anselm, and St. Thomas à Becket. They call themselves by the old and venerable names, they minister where the ancient altars stood, and they probably draw the revenues that were meant by the donors to promote the saying of Mass and obedience to the Pope. Let them hold what they have as best they can, but let them never claim to be ancient Church of the English people.

from their rank and office." And in July, 1560, after relating the imprisonment of the Catholic Bishops, he says: "For the Queen, a most discreet and excellent woman, most manfully and courageously declared that she would not allow any of her subjects to dissent from this religion with impunity." Much more to the same effect may be seen in the Zurich Letters.

THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, 18 West Square, London, S.E.
[Price 1s. per 100.]

CHURCH ENDOWMENTS—WHOSE ARE THEY?*

WE are told that the endowments have come to the Church of England not by any "bounty of the nation as such," that is, not from the State, but from "individual charity."† This is held by the defenders of the Established Church against those who propose Disestablishment. If this be true, and I believe that it *is* true, should not the intention of these persons be respected, just as the gifts or wills of other persons are respected?

Now, for whom did "our pious ancestors" intend their gifts? To which religion did they belong, and to which did they leave their property?

Go into one of the old churches built before the Reformation. Look on the ground in the porch before you enter; you may find there a stone slab with five little crosses cut on it—it is an *altar stone*. Those who built the church did not put it on the ground, they put it on the altar, *consecrated* it, and Mass was said on it. On one side of the doorway inside the porch, or perhaps just inside the church, you may see a small stone basin cut in the wall—this is a "holy water stoup," for our forefathers used "holy water." Go up the church and look at the monuments or brasses on the floor; you may find on them the figure of a priest with stole and chalice, or of a monk or nun; in any case, if the monument be an old one, you will read on it *ora pro anima*—"pray for the soul of . . ." or something of this kind—for our

* This paper deals only with the property made over to the Church before the Reformation.

† See Brewer's *Endowments and Establishment of the Church of England*, Preface to part i.

forefathers believed in Purgatory. Go up to the chancel; at the entrance there may be the remains of the old woodwork—the "rood screen" on which stood the crucifix, and on each side of it the images of the Blessed Virgin and St. John, for those who built the church loved and honoured our Blessed Lady and the Saints, and, as ignorant people would say, "worshipped images." On one side of the chancel there may be a stone bench, or seat, for three persons—it was used by the priest, deacon, and subdeacon at High Mass. Close by it may be a little niche, in which the cruets for Mass were placed, and into which was thrown the water with which the priest washed his hands during the Mass; and opposite may be the ambry, a small cupboard in which were kept the chalice, relics, and oils for anointing the sick. Go again into the body of the church and, if it be large, you will find a Lady Chapel in honour of the Blessed Virgin, and a chantry where Mass was said for the souls of deceased benefactors or founders. In some of the old churches there are openings in the walls called "squints," to enable persons in the transepts or aisles to see the elevation of the Host at the High Altar, and there may even still remain the "sacring bell," which was rung during the Elevation at Mass.* Clearly those who built churches of this kind did not believe the "Sacrifices of Masses" to be "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits," nor did they belong to that religion which has thrown down the altar and torn up the Mass-book, scattered relics, broken the crucifix and images of the saints, and set up in their stead the lion and the unicorn.

Our "pious ancestors" not only built churches, they also left foundations, or grants of land, for those churches; and in the deeds of foundation mention is constantly made of the Mass-priest and of the lights, vestments, &c., for the Mass.† In their wills they left bequests of land,

* These items are described as in the text in the *Concise Glossary of Architecture*, by Parker (a Protestant).

† See Lingard's *Hist. and Antiq. of the Anglo-Saxon Church*, vol. i. ch. iv. Also Brewer, l.c. pp. 96, 147, and *Hist. of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain*, by Rev. T. E. Bridgett.

money, or other things for pious purposes. The bequests or foundations for Masses to be said for the donor for ever, after his death, are very numerous; the famous Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, left a foundation of this kind, and there are bequests for Masses in the wills of kings. Even Henry VIII. ordered that Masses should be said for him *for ever*, and required "his son Prince Edward, and all his heirs and successors who should be kings of this realm, as they would answer before Almighty God at the dreadful day of judgment, to carry out this his will." They left bequests for lights "to burn continually day and night before the Body of our Lord" or before the statue of some saint; one left some rich material to be used as a canopy in the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament; another left a donation to the sepulchre or place where the Blessed Sacrament was reserved on Maundy Thursday; some gave a monstrance in which the Blessed Sacrament was exposed for worship, others a pyx in which it was kept or reserved.*

Gifts such as these show the mind of those who built and endowed the old churches, and, in the name of common sense I ask—Were these men Protestants? Did they intend to endow the Protestant Church? Go into any Roman Catholic Church and you will find the Mass-priest and the Mass. You will find chalice, vestments, lights and missal. There, too, is the altar stone with its five crosses, and relics, and the crucifix, and statues of our Lady and the Saints, and the holy water stoup. There, too, is the light burning "continually day and night before the Body of our Lord." On Maundy Thursday you will see the sepulchre, and, on certain days, Procession of the Blessed Sacrament and the canopy. Nor are the monstrance and pyx wanting; the former is used at the Benediction service, the latter is in the Tabernacle in the middle of the altar. Are these things used in the *recognized* worship of the Church of England? If not, then I say that our forefathers who built and

* For many such instances see *Hist. of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain*, by Rev. T. E. Bridgett, vol. ii. ch. viii. and xi.

endowed the old churches had no intention of benefiting the Protestant Church of England; and inasmuch as these endowments are private and individual acts of charity, *for that very reason* should the intention of the donors be considered and respected.

"But," say our Anglican friends, "there is no *essential difference* between the Church of England before the Reformation and after; at the Reformation the Church merely threw off the authority and corrupt doctrines of Rome." Gracious Heavens, "no essential difference"! Then there is "no essential difference" between "blasphemous fables" and the "pure religion of the Gospel," and "no essential difference" between the true Church of Christ—as the Church of England claims to be—and a Church which, as the Homilies of the Church of England say, "had been drowned in damnable idolatry for the space of eight hundred years or more." Surely, this is nonsense. And if there is no "essential difference," then what right had the "Reformed" Church of England to cause a schism, to deprive those who were already in possession of the endowments, and to fine, exile, imprison, torture, and put to death those who differed from them—with "no essential difference?"*

No, no; the old endowments were never intended for the "Reformed" Protestant Church. Let our Anglican friends say, if they will, that "possession is nine parts of the law," but not that they are the lawful heirs of "our pious ancestors."

* The present Archbishop of Canterbury, in his speech in the House of Lords on Lord Barrington's Church Patronage Bill, said "he was not by any means disposed to minimize those differences [between the Church of England and the Church of Rome] which had left their mark on history, and were of a *fundamental character*" (*Times*, March 18, 1885).

* See *The Reformation under Queen Elizabeth*. Catholic Truth Society, price ½d.

THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, 18 West Square, London, S.E.
[Price 1s. per 100.]

208
C 287

31962

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY

AUTHOR

Publications 2

TITLE

DATE LOANED	BORROWER'S NAME
	Crain
	STORAGE - CBPJ

31962